★ Mar. 13, 1948

THE NEW YORKER

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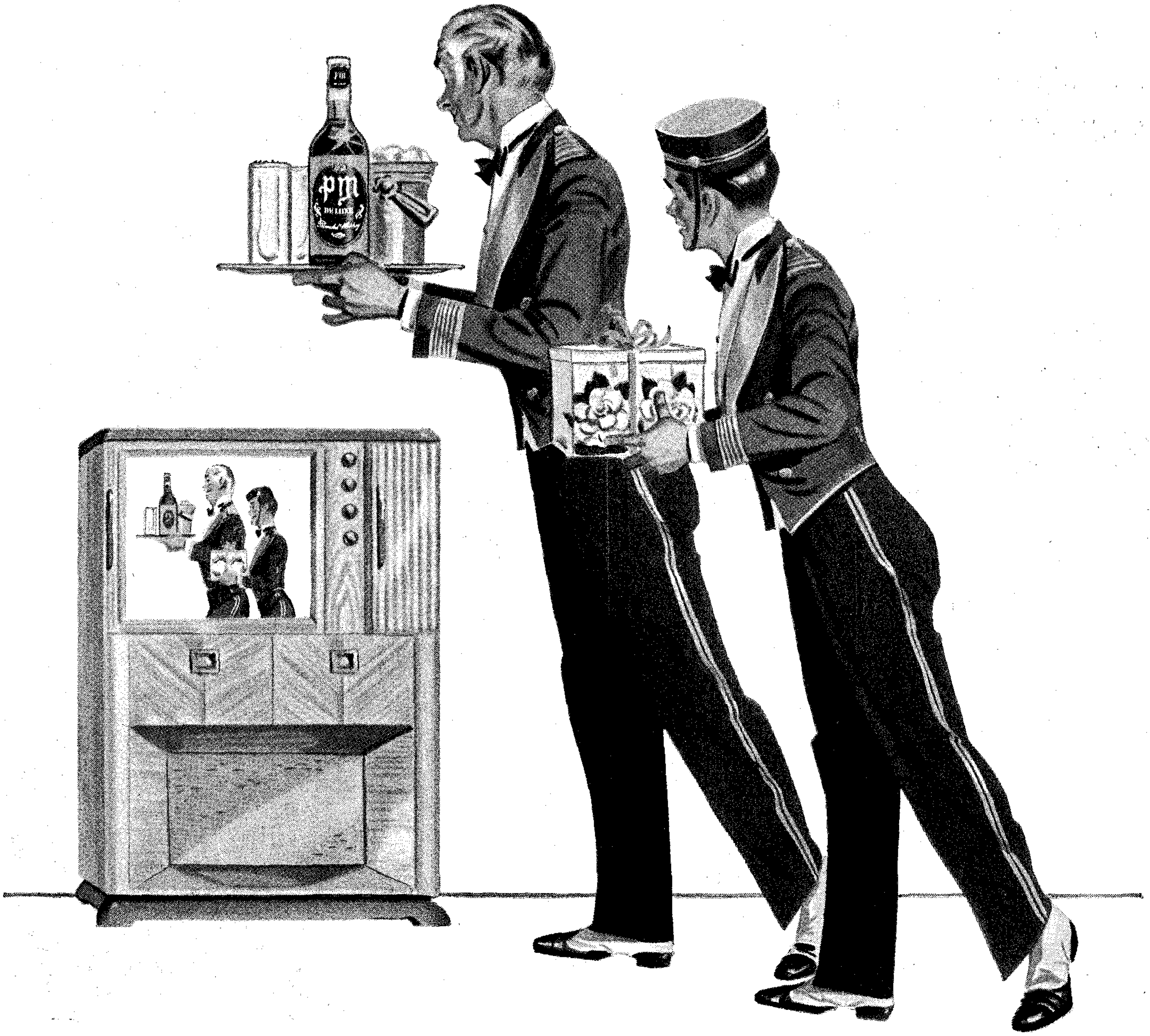

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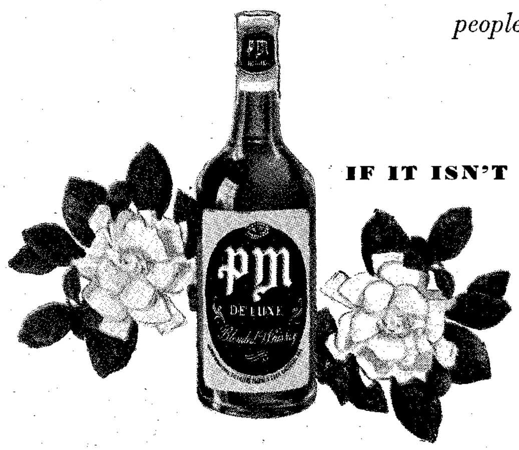

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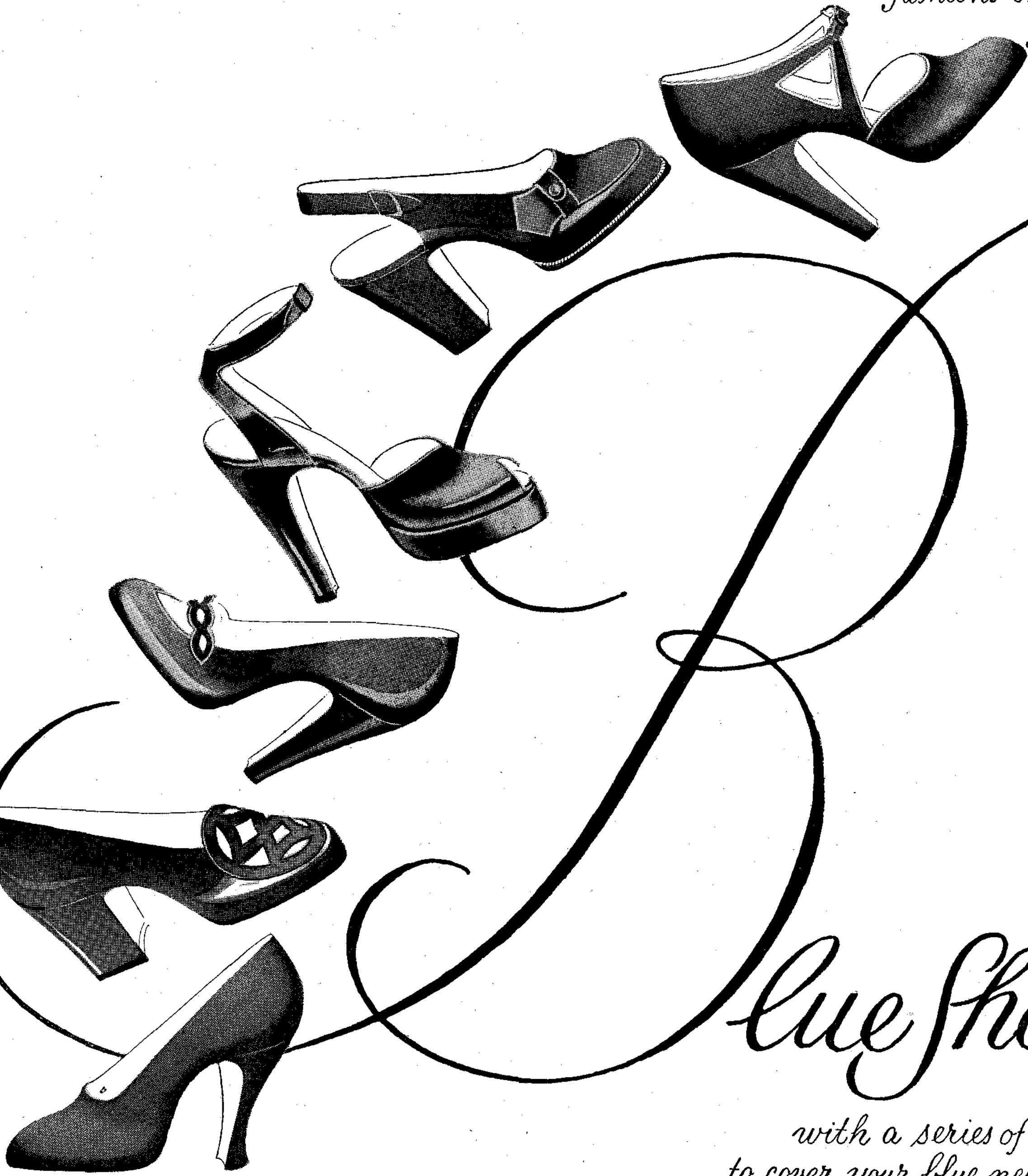

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Antony and Cleopatra—Katharine Cornell is very regal and spirited, if not, perhaps, quite as abandoned as she might be, and Godfrey Tearle makes a good, touching Antony. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 8:15. Matinée Saturday at 2:15. Closes Saturday, March 13.)

Command Decision—A taut and expert drama having to do with our Air Forces in England and their difficulties with the boys in the Pentagon. With Paul Kelly, Jay Fassett, Paul McGrath, and Edmon Ryan. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

For Love or Money—June Lockhart's unusual charm does a great deal to alleviate a somewhat mechanical play. With John Loder, Vicki Cummings, Paula Trueman, and Mark O'Daniels. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Hallams—Rose Franken's play involves the same family as her "Another Language," but the years have not improved the clan, and the result is a pretty dull and tasteless piece of work. Ethel Griffies, Mildred Wall, Mildred Dunnock, Royal Beal, and Katharine Bard. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. May close Saturday, March 13.)

The Heiress—An adaptation of Henry James's "Washington Square" that is both a penetrating study of New York society in 1850 and an exciting play. Wendy Hiller is magnificent at the head of a cast that includes Basil Rathbone and Patricia Collinge. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance, for the Stage Relief Fund, Sunday evening, March 14.)

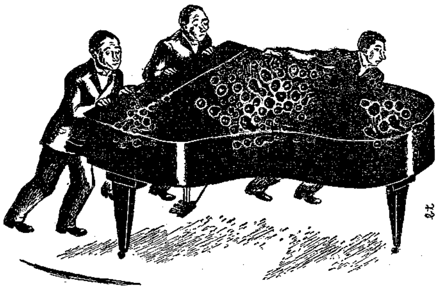
Man and Superman—It's probably no news these days that women chase men, but Maurice Evans has given this Shaw play devoted to the subject a very pleasing production. He also stars in it, and is aided by Frances Rowe, Carmen Mathews, Malcolm Keen, and Chester Stratton. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Me and Molly—A comedy based on a radio serial. It still sounds too much like a radio serial for its own good but may entertain you spasmodically. The cast is headed by the author, Gertrude Berg, and Philip Loeb. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Medea—Judith Anderson is overpowering as the bloodiest heroine in literature. Robinson Jeffers did the "free adaptation," and in the supporting cast are Dennis King and Florence Reed. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mister Roberts—A fine, funny, powerful job, by Joshua Logan and Thomas Heggen, of turning a war book into a war play. The remarkable cast is headed by Henry Fonda and includes David Wayne and William Harrigan. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Respectful Prostitute—A play by Jean-Paul Sartre, produced by New Stages, Inc., and directed by Mary Hunter. The cast includes Meg Mundy, John Marriott, and Karl Weber. The performance is preceded by a curtain-raiser, which on Thursday, March 11, will be Lennox Robinson's "Church Street," and, after that, will be Thornton Wilder's "The Happy Journey." (New Stages Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. OR 4-8639. Moves on Tuesday, March 16, to the Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; Thursday, March 11, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

Skipper Next to God—John Garfield in Jan de Hartog's morally commendable but theatrically static play about the plight of the stateless Jew. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Strange Bedfellows—Ladies of tolerance and suffragettes are wildly mixed up in this comedy, and the total effect, unfortunately, is pretty strained. Joan Tetzel and John Archer lead the big, enormously active cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—Tennessee Williams' new play about a woman's disintegration is better than "The Glass Menagerie," and one of the best things to appear this season. Jessica Tandy gives a lovely performance in the major role, and Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Kim Hunter assist her superbly. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tonight at 8:30—Gertrude Lawrence alone lends vigor to this Noel Coward popery, which comes back to Broadway showing its age and a case of acute anemia. "Ways and Means," "Family Album," and "Red Peppers" will be presented on Thursday and Saturday evenings, and "Hands Across the Sea," "Shadow Play," and "Fumed Oak" on Friday evening and Saturday afternoon. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 13.)

The Winslow Boy—Except for a little interpolated romance, this Terence Rattigan play, based on a famous British trial, is most satisfactory. The cast, brought over from England by John C. Wilson and the Theatre Guild, includes Alan Webb, Frank Allenby, and Valerie White. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**born yesterday:** Judy Holliday as an enlightened tramp and Paul Douglas as a scheming junk dealer. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **happy birthday:** The testimonial to Helen Hayes. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, March 13.) . . . **harvey:** Frank Fay, Josephine Hull, and that six-foot, invisible rabbit. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Allegro—A play with music, and two jokes, about the first thirty-five years of a doctor's life. Richard Rodgers' score is all right, but Oscar Hammerstein's book and Agnes de Mille's ballets don't help at all. Annamary Dickey, John Battles, John Conte, and Roberta Jonay. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Angel in the Wings—Paul and Grace Hartman have six extremely comic numbers in this revue, but the rest of the program is fairly discouraging. With Hank Ladd, Nadine Gae, and Peter Hamilton. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company—This admirable company, which includes Martyn Green and Darrell Fancourt, makes the old favorites seem just as pleasant as ever. "The Pirates of Penzance" and "Trial by Jury" will run through Saturday, March 13, followed by a week of "Patience." (New Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Button Shoes—Some nonsense dealing with the 1913 Rutgers football team and a couple of confidence men, turned into a highly agreeable evening by Nanette Fabray's stylish performance and Jerome Robbins' wonderful Mack Sennett ballet. With Phil Silvers, Lois Lee, and Joey Faye. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance, for the Actors' Fund, Sunday evening, March 14.)

Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'!—This comedy about a wandering troupe of ballet dancers is handicapped by a silly story, but some of Jerome Robbins' choreography is very attractive, and Nancy Walker is a nice, indignant comic. George Abbott has directed a cast that includes Harold Lang, Janet Reed, Katharine Sergava, and Alice Pearce. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Make Mine Manhattan—Arnold B. Horwitt's sketches, a couple of which are marvellously funny, make a really engaging evening out of this revue. Richard Lewine wrote the songs, and the leading comedians are David Burns and Sid Caesar. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**annie get your gun:** The renowned Miss Oakley, polished to a shine by Ethel Merman and Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45th

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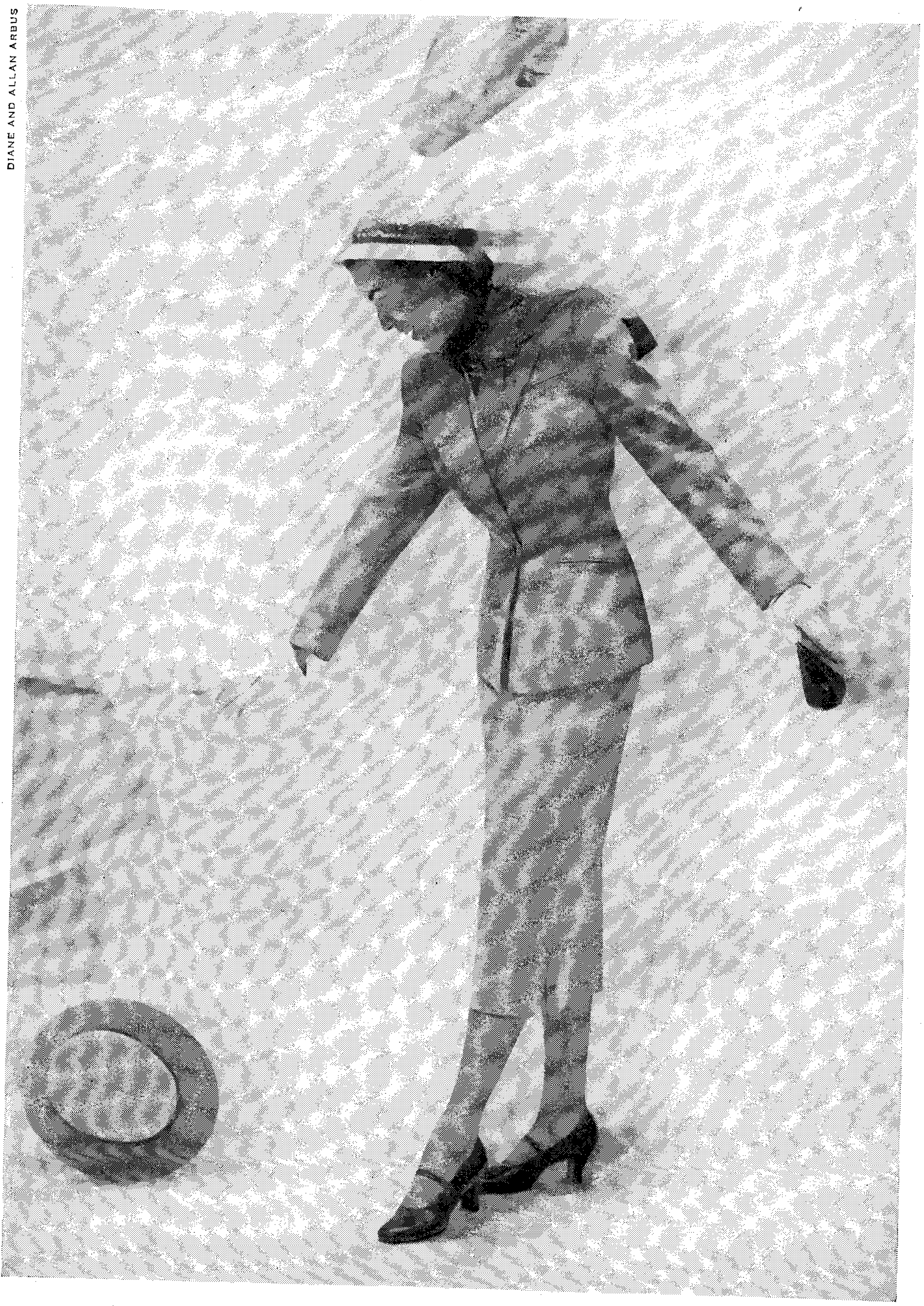
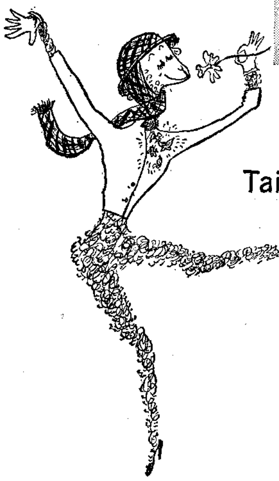
DIANE AND ALLAN ARBUS





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **BRIGADOON:** Fanciful doings in a Scottish village. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **FINIAN'S RAINBOW:** The one about a leprechaun. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OKLAHOMA!:** Age cannot wither. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Tuesday through Saturday evenings at 8:30; Sunday evenings at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2:40.)

OPENINGS

(Since there are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, it's a good idea to investigate further before going to the theatre.)

You Never Can Tell—Leo G. Carroll, with Tom Helmore, Ralph Forbes, and Frieda Inescort, in a revival of the Shaw comedy. Directed by Peter Ashmore and produced by the Theatre Guild. Opens Tuesday, March 16. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Joy to the World—A play by Allan Scott, directed by Jules Dassin and produced by John Houseman and William R. Katzell. The cast is headed by Marsha Hunt, Alfred Drake, and Myron McCormick. Opens Thursday, March 18. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BALLET

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Final performances—Thursday evening, March 11: "Swan Lake," "Madroños," and "Schéhérazade." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 12: "Giselle," "Cirque de Deux," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 13: "Coppelia," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Le Beau Danube." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 13: "Concerto Barocco," "Billy Sunday," "Cirque de Deux," and "Le Beau Danube." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, March 14: "Les Sylphides," "The Nutcracker," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, March 14: "Ballet Imperial," "Billy Sunday," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Gaîté Parisienne." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Maurice Chevalier—A one-man show, mostly songs, demonstrating that this great man is indestructible, or practically. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

Ice Show—"Icetime of 1948," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—In the Trianon Room, the dulcet strains of Lary Siry's reliable dance band. No dancing on Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Larry Green's and Charles Turecamo's orchestras play for dancing in the lofty Bowman Room. Closed Sundays.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Fifty violins working their way through an old Victor Red Seal catalogue, but the impish dances of Mata and Hari, and the dance music of Billy Banks' band, make up for a lot of it.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—Still Yale's and Princeton's favorite urban *pied-à-terre*. Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's cheerful orchestras. Closed Sundays.

Monte Carlo, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—The longest bar in town, and probably the most uninhibited décor. Peter Walters is at the piano during dinner, and Joel Shaw's orchestra and José Mora's rumba band play for dancing afterward.

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El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Some of our foremost ermine-lined table-hoppers, operating under a continuous-performance policy. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900)—Folk singing (Tom Scott) has at last cracked the Cotillion Room. Charles Reader's orchestra and a rumba band. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ A small orchestra plays daily for tea dancing and during dinner and supper in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—In the Persian Room, Hildegarde's impeccable impersonation of a cyclotron at work. Joel Herron's and Mark Monte's orchestras. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, pretty as a picture, has gay dance music by Payson Ré's and Nycola Matthey's orchestras. Closed Mondays.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—Emery Deutsch's ceremonious orchestra plays just above a whisper during dinner in the Oval Room; no dancing.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the elaborate Iridium Room, Hal Saunders' romantic dance music and the blithe counterpoint of Johnny Guarnieri's trio. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The handsome little Maisonette has Dave Apollon, whose principal prop is a mandolin; dancing. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—The customers in the Café Lounge may be mostly Continental, but Irving Conn's orchestra makes the room sound very Manhattan. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—After the theatre, you'll find the longest line of Ford convertibles in town parked before this door. Ernie Warren's orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing on Sunday afternoons.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Carl Brisson, an extremely unmelancholy Dane, taking those lush songs of his at a light canter. Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band. Dancing after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Sert Room, at suppertime, Lucienne Boyer, proving that love in France is like love in America, though a bit more excitable. On Thursday, March 18, Donald Richards, of "Finian's Rainbow," takes over. Dancing all evening to the neat orchestras of Emil Coleman and Mischa Borr. No show Sundays. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): Cy Walter plays some nimble piano after nine o'clock, and Les Crosley does the same at cocktails and dinner. . . . **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band for dancing in this plushy nook. Closed Sundays. . . . **DORSET BAR**, 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): A sightly and peaceable spot to listen (after eight-thirty every night but Sunday) to Les Crosley's adroit piano. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Fats Pichon, showing you how they play piano in the New Orleans bars. Ed Hall's orchestra and Cliff Jackson for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Soft lights and soft Roger Stearns piano music. Closed Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Earl Fox plays the piano after ten-thirty. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): One of the best of the old-timers, with Alex Fogarty at the piano after nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CASINO**, 243 Sullivan St. (OR 4-9583): Jimmy Daniels as *régisseur* of a prewar Montmartre-type hideaway, offering Garland Wilson, Norene Tate, and Edith May Barnes. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A worldly alcove, with the Sonny Kendis Trio after ten. . . . **CAFÉ JAMES**, 42 E. 50th St. (PL 9-3696): Libby Holman's brooding exposition of earthy American song, and Cass Harrison's neat piano. . . . **MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Teatime and dinner dance music by the Dardanelle Trio. No dancing on Mondays. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): A placid haven, with Jacques Thaler at the piano after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): Russia of yesteryear, presented with considerable stir. Dance music, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Latin-American life in its jauntiest and most neighborly form. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Jerry Lester, bouncing through his Broadway routine; Carl Ravazza, singing; and those luscious, languishing showgirls. Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Stream-of-unconsciousness songs by Alice Pearce, and fairly robust clowning by Douglas Byng, just over from London. The Delta Rhythm Boys and the Ellis Larkin Trio help out a lot, too. . . . **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): This standby's best show of the season, involving Day, Dawn & Dusk, Muriel Gaines, and Jane Dulo. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Maxine Sullivan's still, small voice, as compelling as ever; rowdy and very funny songs by a minx named Paula Drake. The Max Kaminsky Trio for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): An easygoing show by Hayes Gordon and Mary McCarty, ending with Spivy's smoking-room ditties. Closed Sundays.

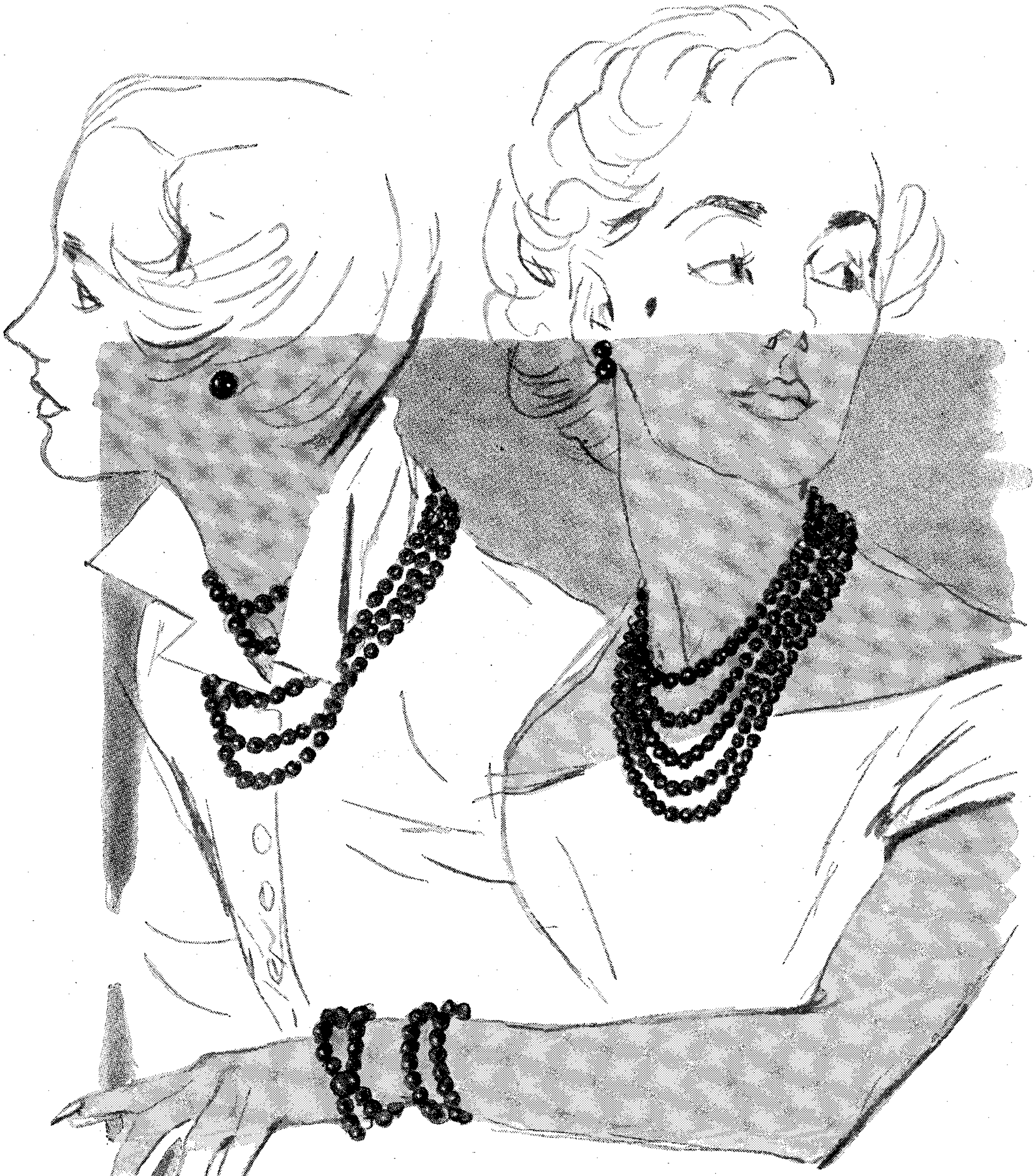
MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, the Fafner of the trumpet, plus Joe Sullivan, Georg Brunis, Peanuts Hucko, and other virtuosos. Anything goes on Tuesday nights, when other masters of the art drop in for a busman's holiday. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Billy Butterfield, Jess Stacy, Freddie Ohms, Pee Wee Russell, and friends, all in a housewarming mood. Sunday afternoon is visitors' hour here. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes, making nice noises on a piano at the head of his trio, and Chippie Hill, making raucous noises with old blues songs; dancing. A jam session every Sunday afternoon. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Wilbur de Paris's septet, which includes Sidney de Paris and Buster Bailey, playing subtle dance music in a place that really has room to dance. No music on Mondays. . . . **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Georgie Auld's band.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

COMMODORE, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Eddy Howard's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX**



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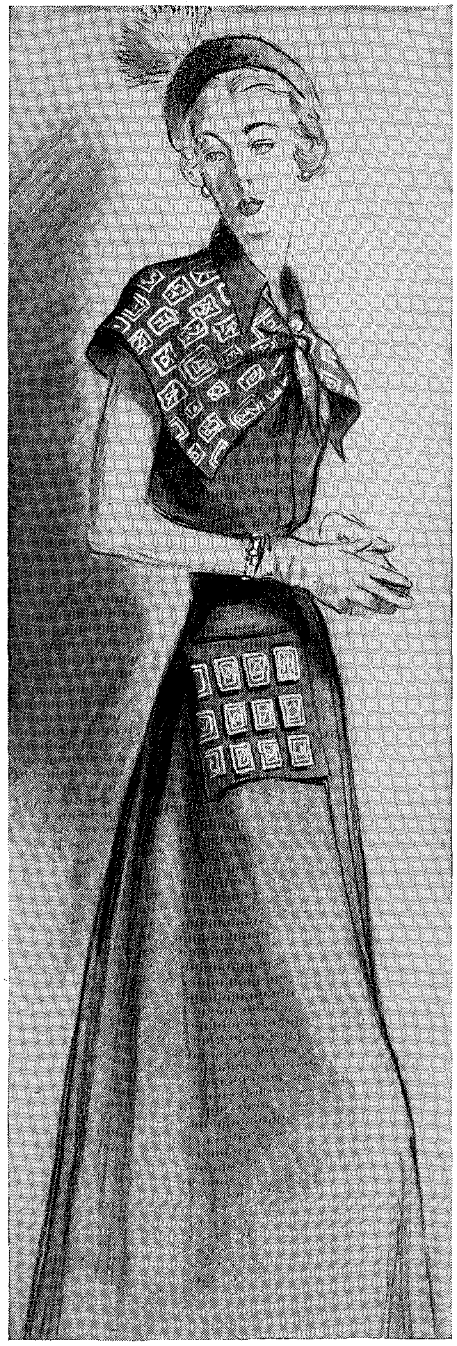

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

HOUSE, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Erwin Kent's orchestra. No dancing on Mondays. . . . **NEW YORKER**, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (ME 3-1000): Shep Fields' orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Dick Jurgens' orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra will be replaced by Lawrence Welk's on Monday, March 15. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

WILL BARNET—More of this artist's cheerful abstractions. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.; through March 20.)

CORRADO CAGLI—A show of effective abstract paintings by an Italian artist. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through March 15.)

LEONORA CARRINGTON—Modern Surrealism with touches of German Gothic inspiration. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through March 13.)

RUSSELL COWLES—Some fine, straightforward still-lifes, together with some landscapes and figure studies that are more experimental and less successful. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.; through March 20.)

DELACROIX AND RENOIR—A loan exhibition, for the benefit of the New York Heart Association. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through March 13.)

DRAWINGS—At the **SCHAEFFER**, 52 E. 58th St.: An absorbing display of work by old masters; through March 31. . . . **DELIUS**, 116 E. 57th St.: Small pieces by Fragonard, Rowlandson, Dali, and other equally varied artists; through April 2.

LYONEL FEININGER—A show of oils and water colors done since 1945. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through March 20.)

FRENCH—At the **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: Bombois, Vivin, and other *naïfs*, mixed in with such moderns as Braque, Picasso, and Gris; through March 27. . . . **BIGNOU**, 32 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, including Cézanne, Monet, Rouault, and Lurçat; through March 27.

ARSHILE GORKY—Paintings by a symbolic abstractionist, in which the design is sometimes reduced to the point of evaporation. (Julien Levy, 42 E. 57th St.; through March 20.)

GOUNARO—First American showing by one of the leading contemporary Greek painters, who combines modern simplifications with a certain mysticism. (Hugo, 26 E. 55th St.; through March 12.)

MORRIS GRAVES—Paintings in tempera on archaic Oriental themes, as impeccable in style as they are tenuous in suggestion. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.; through April 10.)

GROUP SHOW—Paintings, most of them abstract, and some handled with distinction, by seven young New York artists. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.; through March 20.)

LOUIS GUGLIELMI—Paintings, now verging on the abstract, by one of the first men to apply Surrealism to East Side subjects. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through March 20.)

BERNAR GUSSOW—Thoughtful, solidly painted work, in the artist's first one-man show in fifteen years. (Binet, 67 E. 57th St.; through March 18.)

DONG KINGMAN—Water colors, brisk and whimsical as ever, of subjects that range from Wall Street to the Grand Tetons. (Midtown, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; through March 20.)

BENJAMIN KOPMAN—Smaller pieces, mainly, by one of the more energetic of American Expressionists. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through March 20.)

SIDNEY LAUFMAN—New figure pieces and landscapes in bold, spare composition. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.; through March 20.)

EDOUARD MANET—An unusually thoroughgoing loan exhibition of his paintings and other works, for the benefit of the New York Infirmary. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through April 3.)

IRVING MARANTZ—Sardonic Expressionist oils, in a first solo show. (Opportunity Gallery, 9 W. 57th St.; through March 11.)

ALICE TRUMBULL MASON—Non-objective paintings, not particularly unique, but felicitous in tone and harmony. (Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5 P.M.; through March 20.)

PAUL MOMMER—Soundly constructed still-lifes and other subjects, done in a style that is midway between the abstract and the representational. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through March 13.)

PAINTINGS OF THE CIRCUS—Clowns, of course, and other canvas-and-sawdust subjects, mostly by contemporary Americans, in an almost too generous assortment. (Ferargil, 63 E. 57th St.; through April 3.)

POLISH ART—A large collection of oils, water colors, and drawings by contemporary Polish artists. (Kosciusko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St.; through March 15.)

FRANZ REDERER—A Swiss artist who paints with a good deal of competence and fluidity and not much charm. (Van Diemen, 21 E. 57th St.; through March 20.)

JOHN SINGER SARGENT—Ten paintings, long in the artist's own collection, that give a very good idea of his virtuosity. (Scott & Fowles, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.; through March 24.)

JAN SCHREUDER—Expressionist oils and drawings of Ecuador, high in emotional content, and some of them quite moving. (Levitt, 16 W. 57th St.; through March 20.)

RAPHAEL SOYER—First one-man show in five years by one of the modern masters of genre painting. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through March 20.)

GILBERT STUART—Nine portraits and a landscape. (Newman, 150 Lexington Ave., at 30th St.; through March 31.)

SAKARI SUZUKI—Oils, very clear in color and deft in stroke. (Artists, 61 E. 57th St.; through March 12.)

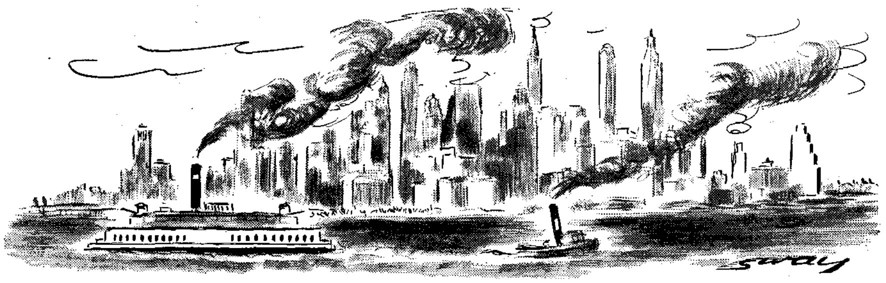
KEITH VAUGHAN—Small paintings and gouaches, by one of the younger English moderns. (Dix, 760 Madison Ave., at 65th St.; through March 13.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Salvator Rosa; through March 27. . . . **PARSONS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Mark Rothko; through March 27. . . . **DURAND-RUEL**, 12 E. 57th St.: Vassyl Khmeluk; through March 31.

MUSEUMS

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings, chiefly of Palestine, by M. Ardon-Bronstein. (Sundays, Mondays, and Wednesdays, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tuesdays and Thursdays, 2 to 9 P.M.; through March 17.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective showing of works by Naum Gabo and Antoine Pevsner, two of the founders of the Constructivist school of non-objective sculpture; through April 25. . . . ¶ Forty-one additions to the Museum's collection; through



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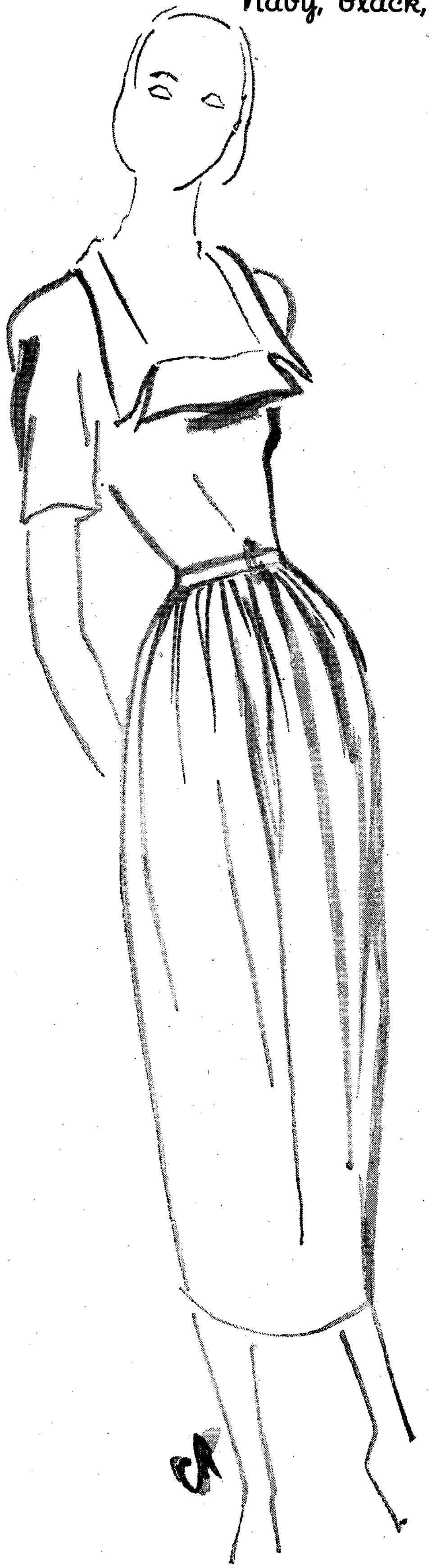

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

March 21. . . . ¶ Water colors by children, selected from national contests run annually in France; through March 21. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The annual exhibit of contemporary sculptures, water colors, and drawings, rather scattered as to styles but lively and full of surprises. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 21.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall it's BR 9-9447; and for the Metropolitan Opera House it's PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, March 11, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Eleanor Steber, Ferruccio Tagliavini, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 12, at 8: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Florence Quartararo, Kurt Baum, and Martial Singher. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 13, at 2: "Peter Grimes," with Frederick Jagel, Polyna Stoska, and Mack Harrell. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 13, at 8: "Tristan und Isolde," with Lauritz Melchior, Helen Traubel, Mihaly Szekely, and Joel Berglund.

New York City Opera—Opening performances—Friday evening, March 19: "Don Giovanni." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 20: "La Traviata." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Leopold Stokowski conducting: Thursday evening, March 11, at 8:45; Friday afternoon, March 12, at 2:30; Sunday afternoon, March 14, at 3 (all with Robert Casadesus, piano). . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 18, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, March 19, at 2:30 (both with Nan Merriman, soprano). . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 20, at 8:45 (with Bidu Sayao, soprano; Jane Hobson, soprano; and Menahem Pressler, piano); a benefit for the Philharmonic-Symphony Pension Fund.

Rochester Symphony Orchestra—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday afternoon, March 13, at 2:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Rudolf Serkin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday evening, March 16, at 8:30.)

Boston Symphony—Serge Koussevitzky conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday evening, March 17, at 8:30, and Saturday afternoon, March 20, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Thursday evening, March 18, at 8:30. For tickets, call RE 7-8490. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700, Ext. 6. Friday evening, March 19, at 8:30.)

Bach Aria Group—The third in a series of four concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday evening, March 12, at 8:30.)

Helvetia Maennerchor—Or, in English, the Swiss Men's Choir. Directed by Germain P. Lachat. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, March 13, at 8:15.)

Upsala College Choir—Gladys Grindeland directing. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, March 20, at 3.)

College of St. Elizabeth Glee Club—Charles F. Meys directing. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, March 20, at 8:30.)

Vinaver Chorus—Chemjo Vinaver directing. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Saturday evening, March 20, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Maggie Teyte—Soprano. (Town Hall. Thursday evening, March 11, at 8:30.)

Zino Francescatti—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, March 12, at 8:30.)

Webster Aitken—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday evening, March 12, at 8:30.)

Marie Roemaet Rosanoff—Cello. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, March 13, at 2:30.)

Efrem Zimbalist—Violin; the last of five recitals.

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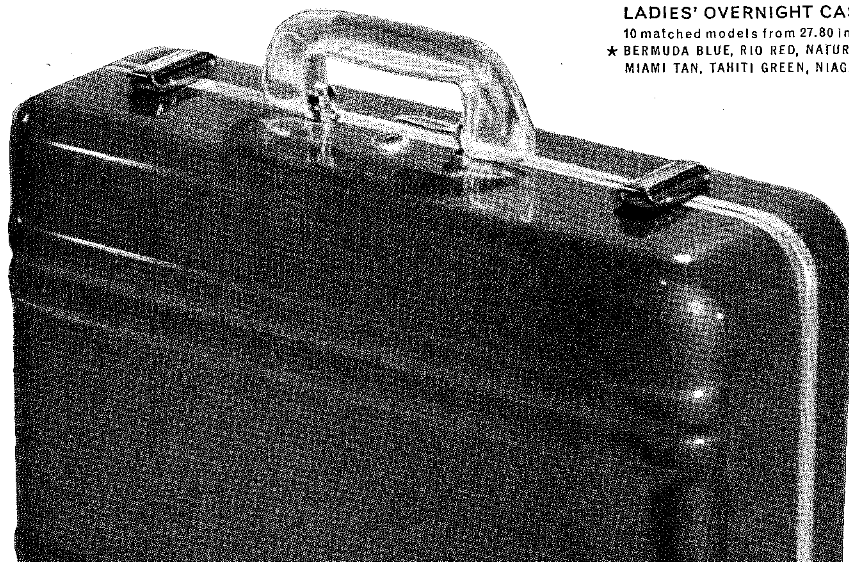

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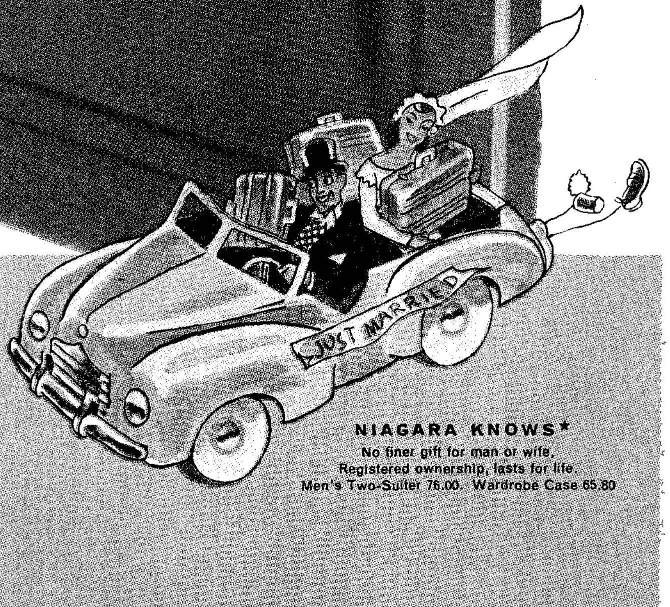

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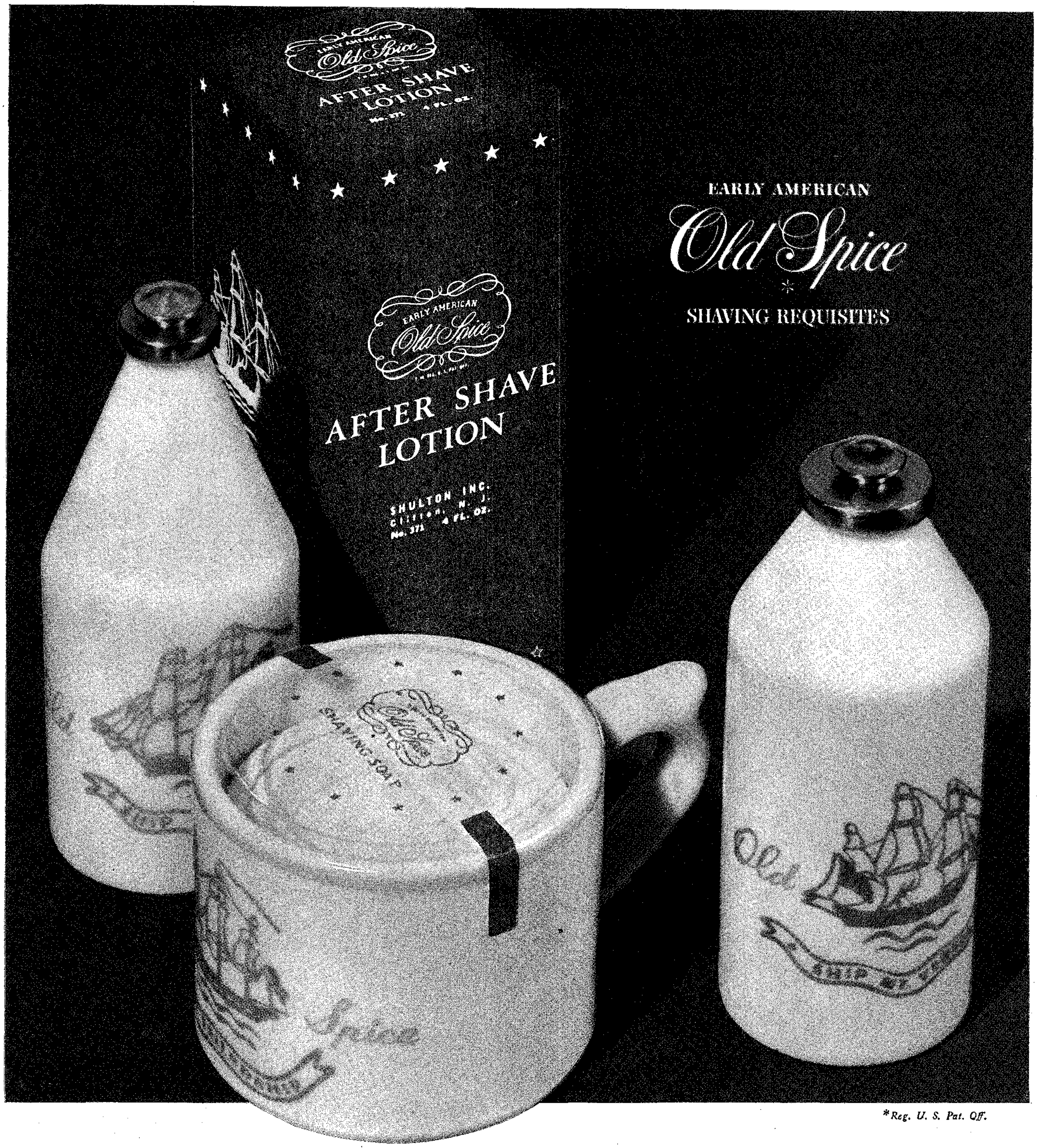
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, March 13, at 5:30.)

Joseph Schuster—Cello. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. GR 3-1391. Saturday evening, March 13, at 8:15.)

Set Svanholm—Tenor. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, March 14, at 3.)

Leo Rewinski—Piano. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Sunday afternoon, March 14, at 3.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday evening, March 14, at 8:30.)

William Schatzkamer—Piano. (Town Hall. Sunday evening, March 14, at 8:30.)

Joseph Schuster and Nadia Reisenberg—Cello and piano. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 17. Monday evening, March 15, at 8:40.)

Adelaide Abbot—Soprano. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Monday evening, March 15, at 8:30.)

Jan Cherniavsky—Piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday evening, March 17, at 8:30.)

Ralph Kirkpatrick—Harpsichord. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 17. Wednesday evening, March 17, at 8:40.)

Gregor Piatigorsky—Cello. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, March 19, at 8:30.)

Robert Goldsand—Piano, in the last of three recitals. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, March 20, at 5:30.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 543. Saturday evening, March 20, at 8:30.)

Note—Gregor Piatigorsky will give a cello recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St., BU 8-0700) on Sunday afternoon, March 21, at 3. Tickets will be issued on Tuesday, March 16, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning, and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert—Licia Albanese, Salvatore Baccaloni, John Brownlee, Cloe Elmo, and others, in a benefit for the Teatro Comunale of Florence. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday evening, March 12, at 8:30. For tickets, call RE 4-2353.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Friday, March 12: Marcel Cerdan vs. Lavern Roach, middleweights, 10 rounds.... ¶ Friday, March 19: Joe Baksi vs. Gino Buonvino, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10.)

College Basketball—Madison Square Garden—National Intercollegiate Invitation Basketball Tournament, Thursday, March 11; Saturday, March 13; Monday, March 15; and Wednesday, March 17.... ¶ N.C.A.A. Tournament, Thursday, March 18, and Saturday, March 20. (Games begin at 8 P.M.)

Dog Show—Saw Mill River Kennel Club. (White Plains, N.Y., Sunday, March 14.)

Hockey—Sunday, March 14: Rangers vs. Canadiens.... ¶ Tuesday, March 16: Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Games begin at 8:30 P.M.)

Hunt Racing—Camden Races. (Camden, S.C., Saturday, March 13.)

Indoor Polo—Saturday, March 13: A George C. Sherman Memorial Championship game, and Boulder Brook vs. Squadron A Regulars.... ¶ Thursday, March 18: Two matches for the benefit of the New York Heart Association.... ¶ Saturday, March 20: A semi-final Match for the Sherman Championship, and the finals in the National Junior Championship Eastern Eliminations. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30 P.M.)

Indoor Tennis—U.S.L.T.A. Indoor Championships: Men's Singles, starting Thursday,

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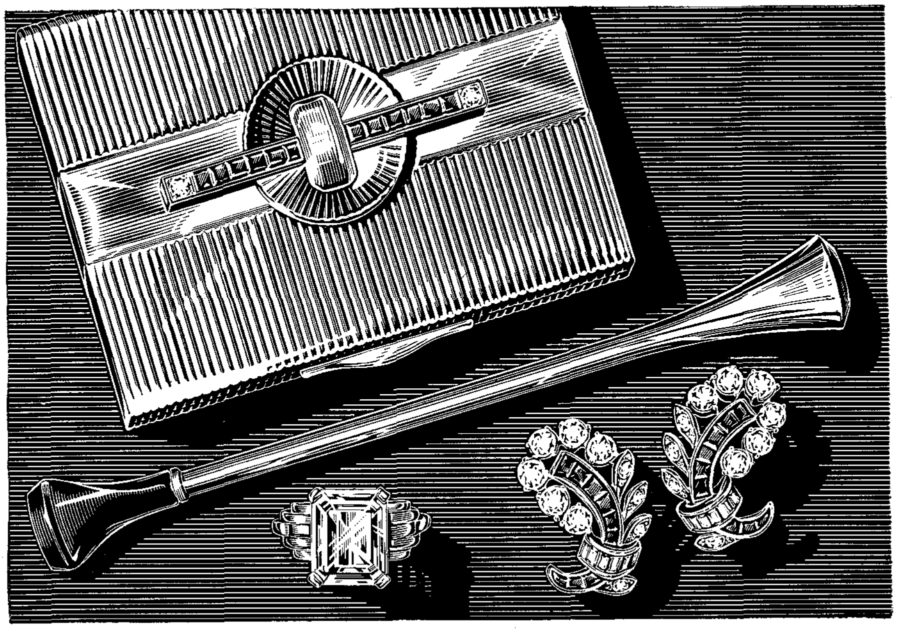

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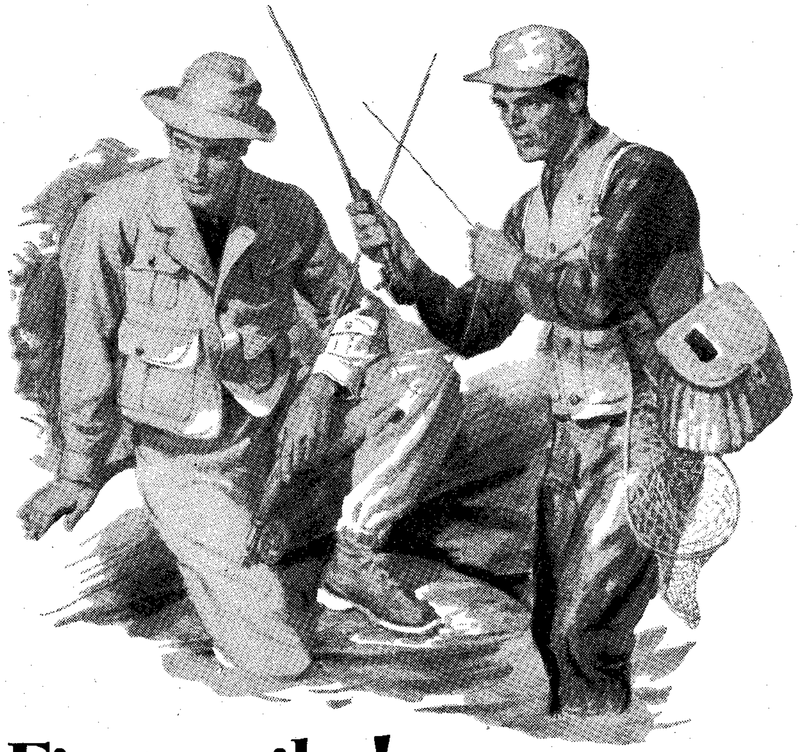

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

March 11.... ¶ Women's Singles, starting Saturday, March 13.... ¶ Men's and Women's Doubles, starting Monday, March 15.... ¶ Mixed Doubles, starting Tuesday, March 16. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. BU 8-0200; Thursday, March 11, at 1 P.M.; weekdays thereafter at 12 noon; through Saturday, March 20.)

FOR CHILDREN

Plays—Children's World Theatre: "Rumpelstiltskin." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Saturday afternoons, March 13 and 20, and Sunday afternoon, March 14, at 2:30. For tickets, call WA 4-0722.) ... ¶ Children's Drama Guild: "The Magic Purse," "A Mortal in Fairyland," and "Princess Rosette and the Peacock King." (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday afternoons, March 13 and 20, at 2:30. For tickets, call CH 4-1943.) ... ¶ Junior Dramatic Workshop of the Walt Whitman School: "Midsummer Night's Dream Interlude," directed by Maria Ley-Piscator. (Walt Whitman School, 25 E. 78th St. Sunday afternoon, March 14, at 2:30. For tickets, call RE 4-0004, Ext. 11.) ... ¶ Junior Theatre: "Little Women." (Barbizon-Plaza Little Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Saturday and Sunday afternoons, March 13-14, at 2:15. For tickets, call RE 9-4746.)

Concert—Rudolph Ganz conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday morning, March 13, at 11.)

Movies—Films of interest to children are shown on Saturday mornings at 11 at the Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre. (Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180.) ... ¶ The Beacon Theatre (Broadway at 74th St., TR 4-9132) provides children's films and vaudeville every Saturday from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

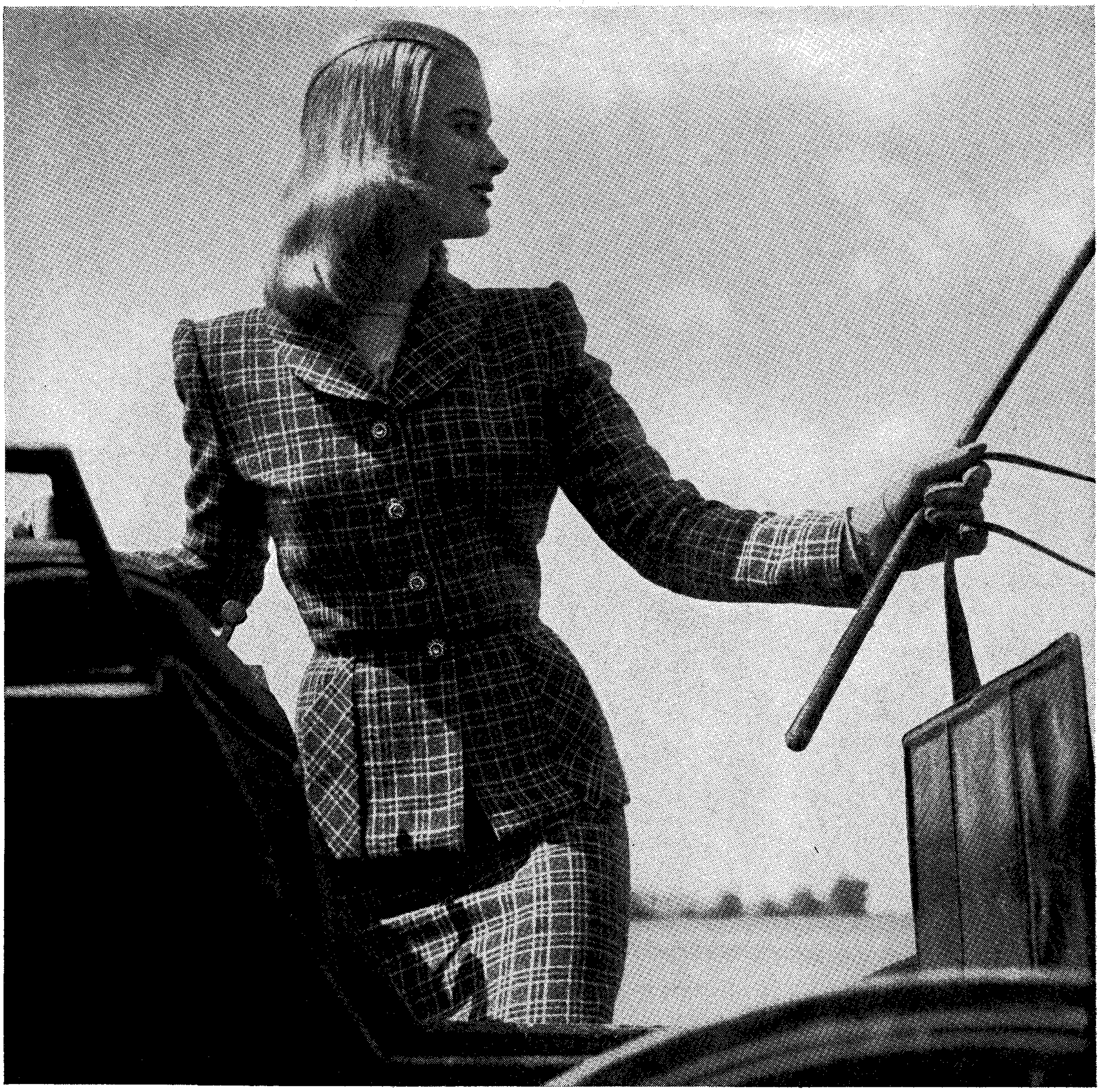
United Nations—At Lake Success, about two hundred visitors are admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments; about fifty may attend the open meetings of the Interim Committee of the General Assembly. For tickets for any of these groups, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, early in the morning of the day you want to go. Frequent trains from Penn Station to Great Neck are met by buses to headquarters at Lake Success.

Antique Auto Show—About eighty primeval automobiles, including an 1899 Locomobile Steamer, a 1902 Pope-Hartford with a rear entrance, a 1905 Buick, and a 1907 Stanley Steamer ("the gentleman's speedy roadster"), all of them shined to a gleam and in perfect running order. Scattered among the ancients will be several new cars, including Packards, Studebakers, and Hudsons, all of them in running order and all just as hard to get deliveries on as their ancestors. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday through Saturday, March 11-13, from 10:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M., and Sunday, March 14, from 1:30 to 10:30 P.M.)

International Flower Show—Spring has taken up a firm position on Lexington Avenue. There are sixteen large gardens, plus the usual hatfuls of orchids and cut flowers, and an information booth, where bemused gardeners can get directions and encouragement. (Grand Central Palace, Lexington Ave. at 46th St. Thursday through Saturday, March 11-13, from 10 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.)

National Antiques Show—All sorts of elderly objects—candle snuffers, fire screens, trundle beds—polished and glossy and laid out with such veneration that one begins to think that people used to live more niftily than they do today, which may be right. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday through Saturday, March 11-13, from 1 to 11 P.M., and Sunday, March 14, from 1 to 7 P.M.)

Little Magazines—A show of about a hundred and twenty-five literary and otherwise thoughtful magazines published since 1900. On



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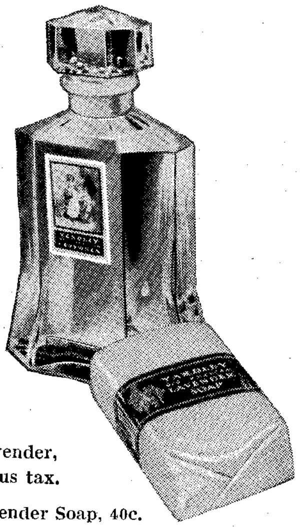

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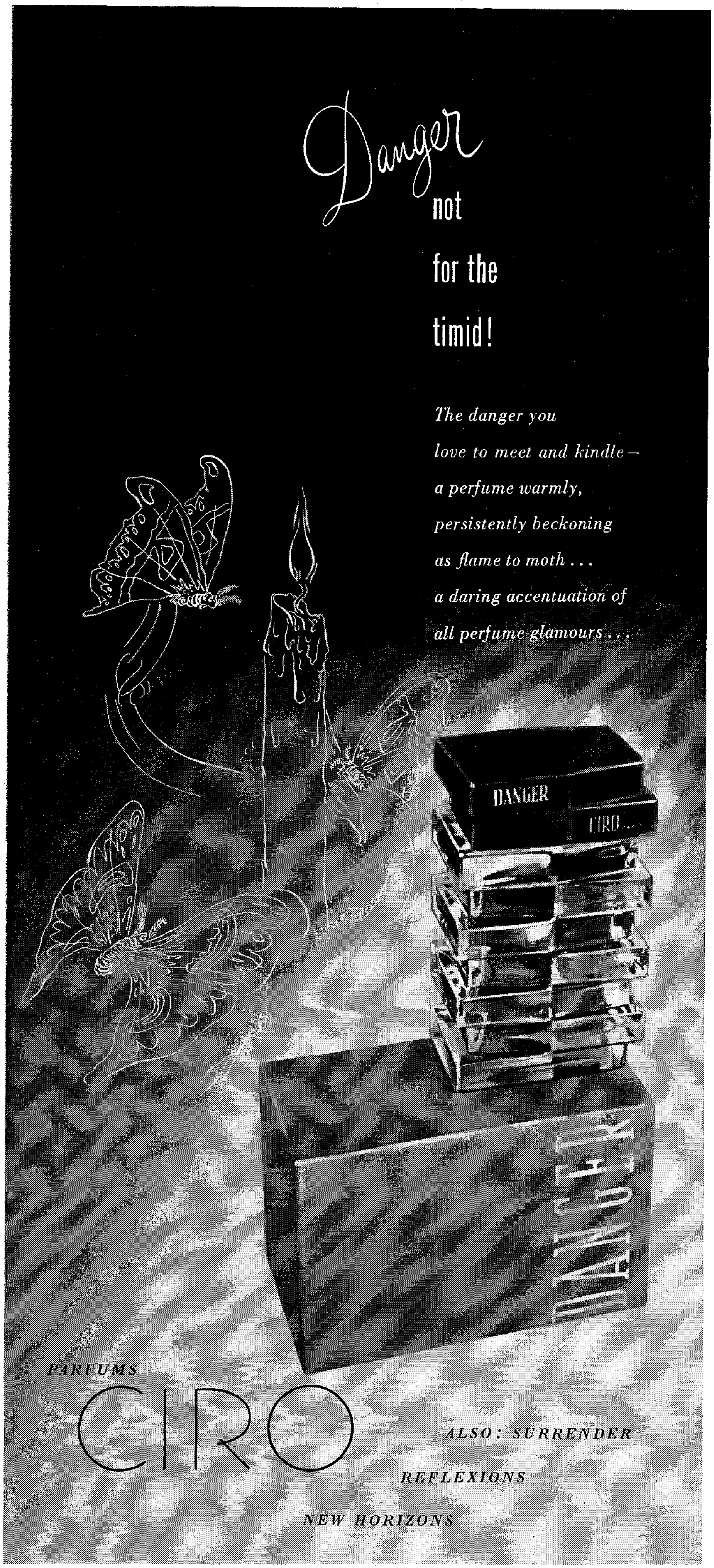

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

display are the *Little Review*, in which James Joyce's "Ulysses" was first published in this country, and the *Transatlantic Review*, which printed some very early Hemingway. (Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St. Daily, 10 A.M. to 6:30 P.M.)

MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A large display of charts, models, and diagrams intended to demonstrate how the scientists are getting along in their peacetime joust with the atom. Among the exhibits are an atomic pile (a model, but equipped with sound effects), a miniature atomic-power plant, and a voltage machine that makes your hair stand on end when you touch it. Sponsored by the Brookhaven National Laboratory and the Atomic Energy Commission. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE—Can this come as a surprise? Starts at 1 P.M. on Wednesday, March 17, at Fifth Avenue and 44th Street, and winds up at Fifth Avenue and 96th Street.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St.—Modern paintings, by Utrillo, Renoir, Seurat, Childe Hassam, and others, from several collections. (Auction, Thursday, March 11, at 8 P.M.) . . . ¶ French eighteenth-century furniture and decorative objects owned by Oscar F. Gavrilovitch, the late John Vernou Bouvier, and others. (Auction, Thursday through Saturday, March 11-13, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ Early and modern etchings, including work by Mary Cassatt, Delacroix, and Segonzac, from the collection of the late John F. Kraushaar and others. (Exhibition, Thursday through Saturday, March 11-13, and Monday, March 15. from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Tuesday, March 16, at 2 P.M.)

NOTE—Federal income-tax returns have to be in the mail by midnight, Monday, March 15.

ON THE AIR

UNITED NATIONS—The most important open meetings are broadcast over WNYC. . . . ¶ Résumés of the day's proceedings can be heard Mondays through Fridays, at 6:45 P.M., over WNYC, and at 10:45 P.M. over WMCA. . . . ¶ A weekly report by Thomas J. Hamilton, Wednesdays at 11:05 P.M., WQXR.

MUSIC—Metropolitan Opera: "Peter Grimes," with Frederick Jagel, Polyna Stoska, and Mack Harrell, Saturday, March 13, at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Philharmonic-Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Sunday, March 14, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Saturday, March 13, at 5 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Tuesday, March 16, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Detroit Symphony, Karl Krueger conducting, Sunday, March 14, at 8 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Saturday, March 13, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ B.B.C. Symphony, Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting, Sunday, March 14, at 5 P.M., WINS. . . . ¶ Toronto Symphony, Sir Ernest MacMillan conducting, Saturday, March 13, at 3 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Jussi Bjoerling, tenor, Monday, March 15, at 9 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Yella Pessl, harpsichord, Thursday, March 11, at 3:45 P.M., and Sunday, March 14, at 10:05 P.M., WQXR.

DRAMA—Judy Holliday, Paul Douglas, Eddie Albert, and Kim Hunter in "She Loves Me Not," presented by the Theatre Guild, Sunday, March 14, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ.

TELEVISION—President Truman, speaking at the dinner of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, Wednesday, March 17, at 10 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Newsreel, Mondays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:50 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ "Author Meets the Critics," Sunday, March 14, at 8 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ College Basketball: The National Intercollegiate Basketball Tournament, Thursday, March 11, at 8:45 P.M.; Saturday, March 13, at 8:30 P.M.; and Wednesday, March 17, at 8:30 P.M., WCBS. N.C.A.A. Tournament, Thursday, March 18, at 8:45 P.M., and Saturday, March 20, at 8:30 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Hockey: Rangers vs. Canadiens, Sunday, March 14, at 8:30 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Boxing: Marcel Cerdan vs. Lavern Roach, Friday, March 12; preliminaries begin at 9:10 P.M., WNBT.

Palumbo

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Superbly coordinated separates of the same pure wool . . . coat, skirt, and hat yarn-dyed to match the luscious sweater colors . . . an integrated picture of casual ease . . . that's the intriguing Litchfield story! Colors galore, the coat 29.95, skirt 12.95, sweater 10.95, hat 8.95.

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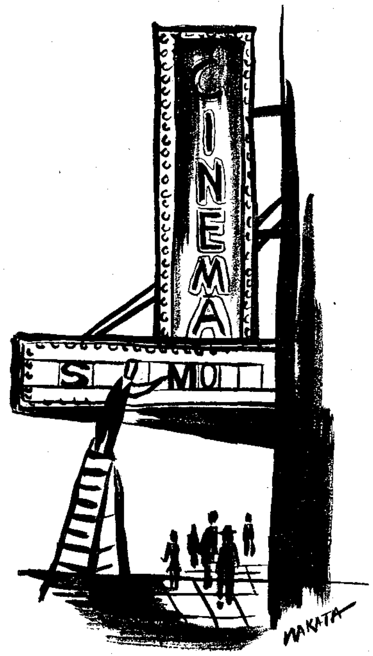
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

Black Narcissus—This story of nuns in the Himalayas, from the Rumer Godden novel, is a hard one for the movies to handle, but there is some extraordinary Technicolor camerawork, and the cast, which includes David Farrar, Deborah Kerr, and Sabu, is uncommonly good. An English picture. (Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through March 15.... ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; through March 16.)

Fanny—The last part of Marcel Pagnol's trilogy dealing with some rowdy residents of Marseille. A soundly diverting French film, which was made about ten years ago and has as its star the great actor Raimu. (Elysée, 202 W. 58th, PL 7-4294.)

Farrebique—A study of French farm life that gets under way slowly but soon arouses a pretty intense interest in agrarian matters. Actual peasants serve as actors in the picture. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Gentleman's Agreement—A Hollywood assault on anti-Semitism that, unfortunately, never gets under the surface of the subject. The picture is based on Laura Z. Hobson's novel, and the cast includes Gregory Peck, John Garfield, and Dorothy McGuire, who are often compelled to forgo acting for preaching. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

The Pearl—An adaptation of the Steinbeck story about a fisherman who strikes it rich by discovering a pearl. Photographically superb but rather languid dramatically. The Mexican cast, which speaks English throughout, is impressively sincere. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

Shoe-Shine—An Italian picture telling simply and with terrifying effect the tragedy of two shoeshine boys in Rome. The superb child actors and the picture's unrelenting honesty are remarkable. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438; through March 12.)

To Live in Peace—Another Italian film, this time recounting the adventures of an Italian peasant who shields a pair of G.I.s (one of them colored) from the Nazis. Simple, moving, and distinguished by masterly acting. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre—John Huston's film, which proves that gold doesn't always bring happiness to those who find it. Walter Huston lends distinction to the picture by his striking portrait of an old prospector. Humphrey Bogart and Tim Holt are also on hand. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; 77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; and Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; starting March 17.)

Volpone—A Gallic version of Ben Jonson's comedy about an antic miser, which is one of the funniest movies in years. In the title role, the late Harry Baur is altogether hilarious, and he is given marvellous support by Louis Jouvet and the others in the cast. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th, CI 7-0760.)

REVIVALS

The Adventures of Robin Hood (1938)—Errol Flynn as the outlaw. With Olivia de Havilland, Basil Rathbone, and Technicolor. (Warner, B'way at 51st, CI 7-5545.)

The Captive Heart (1947)—Allied soldiers in a German prison camp. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting March 13.)

Foreign Correspondent (1940)—A Hitchcock war melodrama. Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and Robert Benchley. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; March 14-16.... ¶ 77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; March 15-16.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier's version of Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through March 15.... ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting March 17.)

How Green Was My Valley (1941)—Life in the Welsh collieries. Maureen O'Hara, Walter Pidgeon, and Roddy McDowall. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting March 16.)

Love on the Dole (1945)—The troubles of the unemployed in an English mill town. George Carney, Deborah Kerr, and Clifford Evans. A British film. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; March 15-17.)

Open City (1946)—An account of the operations of the Roman underground. In Italian. (Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; through March 13.... ¶ Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd, RH 4-9786; through March 14.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the character with all the wives. A British film. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; March 11.)

Topper (1937)—You remember, the first of the Topper series. Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Billie Burke, and Roland Young. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; March 11.)

Torment (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate an adolescent love affair. In Swedish. (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd, RH 4-9786; tentative, starting March 15.)

Trade Winds (1939)—South Seas adventure. Joan Bennett and Fredric March. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; March 14-16.... ¶ 77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; March 15-16.)

The Way Ahead (1945)—David Niven in a British film showing how young Englishmen were trained for war. (Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; March 14-16.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule. Through March 14, at 3 P.M.: "The Late Matthew Pascal" (1925).... ¶ Starting March 15, at 3 and 5:30 P.M.: Two reels of "The Pawn Shop" (1916), with Charlie Chaplin, and parts of "The Joyless Street" (1925), with Greta Garbo. Reservations can be made at the Museum.

• • •

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
"The Bishop's Wife," Cary Grant, Loretta Young, David Niven.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"The Naked City," Barry Fitzgerald.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
"Relentless," Robert Young, Marguerite Chapman.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"Body and Soul," Lilli Palmer, John Garfield.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"I Remember Mama," Irene Dunne, Barbara Bel Geddes, Oscar Homolka.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"If You Knew Susie," Eddie Cantor, Joan Davis.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"Road to Rio," Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through March 15: "To the Ends of the Earth," Signe Hasso, Dick Powell.
From March 16: "The Miracle of the Bells," Fred MacMurray, Valli, Frank Sinatra.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Sitting Pretty," Clifton Webb, Maureen O'Hara, Robert Young.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
March 11: "The Sign of the Ram," Susan Peters, Alexander Knox.
From March 12: "The Mating of Millie," Evelyn Keyes, Glenn Ford.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
March 11: "My Girl Tisa," Lilli Palmer, Sam Wanamaker.
From March 12: "The Fighting 69th," revival, James Cagney, Pat O'Brien.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-4966)
"Albuquerque," Randolph Scott, Barbara Britton.

Warner, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD, revival.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"Black Bart," Dan Duryea, Yvonne De Carlo, Jeffrey Lynn.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
VOLPONE.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
FARREBIQUE.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
"The Raven" (in French), Pierre Fresnay.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
"Beauty and the Beast" (in French), Jean Cocteau film.

Elysée, 202 W. 58th. (PL 7-4294)
FANNY.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
"La Vie de Bohème" (in French), revival, Louis Jourdan; and "I Live as I Please" (in Italian), revival, Ferruccio Tagliavini.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
Through March 12: **SHOE-SHINE.**
From March 13: "Die Fledermaus" (in German).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
"Jenny Lamour" (in French), Louis Jouvet.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
"Song of My Heart," Frank Sundstrom, Audrey Long, Sir Cedric Hardwicke.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (WI 7-0206)
"Furia" (in Italian).

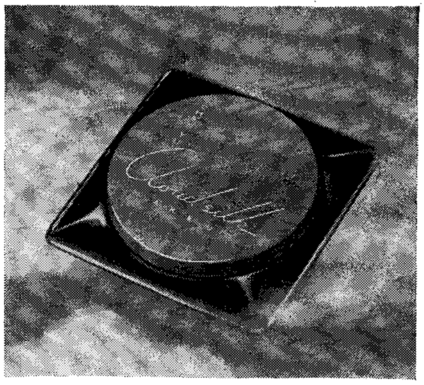
Stanley, 7th Ave. at 41st. (WI 7-9686)
Through March 12: "Crime and Punishment" (in Swedish).
From March 13: "Spring" (in Russian).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
THE PEARL.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through March 14: **TO LIVE IN PEACE.**
From March 15 (tentative): "Paisan" (in English and Italian).

yours...a fragile delicate beauty

Your secret—Chen Yu's wonderful new Cloud silk Make Up. So natural, so light, so free from even a hint of caking, you forget you're wearing it. Light-as-a-cloud—you'll say. And Cloudsilk is good for your skin . . . actually protects it, too. Cloud silk's superb quality is matched by the beauty of its case . . . by the fact that it is refillable. Nine flattering complexion shades. Compact, 2.00. Refills, 1.25.



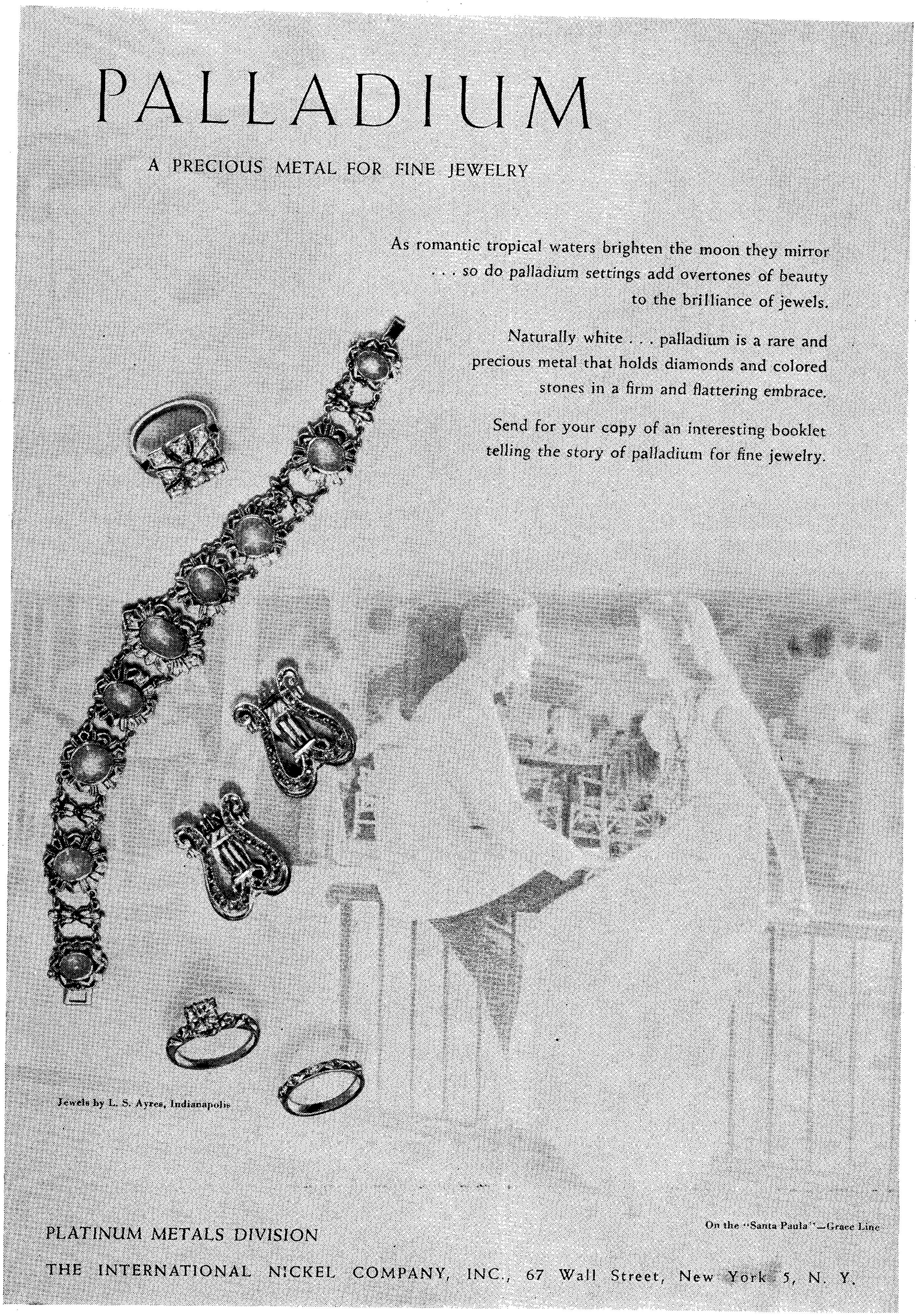
CHEN YU

Cloudsilk

MAKE UP

Lacquer and Lipstick by Chen Yu

© CHEN YU, Inc., 1948—Hat by Peter Bondi



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As romantic tropical waters brighten the moon they mirror . . . so do palladium settings add overtones of beauty to the brilliance of jewels.

Naturally white . . . palladium is a rare and precious metal that holds diamonds and colored stones in a firm and flattering embrace.

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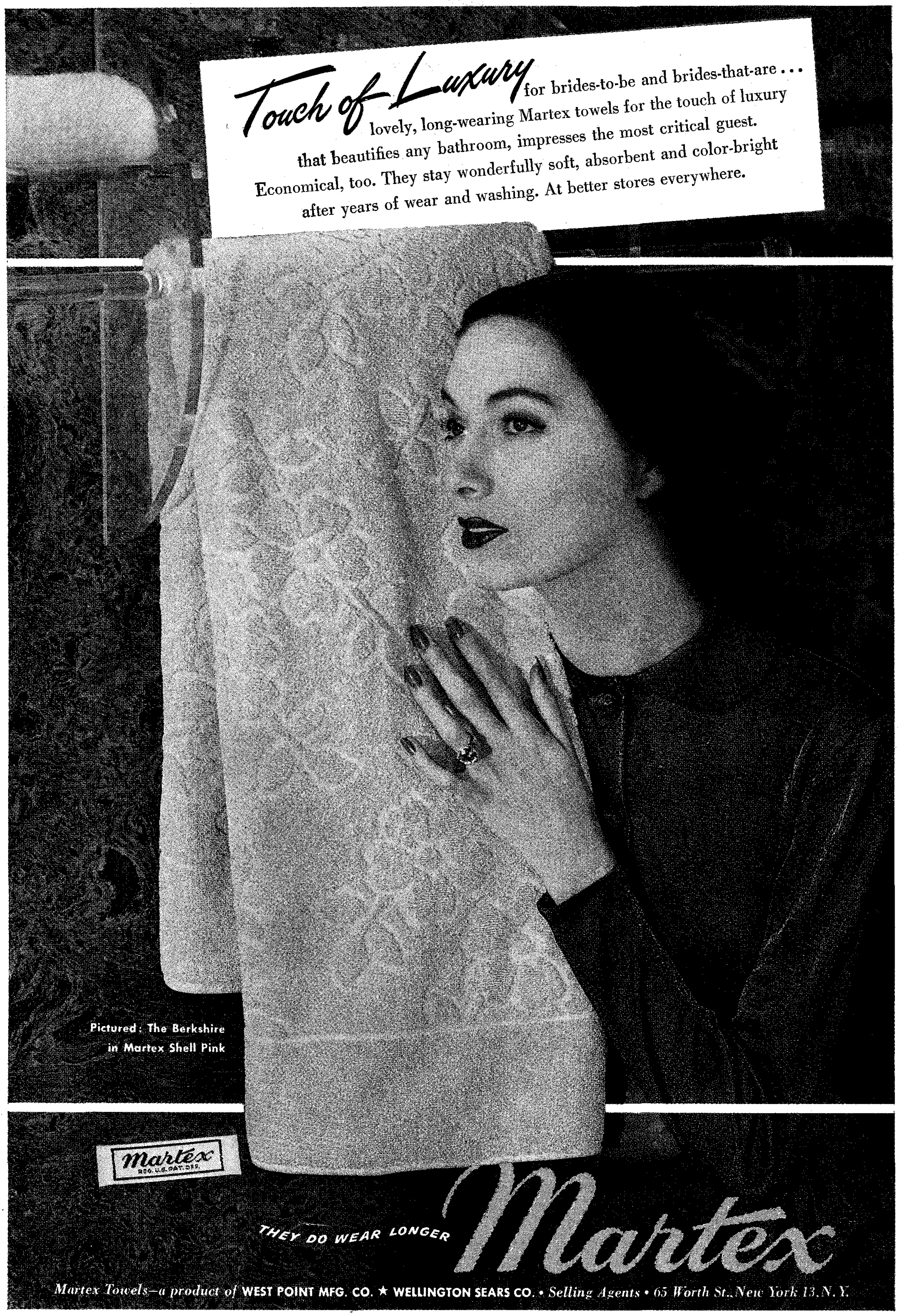

Touch of Luxury for brides-to-be and brides-that-are . . . lovely, long-wearing Martex towels for the touch of luxury that beautifies any bathroom, impresses the most critical guest. Economical, too. They stay wonderfully soft, absorbent and color-bright after years of wear and washing. At better stores everywhere.

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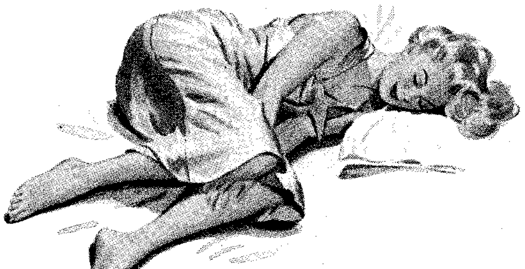
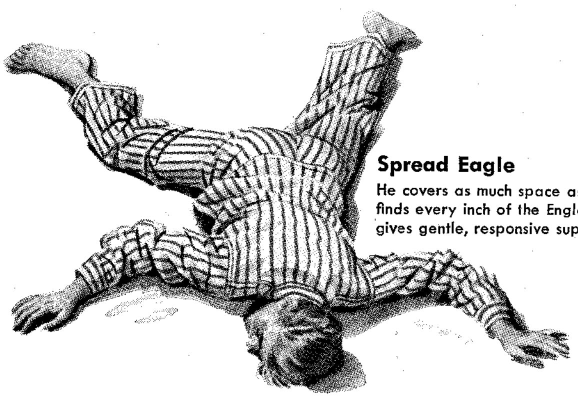
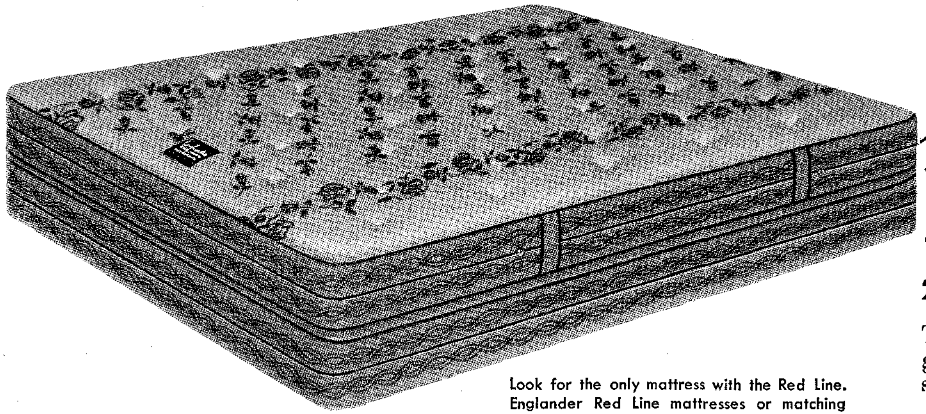


Cocoon
She gets all wrapped up in her sleep as soon as she relaxes on the Englander's double-layer springs.

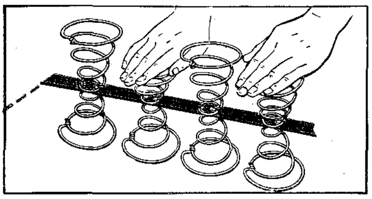


Spread Eagle
He covers as much space as possible, finds every inch of the Englander gives gentle, responsive support.

For the first time: COMPLETE COMFORT FOR EVERY KIND OF SLEEPER



Look for the only mattress with the Red Line. Englander Red Line mattresses or matching box springs, $89.95 to $59.75. Others as low as $29.75.



1. Upper layer fits your body
2. Lower layer fits your weight

This is not just a new mattress—it is the greatest improvement in mattress construction in 50 years.

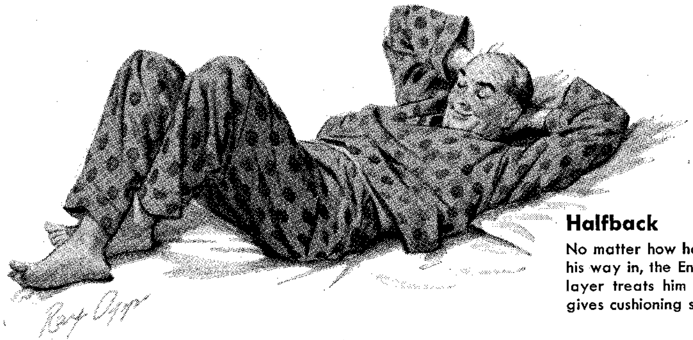
All sleepers need two kinds of support—one for the body, one for the weight.

Now the Englander Red Line Mattress gives you two layers of springs, not tied together at top or bottom by wire or sacks, *but joined at the center by a flexible ribbon of steel.* An entirely new and revolutionary principle of mattress construction—exclusive with Englander.

No matter how you sleep, the upper layer cradles your body, the lower layer supports your weight.

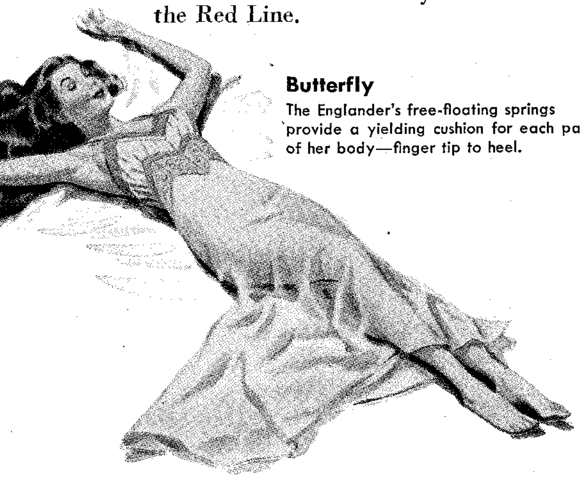
It prevents roll-to-the-middle when "sleeping double," regardless of weight difference.

See Englander at fine department or furniture stores—the only mattress with the Red Line.

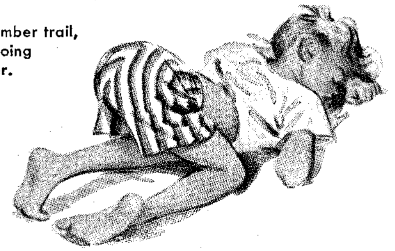


Halfback
No matter how hard he shoulders his way in, the Englander's upper layer treats him gently, lower layer gives cushioning support.

Englander
AMERICA'S MOST LUXURIOUS
mattress



Butterfly
The Englander's free-floating springs provide a yielding cushion for each part of her body—finger tip to heel.



Bird Dog
On the deep slumber trail, and very nice going on the Englander.

NATIONAL SLEEP SHOW
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See your department or furniture store for the latest in sleep equipment.

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You just can't buy more exquisitely textured American percale sheets —at any price. 204 threads per square inch—24 more threads than in ordinary percales —with every thread of finest all-combed yarn!

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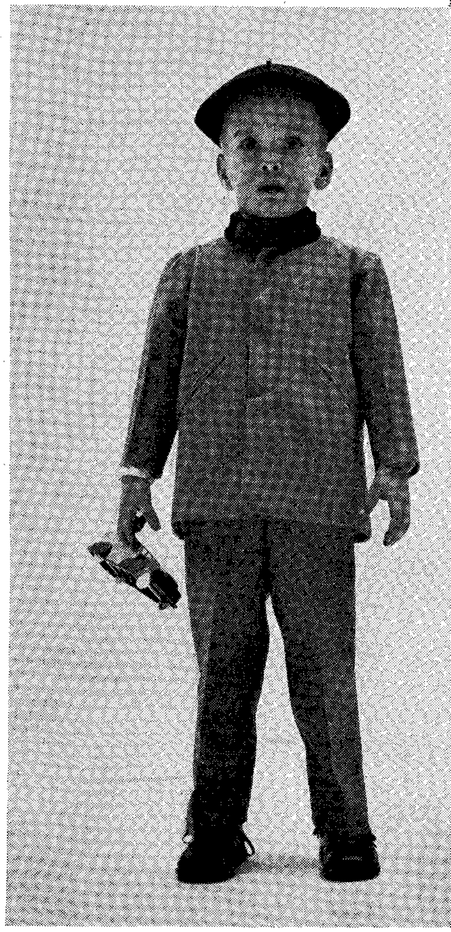
FOR LITTLE BOYS



From infancy to the age of four . . . boys are the happy subjects of attention in this new shop. Here you will find an ingenious sacque for your just-arrived son, as well as the tall trousers and jacket and the magic seam striped madras shirt we show you for older boys . . . exciting and imaginative clothes which adjust to a child's growth. A collection you will find in New York only at Altman's.

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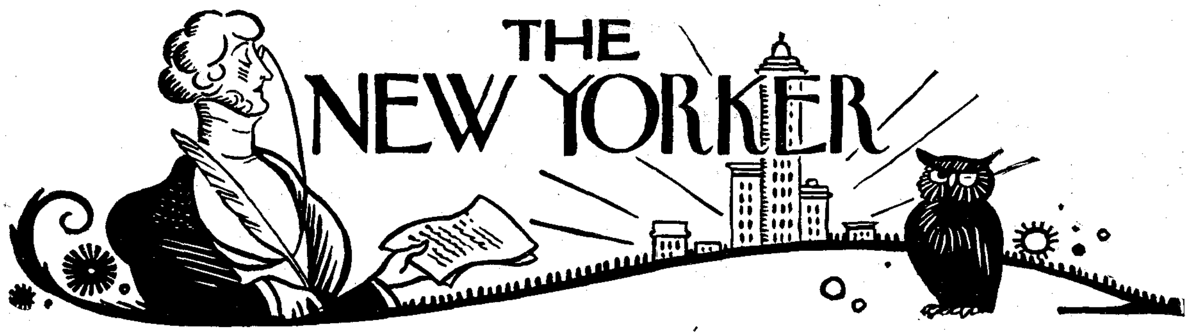
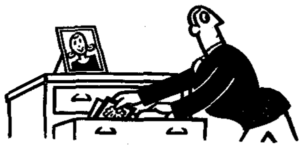


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE *Herald Tribune* recently carried a United Press dispatch from Arkansas, telling of the study habits of a certain student in law school there, in which the young man's living quarters were carefully described. "His room is simply furnished with a bed, a table, a small lamp, a chair, and a dresser," the story said. "Photographs of two girl friends from home and a group picture of his Army buddies are on the dresser." The story did not depend in any way on a precise count of the young ladies' pictures on the dresser, and we fear that the U.P., in its enthusiasm for detail, may inadvertently have got its law student into a terrible jam. It is no secret that some college diggings harbor girls' photographs in even more multitudinous array, but the possessors of such portrait galleries have rarely publicized the fact. Indeed, on the eve of a football game or prom, all but one of the photos are apt to be buried in a closet or drawer, not to be disinterred until the Sunday-night train has pulled well away from the campus junction. The U.P., by endowing its student with divided home-town fancies, may have let him in for some delicate and tedious explanations—producing, all in all, an emotional state hardly conducive to the concentrated pursuit of Blackstone. Opposed though we are to censorship, we're sorry that this particular story couldn't have been discreetly edited somewhere along the line, and we only hope that the Russians won't spot it and cite it as an example of the cold-blooded inhumanity of the capitalist press.



"FILLED with gay and irreverent anecdotes, gossip, and reminiscences of the wild and wonderful 1920's," a Knopf advertisement in a recent *Publishers' Weekly* runs, " 'The Mechanical Angel' will sell to those who remember this Roman-candle era with affection or nostalgia. . . . Certainly, if there is any one man to tell its story, it is Donald Friede. As a theatrical agent in Broadway's brightest days, a boy-publisher . . . a concert-impresario, a would-be art dealer, a flying devotee, a spectator-sportsman, in all these roles he played and plunged through the fabulous 20's. He writes of Faulkner, Hemingway . . . Jimmy Walker, Jack Dempsey, Red Grange, and scores of others he knew, telling an unequalled story of those booming, bursting, exuberant days. . . . A riotous sample chapter . . . has already been mailed to the trade." Our eye lit on this passage with some astonishment, since for several months we have been conscious of the heralding, by Knopf promotional literature, of a Friede book entitled "It Wasn't Much Fun." Filled with a wild surmise, we called up a Knopf spokesman and learned that the title of this volume had been changed to "The Mechanical Angel." We questioned him no further, for we felt sure we knew what had happened. "Donald," Mr. Knopf had said, "Charlie Denhard, of Denhard, Pfeiffer & Wells, who write our advertising, has prepared some copy on your book that makes the title seem, ah, not quite exuberant enough. We thought something along the lines of 'Boy! Was It Ever Fun!' . . ." Eventually, a compromise had been reached, and Mr. Friede, good spectator-sportsman that he is, bravely had said yes to his publisher, tears rioting down his cheeks.

News of another forthcoming book —Dodd, Mead's "Tumult in India," by George E. Jones—also comes to us via *Publishers' Weekly*, which writes:

> As soon as the news of Gandhi's death reached the Dodd, Mead offices, Mr. Jones, the author, was called in, and he agreed to write additional material about the significance of the assassination for India and the rest of the world.

We were especially interested in the first clause of this sentence. It conveys the idea that Dodd, Mead commands a private intelligence conduit—something like the Rothschild carrier-pigeon service that enabled Nathan Rothschild to get the news of Waterloo. Such a service is a proper adjunct to a hundred-and-nine-year-old publishing house. Does Dodd, Mead have carrier pigeons? Did it learn of Gandhi's death before the rest of the world, or a few days later? No matter. The spirit is what counts.

TOO often when you lift something, your hand clutches an unsuitable shape. Seize any teapot, tennis racket, or oxyacetylene blowpipe, and what have you got? A plain handle. Your own marvellously curved digits are wrapped around an unmolded surface, stresses and strains all wrong, and the tea (or oxyacetylene gas) nothing but an awkward struggle. Happily, this state of affairs is about to end. A man named Thomas Lamb has invented a handle consistent with America's destiny, a handle to fit the hand. Soon you will be lifting something—a coal shovel, a machete—and your cunning digits will enfold the new Lamb Wedge-Lock Handle, designed to meet the human grasp as intimately as an ice skater's tights meet a cold leg.

We attended the unveiling of the Lamb handle last week in a small, white, odorless Prest-Glass room in the Museum of Modern Art. The Modern has a rather dreadful knack of giving an oversoul to a ripsaw and imbuing the future with undigested beauty. The blood pounded in our temples as we stared at a diagram of a gorilla's paw and heard the bells of St. Thomas, next door, scattering "Lead, Kindly Light" into Fifty-third Street. As far into the future as we could see, there were only perfect handles. Man, the sign said, has achieved dominance through brain and hand, but his hand is still wrapped around the most outrageous old surfaces—plain old suitcase handles, plain old canoe paddles, plain old telephone receivers. No shape to anything the hand slips around unless you want to count a woman's waist. Fitted with the new Lamb Wedge-Lock Handle, your stewpot, your golf club, your castrating knife will take on new meaning. Fatigue and strain noticeably reduced.

We can report that the Lamb looks like any other handle except that it is grooved to take thumb and forefinger and is a bit thicker in some places than in others. It looks like a handle that has softened in the hot weather, been used, and then hardened again in the cold. The Modern always does things up brown, and there was a wall with projecting Wedge-Lock handles, where you could *push* with a Wedge-Lock handle, *pull* with a Wedge-Lock handle, and *twist* with a Wedge-Lock handle. People gravely pushed, pulled, twisted. The handles soon grew sweaty and gave us a queer feeling of the New Sweat. When your hand is around a Lamb, it feels almost too good—a little too pat, you might say. Also, it gives a slight trapped sensation, as when you grasp a bowling ball.

The handle is in production and you will soon be meeting up with it if you are the sort of person that ever takes hold of anything. We found, on trial, that the handle has one disadvantage: unless you seize it in the right place, you're out of the groove and might as well have hold of the wrong end of a gimlet. We strongly recommend, though, that the Brooklyn Dodgers look into it and try a Lamb Wedge-Lock bat handle. If the claims mean anything, it ought to add a hundred feet to any clean drive. Might mean the pennant.

We rode home, after the unveiling, in a crosstown bus, wedged in and hanging fast to an old, unmolded metal strap. Our palm resented every inch of the journey. Hardly anyone in the bus seemed truly happy.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Among the many store windows in which signs reading "Income Tax Returns Filled Out Here" are currently displayed is Simky's Magic Shop, Sixth Avenue and Forty-seventh Street.

C'est Bon, a restaurant in Greenwich, has changed its name to Joe's.

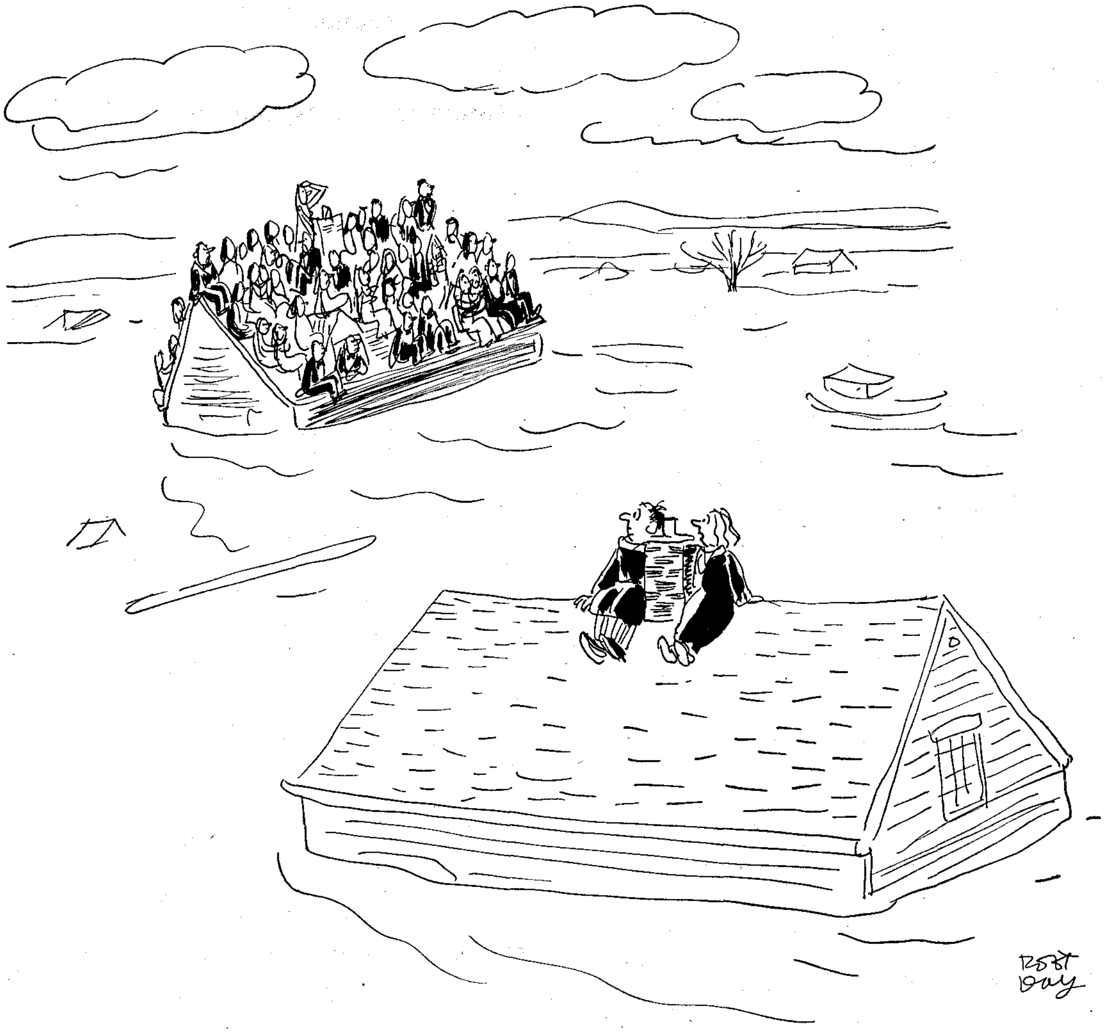
Revival

THE first six-day bicycle race to be held here since 1939 took place last week at the Twenty-second Engineers Armory, 168th Street and Broadway. Fourteen teams of two men each started in the race, and you couldn't have asked for a more representative or faster international set, for among the contestants were eight Americans, six Frenchmen, five Italians, three Canadians, two Poles, a Greek, a Swede, an Australian, and a Belgian. The race was won, on points, by the team of Georgetti and De Bacco. Before the race got under way, we had a talk with one of the notable participants, Emile Ignat, of Paris, who has been riding in bicycle races for twenty years, indoors and out, all over the world, for prizes ranging from livestock to cash. Ignat is a stocky man with roughhewn features and is well known to old-time local bicycle race fans. In six-day races before the war here, he and various partners finished in second place five times out of five. Last week, he and his partner again finished second.

Despite his previous visits to this country, Ignat's English is largely limited to "O.K." and "Swing up!," which is an order to go up higher on the track and get out of the way. At the time of our talk, he had just inspected the Armory track, and he expressed himself as delighted with it. It was eight laps to a mile, and was said to be the largest indoor saucer track ever built in New York City. The track at the Garden, which couldn't make room for the race this year, because of earlier bookings, was ten laps to a mile. Ignat's forte is durability rather than speed, but he nevertheless usually does all right in "jams," which are the sprints some racer starts without warning, as opposed to the official sprints, which take place at regular intervals throughout a race; as a matter of fact, he claims the record for prolonged jamming. "Once, in Montreal, before the war," he told us, "I started a jam at two in the afternoon and it lasted until nine that night. The leading team became so tired it dropped out of the race altogether. *Figurez!*" Ignat always teams with a sprinter; his mate in the recent race was a young Greek named Surbatis.

While racing, Ignat is rubbed down four times a day with a mixture of witch hazel and alcohol, eats raw chopped meat and onions, and drinks beer. If he suspects he may doze off on the track, he drinks coffee instead of beer, but this doesn't always turn the trick. Several times he has fallen asleep on his bicycle and waked up in pain after tumbling off. His one serious

accident, however, took place in a road race in Provence, for which the first prize was a fat young pig. At the finish line, he and the pig collided, and Ignat suffered a broken collarbone. The pig was uninjured, and was later eaten. Ignat prefers racing indoors, where there are no bumps, ruts, pigs, or rain, and where the rewards are greater. He considers European audiences at six-day races more responsive than American audiences, particularly when it comes to noting fouls. When European audiences see a rider being given the elbow or being cut in on—known, respectively, as hooking and switching—they protest noisily, and if, by good fortune, a fight develops between the riders, they rush joyously onto the track and join it. "Here a six-day race is something to look at," Ignat told us. "Over there it is something to *feel*. It is like a holiday. People bring wine and sandwiches, and make a party of it. Sometimes there will be something in the sight of the cyclists going round and round in a smoky haze that turns the race into a sort of dream. Then people stay on for days, staring at us, and must finally be ushered out by the police."



"Why, it's the Hobsons! They must have been having a party."

Ignat has a full schedule ahead of him. He told us he was planning to fly to London after the Armory race to participate in a six-day race there. In April, he will take part in a six-day race in Copenhagen. During the summer, he will be racing outdoors in France, Italy, and Belgium. In August, he will be racing indoors in Buenos Aires; in September, Chicago; in December, Cleveland; in January, Brussels; in February, Antwerp; and next March—he has no idea how many thousands of miles later—New York again. Makes our legs ache to think of it.

Identification

WE have a report of a brief conversation between a Post Office stamp clerk and a lady customer. The customer asked for a sheet of threes and was handed one bearing the repeated likeness of the late Dr. George Washington Carver. "I know it's silly of me," she said to the clerk, "but I can't for the moment place this Carver. Who was he, anyway?" "All I know about him, lady," said the clerk, "is that he was the man who invented the peanut."

New Liner

AS one of some two hundred guests of the Swedish American Line, we attended a gala inspection of the company's new motor liner, the Stockholm, last week, just before she sailed back on the second half of her maiden trip. We boarded the gleaming-white eleven-thousand-tonner at noon and trailed along in a guide-conducted group that included Mr. Reginald T. Townsend, vice-president of the advertising firm of Lennen & Mitchell, and Mr. Frederik Lunning, the bearded president of Jensen's. "Note that the tourist-cabin veranda café is identical with the first-class café, except that its curtains are red, whereas the first-class café's are green," said our guide. "Red for port, green for starboard. It's a rather complicated nautical arrangement." He whisked us through a sequence of indirectly lighted lounges, bars, smoking rooms, massage rooms, gymnasiums, staterooms, and bathrooms. We paused on the brink of a swimming pool, bounded on one side by a mural of a naked lady surrounded by admiring fish, and on another by Miss Mary Jean Kempner, of *Vogue*, who was fully clothed. "I'm representing Mrs. Chase," she said. "The Swedes are clever," said Mr. Lunning, "but, of course, not as clever as the Danes." "You a Dane?" we asked. He nodded. "They have the old Kungsholm bartender on board," said Mr. Townsend. "Splendid fellow." "Here we are on B Deck," said our guide. " 'B' stands for 'breakfast'—the dining rooms are here." "Stands for 'bar,' too," said Mr. Townsend.

Presently we found ourself at lunch in the first-class saloon, sitting—on a chair bolted to the floor—between Joe Herzberg, city editor of the *Herald Tribune*, and Sven Sandstedt, of the *Svenska Dagbladet*, a Stockholm paper. "We in New York feel that the Stockholm has brought us closer to Sweden," Deputy Mayor John J. Bennett declared over a microphone, between the hors d'oeuvre and the hazel hen. "It is the forerunner of much closer and better relations not only with Sweden but with all nations of the world looking forward to lasting peace." "I don't want to be a kill-joy," Mr. Herzberg murmured into his napkin, "but weren't a lot of new ships built in the nineteen-thirties?" "*Skål!*" said a man opposite us, raising a glass of aquavit. "*Skål!*" said Mr. Herzberg, and introduced the gentleman to us as Mr. Gerhard T. Rooth, the editor of a local Swedish-language newspaper, who often brings Swedish track stars to this country for athletic events. "Used to be a runner myself, before I put on weight," said Mr. Rooth. He picked up a glass of red wine and said "*Skål!*" Five minutes later, Mr. Herzberg cried, "Let me be the first to say '*Skål!*' this time," and hoisted a B. & B. Mr. Åke Belfrage, vice-chairman of the Swedish American Line's board of directors in Göteborg, completed a graceful speech of welcome to one and all; we completed our ice-cream cake and sought out the Stockholm's skipper, Captain Waldemar Jonsson, a fine figure of a Viking. We discovered that he was born in Umeå, in northern Sweden, fifty-four years ago, and that after four years on British windjammers in his teens he entered a navigation school in Malmö, in southern Sweden. During the first World War, he served with the Swedish Navy in the northern Baltic and was twice torpedoed. He subsequently started a lumber business, and this was torpedoed, once, by a rival lumber business. In 1922, he joined the Swedish American Line as a junior officer; 1941 found him in Genoa, supervising the building of the old, original Stockholm. "Because of the war," he told us, "the company couldn't get her out of the Mediterranean, so it sold her to the Italians." Prior to his present post, Captain Jonsson commanded a tanker, which plied between Sweden and the West Indies and South America. He first visited New York twenty-six years ago and has been here many times since. "I have more friends here than in Göteborg, where my home is," he said. "I remember when the region around this pier was called Hell's Kitchen. Now it's terribly refined-looking." The Stockholm, he said, is a honey—no vibration, air-conditioning like that of a modern building ashore, the hold subdivided by asbestos-covered bulkheads, equipment that can smother a fire by exuding water or carbon-dioxide foam, all staterooms with an outside exposure, and likewise the crew's quarters. He told us about the latest navigation devices, of which the Stockholm has a complete complement. These include a wireless direction-finder, an echo-sounder that constantly records the depth of the water, a radar setup that sees through fog and the dark, and an "auto-pilot," which can steer a ship more truly than any human helmsman. Not one of them was even dreamed of in his early maritime days.

Nature and Art

A CAREFULLY bred débutante bearing the appropriate marks of her caste, including stringy, shoulder-length blond hair and a pillbox hat, was taken aback as she sauntered through the recent French-tapestry exhibit at the Metropolitan when two younger girls took one look at her and burst into furious, uncontrollable giggles. The deb went straight to the powder-room mirror and subjected herself to a sweeping examination, but was unable to detect anything wrong. Then, still baffled, she returned to the tapestries, and almost at once came upon one featuring a lass with stringy, shoulder-length blond hair topped with a pillbox hat, whom, after a quick riffle through the catalogue, she found identified as "the harlot."

Hygienist

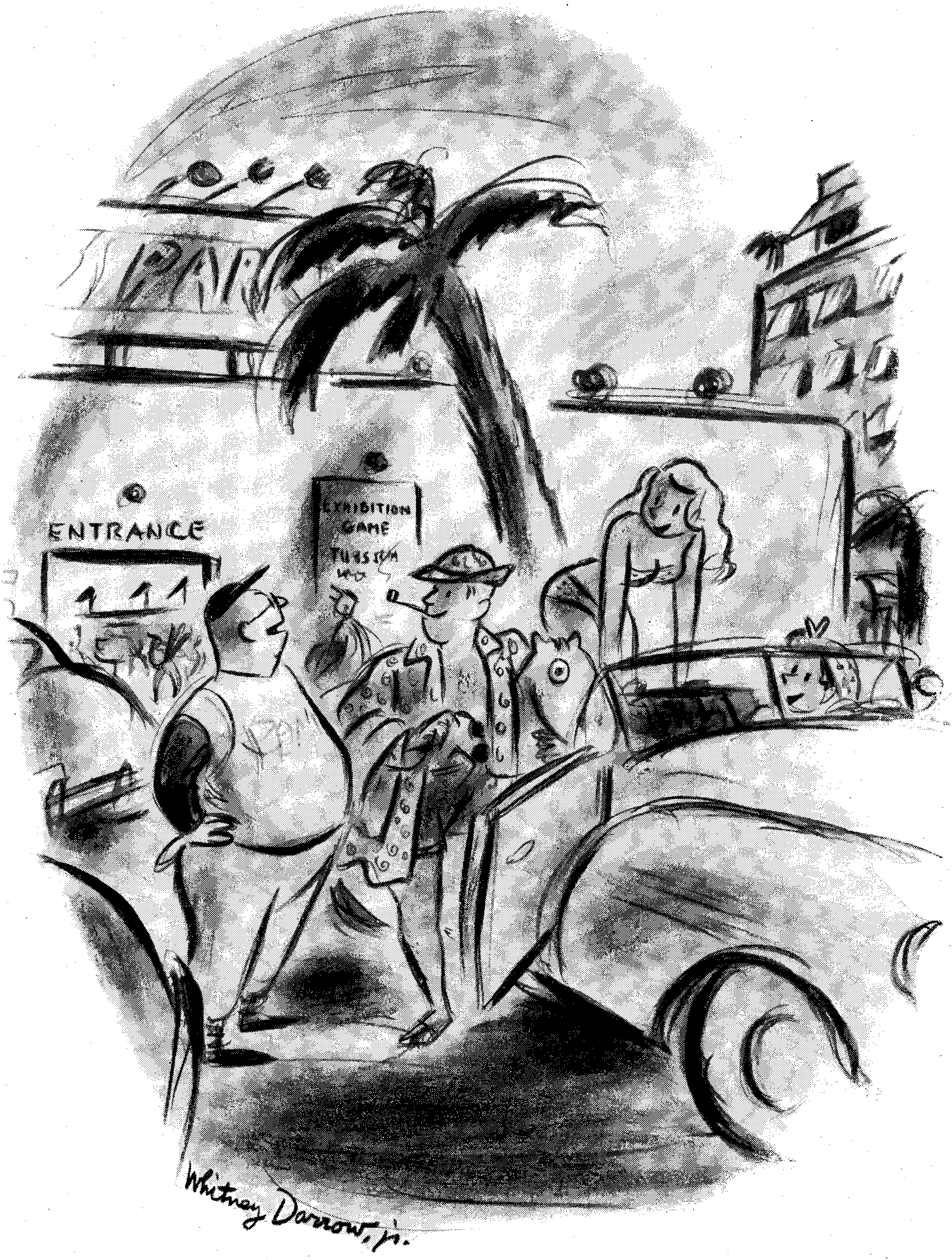
CALL REgent 4-2073, the number listed in the latest telephone book for the residence of Dr. Harry S. Mustard, the city's Commissioner of Health, and what happens? "Sorry," the operator says, "but that phone has been disconnected." Actually, it hasn't been disconnected at all. Its number was exchanged for a secret one a few weeks after Dr. Mustard assumed office last fall. "I had to do it," he told us when we visited him at the Department of Health offices on Worth Street. "Mothers kept calling me up, saying their children were sick. People would complain about unsanitary conditions in certain restaurants. One evening, during the period when the Board of Health was considering its measure to limit the number of dogs in the city, a lady got me away from the dinner table and said, 'I hope the atom bomb will blow you to Hell, where you belong.' This was after a child had been killed by a pack of dogs in the Bronx." The Board of Health, which right now seems to be principally occupied with the dog problem, is, we learned, a group of five citizens, presided over ex officio by the Health Commissioner, that acts in a legislative capacity for the Department of Health. It passes regulations that become part of the Sanitary Code. "The greatest variety of things come before the Board," Dr. Mustard said. "How to control the sale of barbiturates; whether, during periods of short milk supply, cream should be brought in to the city from distant sources, uninspected by us; and so on."

We asked Dr. Mustard for a sample post-fuel-crisis day's work, and he spread out a vital-statistics chart with figures on municipal live births, fetal deaths, pneumonia incidence and mortality, number of new cases of measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough, etc., all set down daily over a seven-day period, and with comparative total figures for the preceding week. "This came in yesterday," he said. "It's an alerting signal. This chart showed an increase in measles of nearly a hundred per cent over the week before, so we prepared a news release on measles, telling mothers that young children exposed to it should be immunized with gamma globulin. Gamma globulin is a blood derivative." He glanced at his engagement book. "Then, I had a child-hygiene conference," he said. "The Department has largely eliminated deaths caused by bad water and bad milk, and it has made a big reduction in infant mortality after the first month of life, but not as much in the first month. In 1946, seventy-seven per cent of New York City deaths occurring in the first year took place during the first month, sixty-six per cent during the first week, and thirty-eight per cent during the first day. Of these, fifty per cent involved cases of premature birth. We're developing special measures for premature births. Next year, we hope to have incubators and facilities for such cases installed in more hospitals, and we aim to have four ambulances, specially equipped and manned by special nurses, to take premature babies to these hospitals—please God and the Board of Estimate." The afternoon of the day before we saw him, the Commissioner said, he'd addressed an industrial-rehabilitation organization concerned with retraining handicapped patients for jobs.

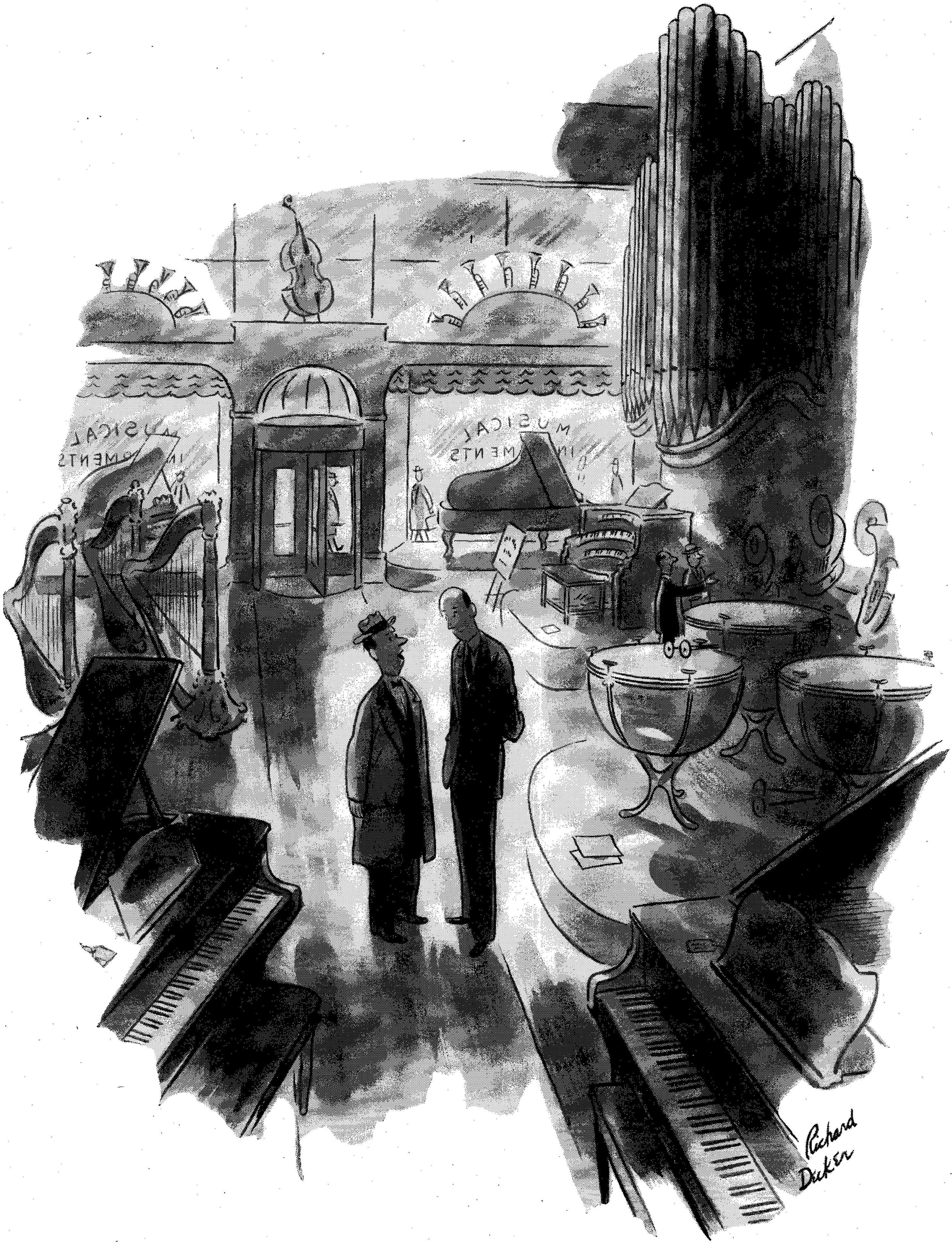
Dr. Mustard is a keen-faced man of fifty-nine with a pleasant Southern inflection and a quick smile. He accents the word "idea" on the first syllable. He was born and bred in Charleston, where his father owned a department store; graduated from the Medical College of South Carolina in 1911; practiced four or five years; and then entered the Public Health Service. Rural-sanitation responsibilities took him all over Iowa, Texas, Georgia, Alabama, and Virginia. "Our chief problem was the high incidence of typhoid," he told us. "It mostly got down to sewage disposal." Later, Dr. Mustard did the same sort of work for the Tennessee Department of Health, and in the thirties he taught preventive medicine at Johns Hopkins and then at the N.Y.U. College of Medicine. The year 1940 found him moving to New York as director of Columbia's School of Public Health. "From there, I was catapulted into this job," he said. "It's a mayoral appointment, but I didn't know Mr. O'Dwyer, or anybody who did know him." The Commissioner and his wife have three grown children. He gets back to his home town every summer, and goes cruising and surf fishing with his brother, who owns a forty-foot boat there. "Up here, evenings," he told us, "I try to strike a nice balance between doing my duty at banquets and spending a quiet time at home. You could eat yourself to death at the banquets I get asked to." He flipped us a newspaper photograph of himself. "Makes me look like a zombie," he said. "I used to play football, and my nose was once stepped on by a cleated opponent, so it's sort of pushed to one side, but I swear I don't look like that." Mustard is a Scottish version of the old Norse name Mustad. It's rare in this country. Dr. Mustard is the only Mustard in *Who's Who* and there is only one other in the Manhattan telephone book.

Thoughtful

THIS has been a hard winter for the railroads, and hence we are doubly happy to be able to tell how one of them took time out for a sentimental gesture. A Chicago businessman has for years been commuting via the Chicago & North Western, and, more specifically, behind Engine No. 1307, an old-time, high-wheeler, Atlantic-type locomotive outmoded long ago. In 1907, she was proudly pulling the Overland Limited across Iowa. When the old girl was taken off the suburban run a while back, for still lesser service, the Lord knows where, the commuter wrote the Chicago & North Western and told them that she might be a wheezing antique to some people but that he loved her and her high-stepping lines and was sorry to see her go. Back from the railroad came a fancy permit to ride in the cab of the locomotive on the eight-fourteen the following Wednesday morning. When the train pulled into the station on that day, back at its head, for one final, farewell run, was old 1307, all shined up and purring contentedly.



"I hate to be a wet blanket, Harris, but I think I ought to remind you that we came down here figuring it would be a good place to get in a little baseball practice."


MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
Richard Decker

“Er—could I get a mandolin pick?”

DON'T BRING ME OSCARS

(WHEN IT'S SHOESIES THAT I NEED)

IS there anybody hereabouts who would like to pick up, absolutely free, the exclusive American rights to one of the most thrilling documentary films ever left unfinished? I know where such a property can be acquired, together with the exclusive worldwide rights, a brand-new Bell & Howell camera, a director's whistle, a folding canvas chair (my name can always be painted out and your own substituted), a pair of white riding breeches, and a megaphone for barking orders at actors. In fact, I am even prepared to slip a deuce to anyone who removes a bundle containing the foregoing from my flat, and, what's more, I'll throw in the issue of the *Times* that inspired the whole business.

The impulse to capture on film a small but significant segment of the life around me was awakened by a feature article, in the Sunday screen section of that paper, on Roberto Rossellini. "Armed only with a movie camera and an idea," reported a Berlin correspondent, the gifted director of "Open City" and "Paisà" has been shooting a picture called "Berlin, Year Zero," with a non-professional cast headed by an eleven-year-old street urchin. It was the account of Rossellini's iconoclastic production technique that particularly riveted my attention:

> The script is literally being written as the shooting progresses in an effort to keep it as realistic as possible. When young Edmund, the star, is in a dramatic situation, Rossellini asks, "What would you say if this really happened to you?" The boy comes back with some vivid remark which probably would not get by the Eric Johnston office and if it isn't too obscene it goes into the script. Once during a street scene a truckload of bread went by. Forgetting everything, Edmund piped, "My goodness, I could eat all that bread!" "Don't cut, don't cut!" shouted Rossellini. "Leave it in!"

The unabashed, Rabelaisian coarseness of Edmund's remark understandably brought a tide of crimson to my cheeks, but when the shock had subsided, it presented a challenge. If Edmund's exclamation was dramatic, the casual dialogue around my own household was pure Ibsen. For all I knew, the prattle I brushed aside as humdrum or picayune had a truly Shakespearean majesty and sweep; collected on celluloid, it might wring the withers of moviegoers across the nation, send them alternately sobbing and chuckling into a thousand lobbies to extol my genius. I saw myself fêted as the poet of the mundane, the man who had probed beneath the banality and commonplaceness of the American home and laid bare its essential nobility. The thought of the prestige and money about to accrue made me so giddy that I felt a need to lie down, but as I was already lying down, I merely removed the *Times* from my face and consolidated my plans. Using the family as actors, and the Rossellini method of improvisation, I would make a documentary of an afternoon in the life of some average New York apartment dwellers. I summoned my kin and excitedly outlined the project. My wife's enthusiasm was immediate, though she cloaked it under a show of apathy; it was evident she was livid at not having conceived the idea herself.

"A really crackpot notion," she admitted, confusing the word with "crackerjack" with typical feminine disregard for the niceties of slang. "You've outdone yourself this time."

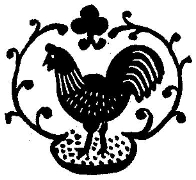
"I ought to be the star," whined my son, an eleven-year-old house urchin. "I was in our school play last year."

"No, me, me!" shrilled his sister. "I want to wear Mummy's mascara!"

"Get this, Mr. Burbage," I snapped, "and you, too, Dame Terry. This is one picture without stars, or makeup, or any of that Hollywood muck. I want authenticity, see? Don't try to act; just be natural. Behave as if there were no camera there at all."

"If you want *complete* realism," began my wife, her face brightening hopefully, "why not do away with the cam—"

"That'll do," I interposed. "Now put on your *rebozos* and slope out of here, the lot of you. I've got a pretty heavy production schedule, and I haven't time to *schmoos* with actors. Remember, everybody on the set tomorrow at three sharp—we start grinding whether you're here or not." I spent the remainder of the day as a seasoned old showman would, gulping bicarbonate of soda, reading *Variety*, and evolving a trademark for my stationery. The trademark offered something of a problem. After toying with the idea of combining the emblems of J. Arthur Rank and M-G-M, to show a slave striking a lion, I rejected it as Socialistic and devised one that portrayed a three-toed sloth pendant from a branch, over the motto "Multum in Parvo." The exhibitors might not understand it too well, and, frankly, I didn't either, but it had dignity and a nice swing to it.



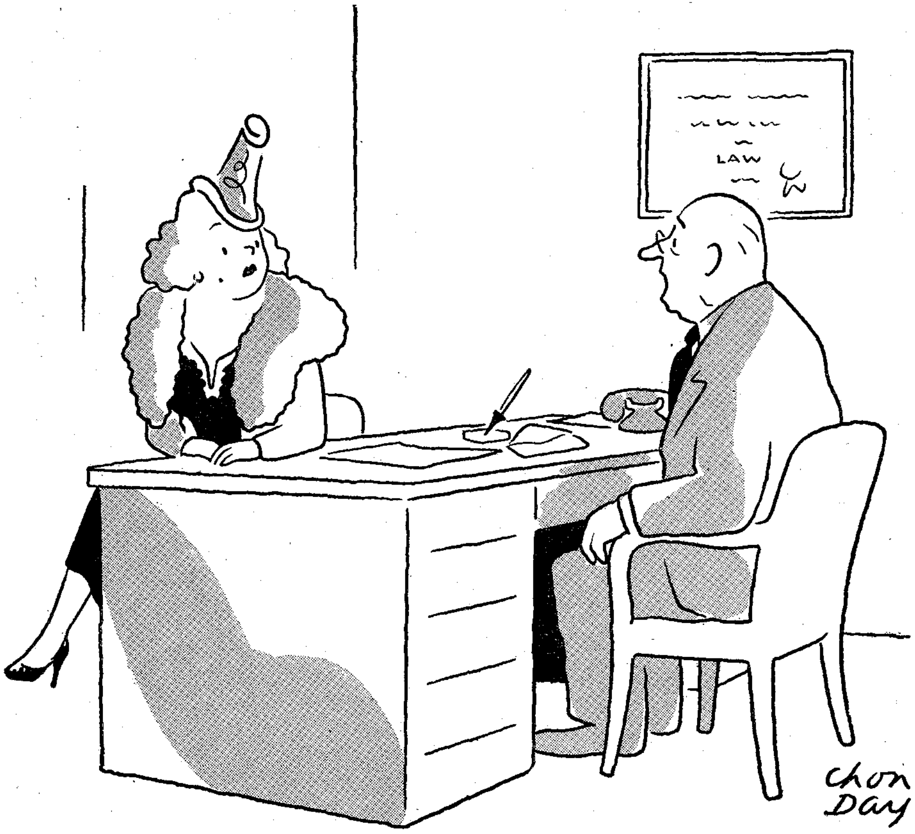
THE first player to report at the appointed hour next day was my son; he entered the foyer wearing an Indian war bonnet and a bathrobe, an outfit that did not seem characteristic of a lad fresh from school, especially in the dead of winter. He assured me, though, that he and his mates occasionally liked to vary their standard costume of snow jackets and arctics, and I got a trucking shot of a small Indian in a pitch-black hallway that I will match against anything of the sort Hollywood has to offer. Renewing my strictures that my son was to behave spontaneously and follow his normal routine, I dissolved to the living room, crouched down between the andirons, and prepared to take an arresting camera angle of his movements, shooting through the fire screen. In a rather self-conscious, stagy manner, the boy deposited his briefcase on a table, lit a pipe, and, settling into an armchair, buried himself in an article on Kierkegaard in the *Antioch Review*.

"Hold on a second, Buster," I said, puzzled. "There's something wrong here. I don't know what it is, but an artificial note's crept in. Somehow I get the feeling you're acting. Think hard—is this what you actually do every afternoon?"

"Sure." He nodded. "Sometimes I add up the checkbook and then kick the dog, the way you do. Shall I do that?" Eventually, I managed to impress on him the difference between reality and make-believe, a distinction philosophers have been struggling to clarify for the last twelve hundred years, and he consented to reënact his habitual procedure, warning me, in all fairness, that it might entail a certain amount of damage.

"Smash anything you like," I ordered impatiently. "Let's have the truth, the more gusto the better. The rest is mere bookkeeping." He shrugged and, retrieving his briefcase, scaled it across the room to indicate how he generally discarded it. An exquisite porcelain Buddha that had cost me thirty dollars and two days of haggling in Hong Kong crashed to the floor. It made such a superb closeup that I could not repress a cry of elation.

"Bravo! Tiptop!" I encouraged. "Whatever you do, keep rolling—don't break the rhythm! I'm getting it all!" Humming a gay little air, the actor turned in to the kitchen and helped himself to a bowl of rice pudding, half a



"He's put us on the spot, I'm afraid. He refuses our offer to settle for fifty thousand dollars—says he'll marry you first."

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cream cheese, an orange, a stalk of celery, and a glass of charged water, leaving the cap off the bottle and the door of the refrigerator open. I then panned with him to the breadbox, where he surreptitiously trailed his finger through the icing on a chocolate cake and nibbled the corner of a napoleon. In the ensuing shot, another transition, we milked the hall closet for some surefire footage. He made a routine check of my overcoat, observing that he frequently found change in the pockets and that it tended to gather rust if left there indefinitely. On the threshold of his room, a strange hesitancy overcame him. He paused, obviously loath to reveal the next phase, for fear of parental censure.

"I—I just turn on Jack Armstrong and do my homework till it's time to black Sister's eye," he said evasively.

"Come, come," I prodded. "We're not in the cutting room yet. You left something out."

"Well-l-l," he said, "once in a while I blow up the toilet."

"What for?" I demanded, aghast.

"Nothing," he replied. "It makes a nice sound." All the fellas, it appeared on cross-examination, diverted themselves with this scholarly pastime, and since I realized that my canvas must stand or fall on its fidelity to nature, I set myself to film it. Preparations were soon complete; with smooth efficiency, the boy emptied a can of lye into the bowl, attached a long cord to the handle, and, flinging a lighted match into the lye, yanked the cord. There was a moment's ominous silence. Then a roar like the bombardment of Port Arthur shook the plumbing, and a nine-foot geyser of water reared skyward, subsiding in a curtain of mist. The effect, photographically speaking, was similar to what one sees when standing under Niagara Falls (except for the towels and the toothbrushes in the background, of course); actuarially speaking, it shortened my life ten years. The end result, nevertheless, was worth while, for in his exultation the child uttered a line immeasurably more graphic than that of Rossellini's young hero.

"My goodness!" he exclaimed. "I'd certainly hate to have to mop up all that water!"

"Don't cut, don't cut!" I shouted. "Leave it in!" The fact that we had no sound equipment and that Junior's *mot* had not been recorded in the first place weakened my position somewhat, but then, you can't have everything.

WITH the poor sense of timing you might expect of amateurs, my wife and daughter chose this, of all moments, to arrange their entrance, arms heaped with groceries, and in the restricted area of the foyer I was unable to maneuver the camera to obtain a first-rate composition. The good woman instantly raised a hue and cry over the state of the bathroom, forgetful of the fundamental movie axiom that omelets are never made without breaking eggs. My brief statement that we had simply blown up the toilet reassured her, however, and, pointing out how the overhead was piling up, I urged her to go about her customary activities. A sequence chock-full of human interest resulted, in which she deliberately mislaid or hid all my important papers and shirt studs, sent out the wrong ties to the cleaners, and made a series of dinner dates on the telephone with people she knew I could not abide. To quicken the tempo and ensure flexibility of mood, I intercut several shots of my daughter daubing water colors on the rug and writhing in a tantrum before her music stand.

"Capital," I applauded my troupe. (Performers, and very young ones in particular, are like children—you have to play upon their vanity.) "Now, son," I said, "you'll have to handle the camera, because here's where I usually come home." To a man, they all cringed involuntarily, but my directorial eye was quick to detect and rectify the fallacy. "Get those two shakers of Martinis ready, and remember, everyone, shouts of glee when Daddy walks in." In a trice, I had slipped into the part—merely a matter of sagging a shoulder or two and assuming a murderous scowl. Just as I was shuffling toward the outside door to build up suspense for my arrival, it burst open violently, and three characters I had not foreseen in my budget catapulted in. In the order of their ascending hysteria, they were the furnaceman, the elevator boy, and the superintendent. The last carried what we theatrical folk call a prop—a fire axe—and, in the parlance of the greenroom, he was winging.

The scene that followed, though noisy and fraught with tension, was of little cinematic consequence. It dealt with some argle-bargle about a flood in the apartment below, and its audience appeal, except to plumbers and, possibly, a lawyer or two, would be slight. I understand that additional scenes, or "retakes," are to be made on it very shortly in Essex Market Court. I may drop down there just out of sheer curiosity. My schedule isn't nearly as heavy as it was, now that I've shut down active production at the studio.

—S. J. PERELMAN

THE MOUNTAIN

STANDING on the lift platform at the base of the mountain, Lucy looked up, following the long line of the lower lift to the halfway station. Above the brilliant white expanse of the open slopes, the mountain was more heavily wooded, and the track of the upper lift, which went to the top, was hidden. Radiating from a cap of trees at the summit, the trails leading down into the slopes below were like white, twisting scars cut through the forest, and she stared at them, wondering if she could recognize her husband from so far away.

Instead of waiting for him in the base hut, she had decided to try coming down the East Slope by herself. She moved ahead on the platform nervously. It was the first time she had ever gone up without Peter. Then the man in the Army parka in front of her stepped into a lift car and it was her turn. She watched the next car come around the curve toward her. Concentrating on its approach, she was startled when the lift attendant took her skis from her hand. He walked along with the car and set her skis in the niche in the floor, swinging them into her hand as she sat down. "O.K.?" he called.

"Thanks," she called back. She wished he would let her handle her own skis, but he never failed to help her. The first time she had taken the lift, earlier in the week, she had been apprehensive. "It's easy," her husband had said as they stood in the line waiting. "Just walk along with it an instant before you step in." She had watched the people in front of her, and when it was her turn she had looked up at the attendant and he had taken her skis and hovered over her as she seated herself before he handed them back to her.

Now, as the car climbed, she stood up nonchalantly. The seat was wet from a patch of melting snow, and she scraped at it with her mittens and brushed the back of her pants before she sat down again.

For a second, she thought of all the ski lifts she had been on the last two winters—the T bars and the J bars and the chairs that had swung her horrifyingly up from the ground, and all the little rope tows. Worst of all had been the rope tows that slipped in her hands and pulled her muscles and, so often in the beginning, had humiliatingly upset her in the snow with her skis in the air, so that she had to scramble out of the way of the people following her. There had been moments when going up on the lift had taken more resolution than skiing down. Still, she reminded herself grimly, she had managed.

The lift bisected the mountain, and on either side of it stretched the wide meadows of the open slopes, dazzling in the sunlight. She was going to come down the East Slope because it was the one she knew best and on which she felt most secure. It was the longest and steepest slope she had ever seen. The first time she had skied down, Peter had led her in easy stages, and at the bottom she had looked back up in awe. It was impossible to see the place where they had started. That was where I was, she had thought, somewhere way up there. "I couldn't have done this a year ago," she had reminded her husband.

Now it looked blindingly white and enormous, and here and there patches glittered like glass. Icy and fast, she thought, feeling the nervous beginnings of fear in her stomach. At least it was empty, and she could make wide turns without worrying about crossing in front of anyone, and Peter would be so pleased that she'd been willing to come down it by herself. Perhaps he would be down from the top by that time and be sitting there watching the slope, wondering where she was. She would ski her best, and maybe he would see her.

She looked up to see if any figures were visible on the trails, but then the car started through the wooded part of the track and her view was cut off.

It was quiet and stately going through the trees. Every now and then there was a plop as snow dropped from the branches. Looking over the side of the car, she could see small, lively footprints, where an animal had run through the deep snow, and she thought suddenly of the mountain outside, bright and naked, scraped bare of everything but the snow, and it seemed more like a symbol one would invent in a dream than anything real.

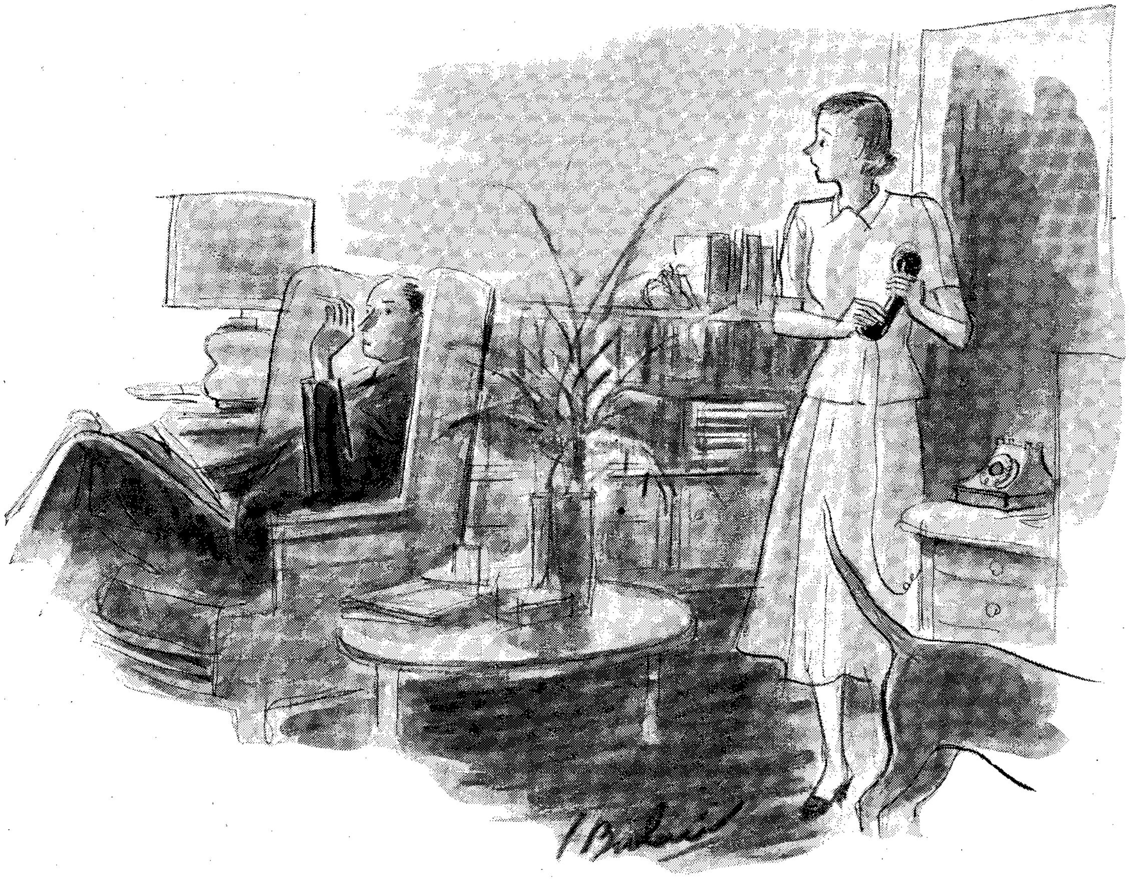
The car started up the last, short climb to the halfway lift station, and Lucy gripped her skis firmly, ready to step off onto the platform.

ON the ground below the steps from the lift platform, a group of skiers were standing around as she put on her skis. While they bent down to adjust a binding or make sure of a hitch or leisurely pulled on a glove, their attitudes seemed to say that this once they were going to take their time, and they had a preoccupied air, as though they were afraid someone might speak to them as they waited for someone else to go first.

When her cables were shut, Lucy glanced over her shoulder, as if she expected to meet somebody. It was cold standing still, and she looked hopefully at the other skiers. All right, she thought, and turned her skis downward, I'll be the first, then. Where's that death wish skiers are supposed to have? That's the trouble with me, no death wish, she thought, and she slid off, going swiftly on the hard-packed path, with sudden tears in her eyes from the wind.

Every time she had come down, she had run the narrow path that led into the slope without trying to check. Her husband would shake his head with exasperation when he saw her shoot out of the trees at the end of it and fall. "Don't take it straight, Lucy!" he'd call. "Stem a little!" She could never explain to him that, because of the people standing at the top watching, she had had to accept defeat right away, get it over with.

Now she fell, just where she had expected she would. She picked herself up, almost jumping to her feet. The ground grew level here, and she went past the last clump of trees and shade. Suddenly, the view of the slope seemed to explode into sight, like an enormous basin of light. In the bottom of the basin, every detail of the ski hut and the lift buildings and the line of people waiting to go up the lift was clear, looking as mistakenly small and precise as if she were seeing



"Before we accept, it's only fair to warn you that they've just bought the entire recording of 'Il Trovatore.'"

• •

it through the wrong end of binoculars. Off to the right of the buildings, the line of lift cars coming slowly up the mountain looked like a child's mechanical toy that would dump out little piles of sand and then have to be rewound.

This was the real beginning of the descent; from here on down there was no shelter or excuse not to keep on going. She stopped, moving out of the way of anyone who might be coming down the path through the trees.

As she looked down, plotting her course, deciding which irregularities in the ground she would use as pivots for turning, she was conscious of the quickening pulse in her throat. She had never stood at the top of a slope, knowing that in a few minutes she would have to ski down it, that she hadn't been afraid. When her husband would turn to her and say, "All right? Let's go!," she had always had a hollow feeling of panic. She had never let him know what an effort it took to follow him and how hard it was sometimes not to give up and cry when she fell. From the time he had first begun to teach her how to ski, she had been ashamed to let him know what a coward she was. Now she had a sudden thought that without Peter there to see her she would never be able to ski down at all.

It was time she started. By now, Peter would be on his way down from the summit, skiing solidly and fast, like a racer. At this moment, he might even be in the ski hut at the bottom waiting for her.

"Take it easy," she said out loud, and suddenly she felt exhilarated. It was what Peter usually said to her, and all the way down she talked softly to herself as she skied, telling herself to "Counter-stem and reach now" or "Get your weight on it!" Her skis rattled and scraped, and it wasn't until she had skidded around too far on a patch of ice hidden by a hummock and fallen for the second time that she realized why the slope was so empty. All the skiers she had seen standing at the top must have crossed over to the West Slope, on the other side of the lift. It gave her a giddy pleasure to think the surface of the snow she was on was so difficult that no one else was willing to use it, and for the rest of the way she edged in hard when she turned, feeling triumphant as she kept her balance.

Oh, Peter, my darling, she thought—she was going too fast, but she didn't dare try to check on the icy runout at the end of the slope—if you could only see me now. Her speed diminished as she ran on the level, and she made a sharp stop turn by the lift building and was only slightly surprised when it was successful.

She unsnapped her cables and kicked her feet free of her skis, feeling as though she were floating when she stood upright. I must tell Peter about finding myself the only person on the slope, she thought. I can tell it like a joke, but maybe he will be impressed. She stuck her skis and poles in the snowbank around the porch of the lift hut and went to look for her husband.

SHE saw him at once. She always saw him before he was aware of her. If they were to meet in a crowded place, or she happened to find him unexpectedly walking down a street, her eyes would spot him immediately, and sometimes she would hang back for a second, wondering at how unaware and vulnerable he seemed. Now he sat on the porch beyond the lift, leaning back in a chair, with his long legs stretched out, his eyes closed, and his dark glasses dangling from his hand. She kept her eyes on him as she went around the line at the lift, and suddenly she started to hurry, impatiently threading her way through the skiers on the porch.

Just before she reached her husband's chair, he opened his eyes and sat up, smiling and blinking in the sunlight. "Hello," he said. "Where were you? Not up on the slope?"

"Yes." Lucy sat down on the arm of his chair, and he lit a cigarette for her. "I was scared to death. The funniest thing—there was no one else there." And then she was telling him in a rush how icy the slope had been and how she had kept waiting but no one else had come down. "I fell a couple of times, really shook my teeth."

"You had the place to yourself, all right." Her husband shaded his eyes and looked over at the slope. "There doesn't seem to be anybody on that side. Why, it's fine, dear, that you came down so well!"

As he turned to her, she remembered she had meant to be casual. "Not *too* well," she said. "But I thought I'd get in a run while waiting for you. What trail did you come down this time?"

"I came down Pineridge. It's the best, I think—wide and not too carved out. The snow's much better than on the slopes; it hasn't blown so much. It's nice." He leaned back lazily, shutting his eyes to the sun.

Lucy sat swinging one heavy-booted foot, looking down at her husband's face. He was beginning to get sunburned, and where his hair met his forehead there was a silvery line. Even his throat was rosy-colored above the handkerchief knotted around his neck. Suddenly he said, "Let's never go back to the city."

"We'll put up a tent on top of the mountain," she said.

After a moment, he asked, "Want to try the West Slope? Pineridge came out into it, and it wasn't bad—only a few icy spots. That is if you're not tired?"

"Not a bit. I'd love to go," Lucy said, and, arm in arm, walking through the little puddles of melting snow on the porch, they went to get their skis.

THEY ran the West Slope twice, and the third time, as they stepped out of the cars at the halfway station, Lucy stood for a moment looking up at the hazy clouds that had appeared in the north. It was impossible to see how high the mountain was now. A mist lay like a veil over the top and it looked remote and mysterious, and she wondered at the thought of being up there. When Peter had gone up by himself, he had always apologized for leaving her. "You're sure you don't mind, now?" he would say, as though she hadn't just been urging him to go, and it was like a reproach.

"Couldn't we go up to the top?" she said suddenly, "and ski the trail?"

"You mean Pineridge?"

"Yes. You said it was good and wide. Couldn't I do it? Oh, Peter, I've never even seen the top!"

"I don't know." He thought a minute. "I don't see any reason why you couldn't. It's pretty steep, but there's only one narrow place, and I think you could get down it all right. Sure," he said quickly. "Why not?"

Walking past the little hut between the upper and lower lifts, Lucy noticed that most of the skiers were remaining below, on the slopes. She had a sudden feeling of apprehension and touched her husband's arm. "I *am* improving, don't you think, Peter?"

"You're doing fine," he said.

When they got off the lift on the top of the mountain, the air was misty and much colder, and sudden gusts of snow blew like sand against their jackets. They walked to the railing around the platform and looked out. Spread in front of them was a world of white snow stretches and stretches of dark forest, and the mountains across the valley rose up in scalloped waves, half lost in layers of clouds. Far away, the peaks were creamy in the sunlight, and the highest flew a small cloud, like a flag in the sky. It was a fairy-tale world, cold and frosty and secret, and for a moment Lucy felt she and her husband were the only people in it. She leaned toward him and quickly kissed his cheek, and he took her arm and held it tightly against him.

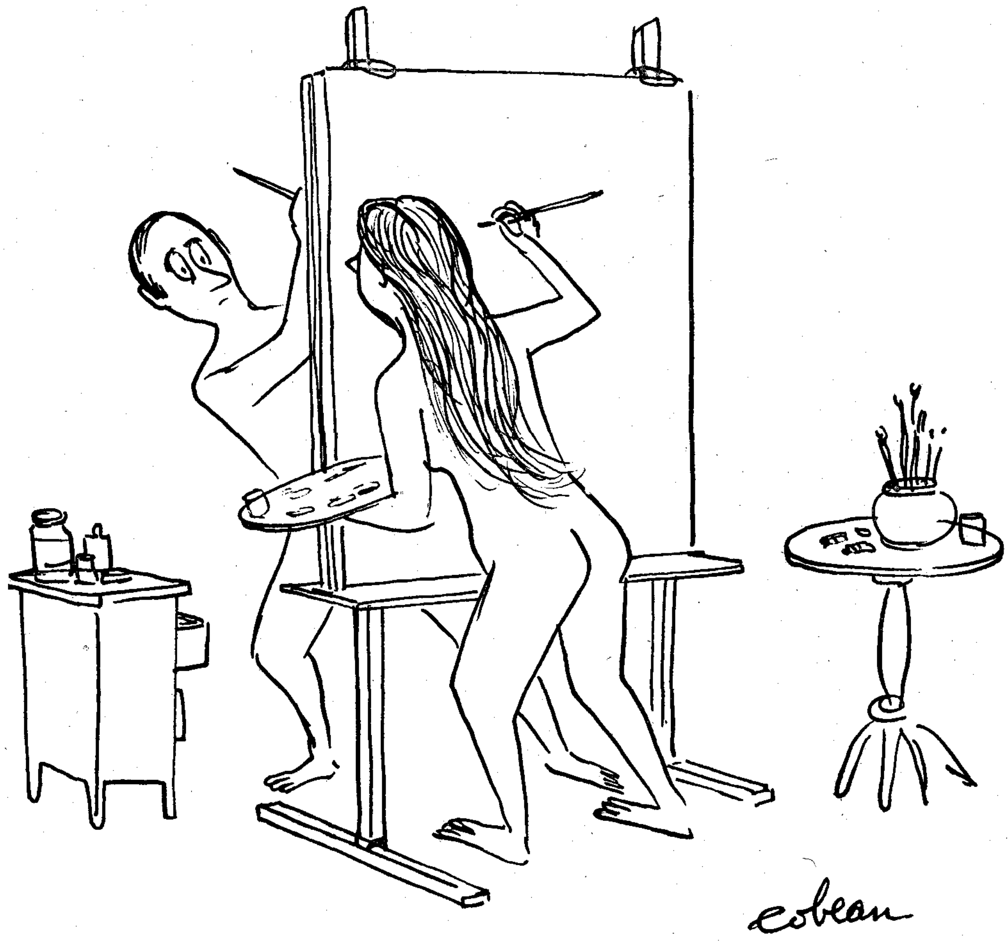
"I feel as though I could yodel." She put her head up. "O-e-e-o-layee-deee—" she sang. Her voice was brushed away by the wind as it left her throat, and when it broke, on a high note, they held on to each other and laughed.

They put on their skis and bent their heads in the wind, pushing across open ground to a path through some trees. Peter led the way, and the path shot down steeply a short distance and then came out on a wide, flat knoll. Lucy stopped beside her husband, and he waved down at the trail with a ski pole. "There it is," he said cheerily.

My God, Lucy thought, but she didn't say it out loud. After a moment, she said, "I'd feel better if I had wings," and Peter laughed. "Just take it easy," he said, and started down ahead of her.

From the beginning she skied badly, falling frequently from nervousness. It was much steeper than she had expected, and there was no relief from the steepness, no levelling-off places where she could get control of her speed. She hadn't thought a trail could be so long. Every time she caught up to where Peter was waiting for her, there was always more ahead, looking just as precipitous as what she had put in back of her. She began to feel her old terror of the ground rushing away faster and faster from under her feet.

Halfway down, the trail narrowed to a sudden chute that was like a toboggan run, curving, and banked higher than her head, and she came to a stop and thought, hopelessly, I just can't do



it. She stood putting it off as long as she dared. Then, in a panic at being so slow, she shot through it desperately, swinging back and forth with the conformation of the track. When the trail suddenly widened again, she was going so fast that she went past Peter, surprised to see him standing there. She was completely out of control, and the only way she could stop was by falling into the deep snow at the side of the trail.

"Don't let yourself run out into the soft snow, Lucy. You're bound to catch a ski and fall!" her husband said when he came down to her. "Try and make a lot of little checks instead."

"I *am* trying!" she said, stabbing her poles into the snow as she pushed herself to her feet. The fall had hurt her.

"Well, you didn't that time," he said.

He started down again at once, and Lucy followed cautiously. When she caught up to him, he was standing with an expression of patient forbearance, making little, absent-minded patterns in the snow with his ski pole, like a person tapping his foot. He watched her come to a jerky stop. "You'll have to let yourself go faster for the kind of turns you're trying to do," he said.

"Faster!" Lucy said wildly.

"Damn it all, I didn't *make* you come up here, Lucy. You wanted to come yourself."

"All right, I know," she said.

They stood and rested for a while, watching a group of young men come over the brow of the hill. One by one, they swung neatly past, making a sharp sound of speed and changing the shape of the snow with their skis. Everybody was so expert, Lucy thought.

"Shall we start?" Peter asked. He took out a handkerchief to blow his nose, and Lucy said, "May I use it, too?" Suddenly she found she was crying, and she wiped her eyes with ostentatious casualness, pretending the tears were from the wind.

As soon as she had started again, she knew her nerve was gone, and for the rest of the way she doggedly hurried herself from one fall to another. She went around a curve, and fell. As she got to her feet, she could see Peter waiting for her not far ahead, and then, all at once, there was the upper lift station and the hut, a hundred yards down, and below them the open slope stretched and the little cars of the lower lift were coming slowly up the mountain.

Her husband called up to her encouragingly, "Almost there!" After a few minutes, he called again—"Come on down here"—and he pointed beside him. She shook her head; she couldn't speak. She felt rooted to the spot, unable to move.

"What's the matter?" he called, and then started to sidestep up to her.

Almost before she knew what she was going to do, she had bent down and unsnapped her cables. She kicked her feet violently free of her skis. She knew what she was doing was terrible, but she couldn't stop herself. When she straightened up, she could see her husband's face. He stood quite still, a few yards below her, watching her until she stooped to pick up her skis; then in one abrupt motion he turned his body and, with a quick pressure on his poles, was headed down the little way to the end of the trail.

It's done now, I can't undo it, she thought with a flat acceptance of disaster, and she gathered her skis together. They were too heavy to get to her shoulder and she carried them awkwardly in her arms, like a bundle. Her feet broke through the snow as she stumbled unsteadily along the side of the trail. How could she have done it? she thought. Nobody ever took off his skis in the middle of a run, nobody. To Peter, it would seem the worst thing she could have done, really unpardonable. He had looked at her as though he didn't believe it. Oh, why did I have to do it? she thought. She could see him standing, with his skis and poles stuck in the snow beside him, waiting for her near the lift station, and she made an effort to walk evenly as she came up to him.

Without saying a word, he tried to take her skis and carry them for her.

"Oh, no, thanks," she said politely. "I can manage them all right."

"You'd better go in the hut and rest before trying to get down the slope."

"Yes," she said airily. "I think I'd better. Why don't you go up and get another run down Pineridge while I rest?"

"I'm going to," her husband said. They had come to the steps up to the lift platform.

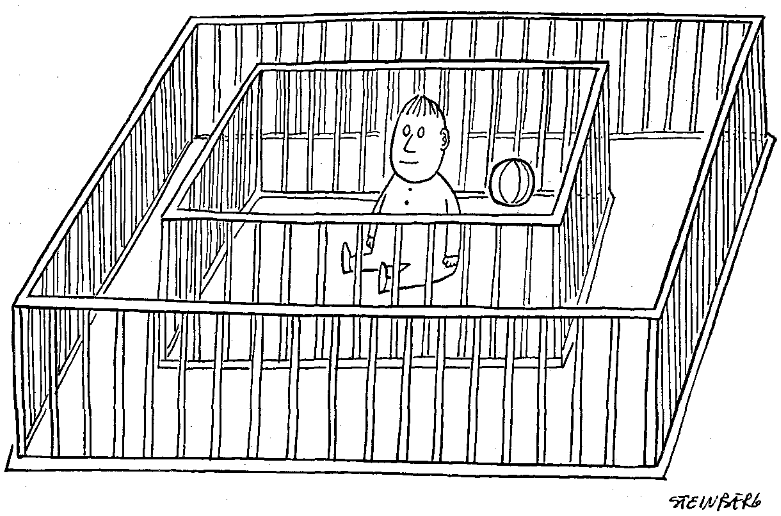
"Well, go ahead, then!" Lucy said.

The weather-beaten old man in charge of the upper lift was stamping his gum-booted feet up and down and slapping his arms around himself in the cold. "Who's having a good time!" he shouted at them with a grin, and when Lucy started toward the hut, he called out, "Not going up this time?"

"Not this time," she said.

IN the hut, she brushed the snow from her clothes and took off her parka. Then she sat, as though she had been dropped, on one of the benches built along the walls and stretched out her legs, trying to relax, inch by inch. She was so exhausted she was trembling in waves, like a dog. She closed her eyes, making a little show of her tiredness, but they filled with tears, and she sat up and quickly felt in her pants pockets for cigarettes and matches, and smoked a cigarette, staring out the window.

For a second, she imagined herself skiing down the mountain at breakneck speed to get the ski patrol, or rescuing some injured skier, or making a spectacular jump turn and snatching a snow-suited child from the path of a skier out of control. If only she could do something so Peter wouldn't think so badly of her. They would still have the slope to go down when he came back. Maybe, after she had a rest, she could ski down it so well Peter would be surprised. She'd have to try, and maybe she could show him that taking off her skis had been just a lapse, something she hadn't meant. She began to visualize the slope. First, there was a straight pitch, and then the turn by the big rock. She could come to a stop there. Then there was the bumpy

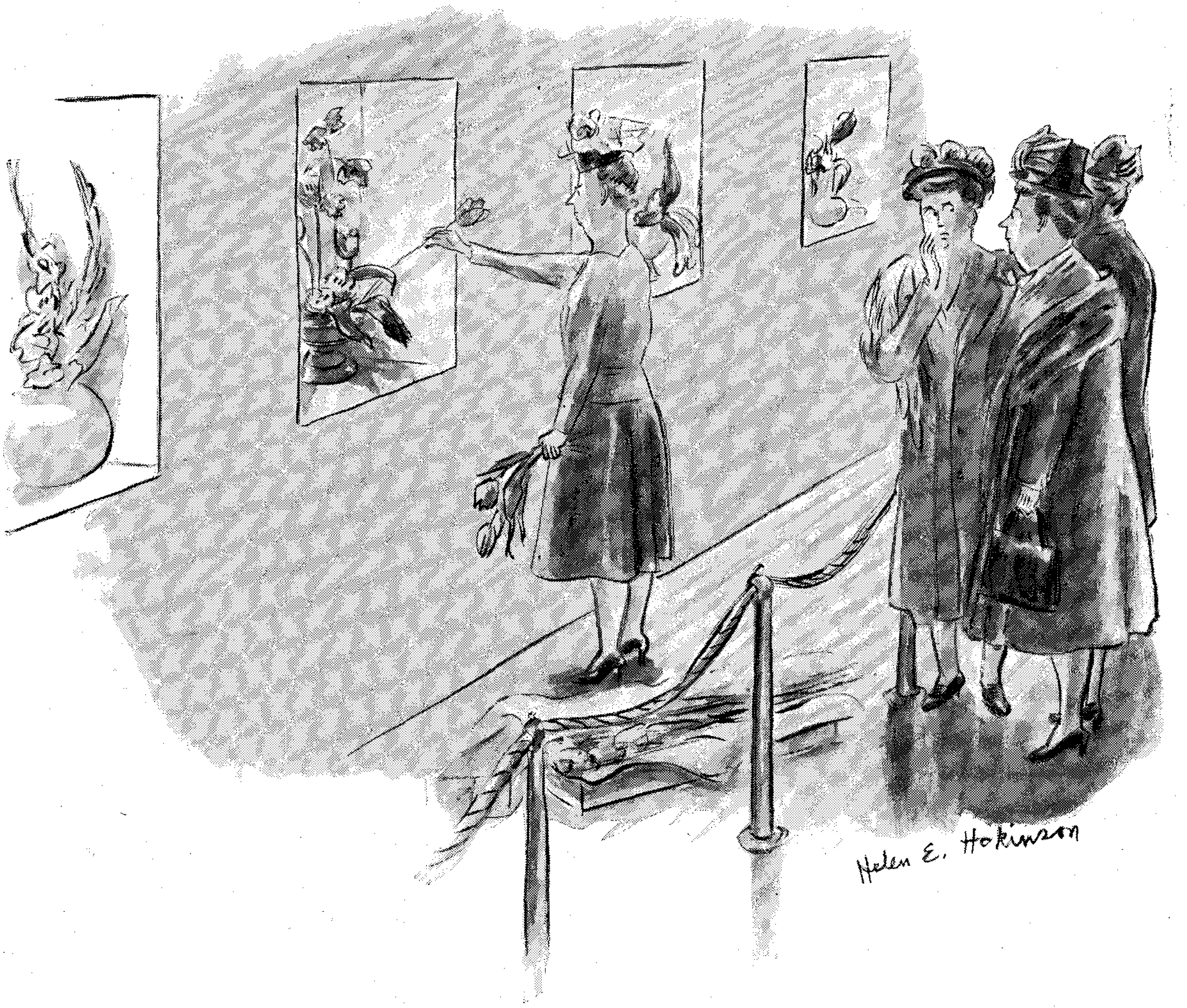


place she'd have to be careful of; then the long icy stretch at the end. She went over it, skiing it carefully in her mind. The only place she had to be afraid of was the stretch at the end, and, after all, she had done it before and she could do it again. Somehow, she had to manage. To make everything all right again.

The heat of the room was beginning to make her muscles feel heavy, and she put her legs up on the bench and leaned back against the wall.

The hut was a small room of rough timber, with a drum stove in the middle. It was intended as a shelter for the workmen who ran the lifts and took care of the trails, and now, except for an occasional skier who came in and stood beside the stove for a moment, the only other people in the room were two workmen. They were old men and they sat, in their heavy mackinaws and brown hunting caps with the flaps tied over the top, smoking pipes and silently looking into space, and every now and then one of them would put another piece of wood in the stove. They looked like farmers, Lucy thought, and they had nice faces—long, astute, weather-lined faces.

None of the few skiers who came in or went out bothered to shut the door, and each time one of the men—the smaller, wiry one—would get up with exaggerated patience and close it with a loud thump, and the other man would look away at the ceiling and pull hard on his pipe. The last time it happened, the door was shut with a slam, and as the old man went back to his seat, making a noise with his boots, the other man looked up and his eyes met Lucy's. His mouth quivered as he tried not to smile, and for a moment they looked at each other like friends. How nice to be allowed to share his amusement and not to be considered an intruder, Lucy thought. She leaned back against the wall with a dreamy sense of comfort and a feeling that the silence was something she had a part in, and she began to think of the mountain outside, separating it from everything else, holding the vision of it in her mind as if it were a towering, frosty wedding cake.



"She's clever with her basic verticals, but her supplementary values are terrible."

SHE had been watching for her husband out of the window, and when he came in, she had her parka on. He bent his head at the door, blinking in the sudden dimness. "Oh, there you are," he said.

"Darling, would you mind closing the door?" she asked.

"It's awfully hot in here," he said. "Let's get out."

As soon as they were outside and Lucy had taken her skis from between the pegs in the wall of the hut, Peter said, "Look, Lucy, I want to talk to you. I've been thinking about this all the way down. You don't have to come skiing with me any more. I haven't meant to drag you into something you hate."

"Peter!" she said.

"After all," he went on, and they started to walk along the path past the lift station, "lots of wives don't go skiing with their husbands, and there's no reason why you should feel you have to come with me. I'd much rather you didn't when you don't like it."

Lucy dug her heels in hard to keep from slipping on the icy path. "Peter," she said, "what are you trying to do?"

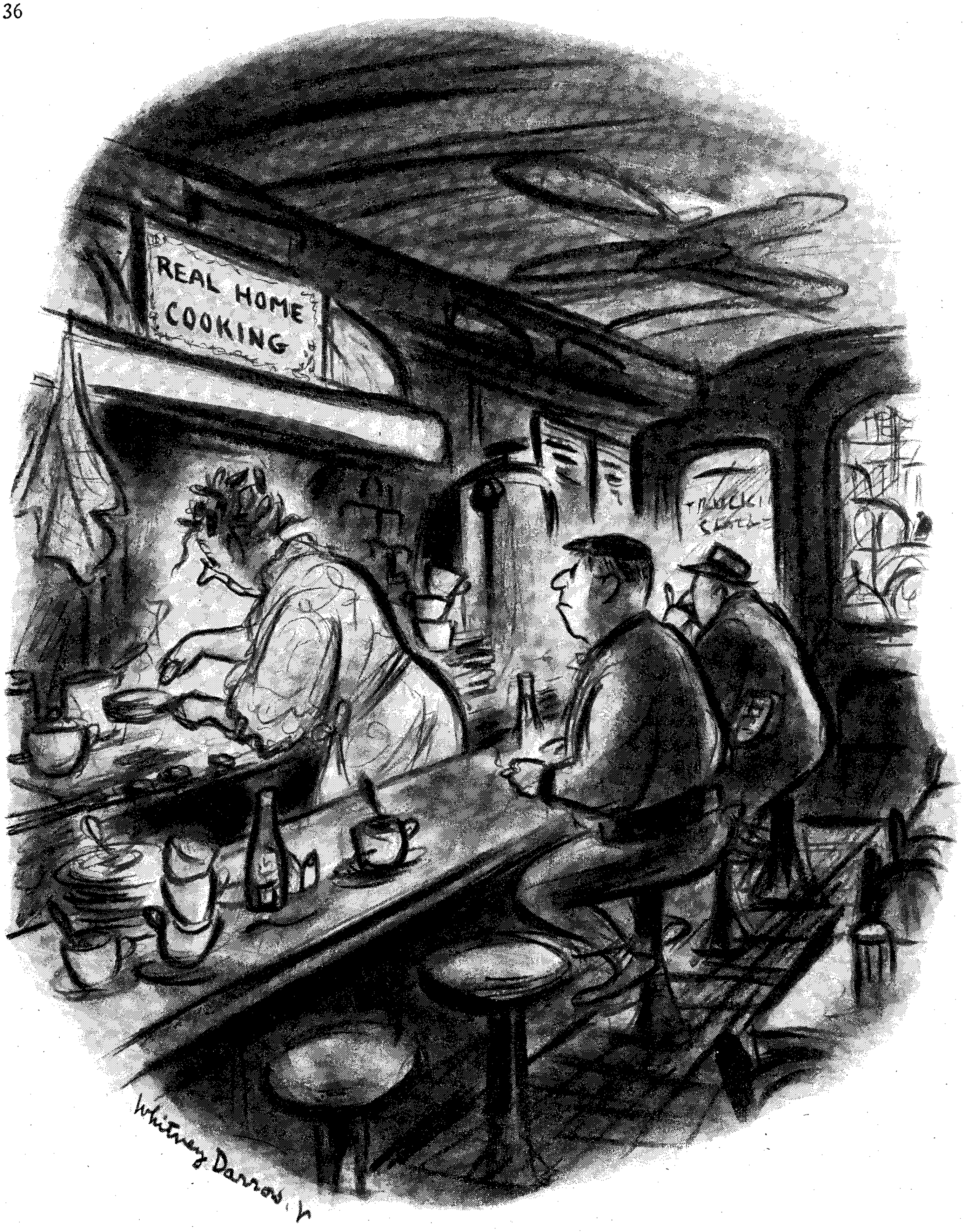
"I'm not doing anything. It's just that when you took your skis off up there, I suddenly realized it wasn't fair to ask you to like something just because I like it. Why didn't you tell me you hated it?"

"You know I love skiing with you," she said. They had reached the top of the West Slope, and she suddenly let her skis drop on the snow with a clatter.

Peter turned around and looked at her. "What's the matter?" he said.

"Nothing," she said, bending over and starting to put on her skis.

"Well, you act as though something



was wrong. Are you sure you can get down this all right?"

"Of course," she said. She stood up, giving each foot a little nervous shake, like a cat with something sticking to its feet, to make sure her skis were on tight.

"Take it carefully, anyway," he said, and pushed one boot into the toe iron of his ski. Lucy watched him as he leaned down to fasten his bindings, looking at him calmly, almost with scorn, as though he were to blame for his slender height and the breadth of his shoulders. He stood upright with quick grace, brushing a pale lock of hair, bleached gilt from the sun, from his forehead. "Let's get going," he said.

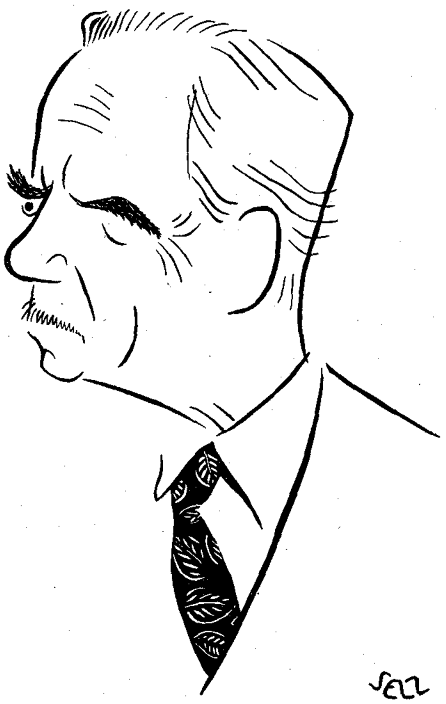
Goddam you, she thought helplessly. Oh, goddam you! But when he started, she pushed off immediately after him, doing her best to keep his swaying shoulders and the bright color of his head always in sight. —ASTRID PETERS

PROFILES

THE TRAGIC SENSE—III

BECAUSE his thirty-eight plays stretch out in an almost unbroken sweep of disaster, including murder, disease, suicide, insanity, and incest, Eugene Gladstone O'Neill, not too surprisingly, has gained the reputation of being privately a rather morose fellow. His best friends are not so sure he is. They are not sure he isn't, however. Nor are they sure that the truth lies somewhere in between. He merely puzzles them. Russel Crouse, one of his closest friends, has said, "O'Neill is one of the most charming men I know, and I've known him for twenty-five years, but I can't say I understand him. His face is a mask. I don't know what goes on behind it, and I don't think anyone else does." Another friend says that whenever he sees O'Neill, he is reminded of the legend that the people of Ravenna always gave Dante a wide berth when they passed him on the street. The Ravennese, among whom Dante spent his last years, felt that the poet's burning, baleful eyes had actually looked upon the horrors of hell and that his dark complexion was the result of his being scorched in its sulphurous, overheated atmosphere. "That's the way I sometimes feel about O'Neill," this friend says. "We'll be talking, and he'll go into one of those long, staring silences of his, and I'll half expect him to turn to me and say, 'You're not a bad fellow, as far as I know, but if your eyes had seen what *these* eyes have seen, you'd go on home to your wife and children and not expect me to be nice.' " O'Neill's brown, deep-set eyes do have a look of brooding intensity, but, since his Irish lineage is absolutely unblemished, this is the only resemblance to Dante it would seem possible for him to have. He is what the Irish call a Black Irishman. Black Irishmen—William Butler Yeats was one; George Bernard Shaw is not—are set apart from other Irishmen, according to the Irish, by their black hair, dark eyes, and mystic natures, which are supposed to put them in close touch with the stuff that dreams, poetry, and tragedy are made on. O'Neill, who was born in New York and is again living here after nearly forty years of roaming about the world, has never marched in a St. Patrick's Day parade or done anything else to call attention to his Celtic descent, but he is one of the most distinguished Black Irishmen of our time, even to the Irish of Ireland. In 1936, when O'Neill won the Nobel Prize for literature, the Irish Minister to the United States sent him a fine, proud letter saying what a lovely thing it was that had happened and how pleased they all were over there. O'Neill, now fifty-nine, isn't the Black Irishman he used to be, just as Shaw, who is ninety-one, isn't the Red Irishman *he* used to be. O'Neill's hair, eyebrows, and close-clipped mustache are all turning white, and he looks about ten years older than he is. He is a little under six feet tall, spare, and rangy, and carries himself with a sort of flexible erectness. This accomplishment, according to a lady who has known him for many years, is due to his bones. They are the kind of bones, she says, that Gregory Peck has; clothes, in her opinion, hang especially well on them. O'Neill's bones, now that he is making his headquarters in New York, are ordinarily draped with rather expensive, well-tailored garments, which, in combination with his quiet, deep voice, his unfailingly courteous manner, and his seafaring vocabulary, make him seem an elegant, reserved, extremely shy gentleman who has mysteriously acquired the outlook of a seaman on a tramp steamer.

O'Neill's nautical outlook is one effect of the somewhat famous two years during which he made his living as a seaman when he was a young man. The experiences he accumulated then have colored all his subsequent thought and feeling. He tends to think of himself less as a playwright than as a seaman who has taken up writing for the stage. Of the twenty-nine plays in the most recent collection of his works, ten are laid wholly or partly aboard ship. Nearly all the others contain many references to the sea, and several have seafaring people in their cast of characters. His conversation is salted with phrases picked up at sea. "On the beach" turns up with particular frequency. O'Neill's vocabulary is unseamanlike in one important respect; it is rarely stained with profanity. "Damn" is for him an explosive word. He doesn't like profanity in print, either. Having written everything he has wanted to write without using the rougher four-letter words—and having had as much trouble with Boston as anybody else—he is inclined to think that their value has been exaggerated. He also believes that some writers are too intent on calling a spade a spade when what they really mean is a trowel.



Eugene O'Neill

O'NEILL has always felt drawn to the sea, but he can hardly remember a time in the last thirty-five years when he wasn't also attracted to the theatre. He thinks he could easily have drifted into some other career, however. "I remember when I was on the beach in Buenos Aires," he said in a recent conversation, in the course of which he glanced backward over his mature life. "I was then twenty-two years old and a real down-and-outer—sleeping on park benches, hanging around waterfront dives, and absolutely alone. I knew a fellow who used to work on a railroad down there and who had given up his job. One day, he suggested that we hold up one of those places where foreign money is exchanged. Well, I have to admit I gave the matter serious consideration. I finally decided not to do it, but since you aren't given to taking a very moral view of things when you are sleeping on park benches and haven't a dime to your name, I decided what I did because I felt that we were almost certain to be caught. A few nights later, the fellow who had propositioned me stuck the place up with somebody he'd got to take my place, and he *was* caught. He was sent to prison and, for all I know, he died there.

"Nearly everybody's life is determined to a large extent by just such accidents as these. You take my father, for example. Before he became an actor, he was a machinist. He worked in Buffalo, ten hours a day, for fifty cents a day. One night he was in a poolroom shooting pool. A man came in looking for extras to carry spears and play bit parts in a Shakespearean repertory company that Edwin Forrest had brought to town. If it hadn't been for that—if my father hadn't been shooting pool instead of being in church or at home reading a book, as perhaps he should have been—he would probably never have become an actor. Up to then, he hadn't given it a serious thought. In a way, the same thing happened to me. If I hadn't had an attack of tuberculosis, if I hadn't been forced to look at myself, while I was in the sanatorium, harder than I had ever done before, I might never have become a playwright. There are times now when I feel sure I would have been, no matter what happened, but when I remember Buenos Aires, and the fellow down there who wanted me to be a bandit, I'm not so sure."

O'Neill's rise to fame, once he decided to be a dramatist, was more rapid than even he had hoped it would be. In 1920, only four years after the Provincetown Players gave "Bound East for Cardiff," one of his earliest one-acters, its first New York showing, he was awarded the first of his three Pulitzer Prizes, for "Beyond the Horizon," and had established himself, with "The Emperor Jones," as America's foremost dramatist. His position has never been challenged. Unlike many successful writers for the stage, however, such as Shaw and Barrie, in England, and Robert Sherwood and George S. Kaufman, in this country, he has not made a great deal of money. Of his total lifetime earnings of three-quarters of a million dollars, only about a third remains in his hands. O'Neill has had nine hit shows—"The Emperor Jones," in 1920; "Anna Christie," his second Pulitzer Prize winner, in 1922; "The Hairy Ape," in 1922; "Desire Under the Elms," in 1924; "The Great God Brown," in 1926; "Strange Interlude," which won the third Pulitzer Prize, in 1928; "Mourning Becomes Electra," in 1931; "Ah, Wilderness!," in 1933; and "The Iceman Cometh," in 1946. Nearly all these successes, up to the time "Strange Interlude" was produced by the Theatre Guild, were housed in small theatres. The weekly gross for "The Emperor Jones" and "Anna Christie" sometimes fell as low as $2,500 (a weekly gross of less than $12,000 a week is considered peanuts on Broadway today), and O'Neill had accepted a low royalty rate. He didn't hit the jackpot until "Strange Interlude" came to town. Even then, it wasn't so swollen a jackpot as is generally believed. It has often been said that O'Neill made a million dollars from "Strange Interlude." He actually took in $275,000. This was still, by almost any standards, a considerable sum, especially since income taxes were hardly what they are today. O'Neill used some of this money to make a few expensive improvements on a house he had bought in Bermuda, but a large part of it was added to his careful investments in the stock market. Because of his caution, he lost only fifty per cent of that money in the 1929 crash. His three last successes—"Mourning Becomes Electra," "Ah, Wilderness!," and "The Iceman Cometh"—were only modestly profitable, because a substantial part of his earnings had to be turned over to the tax collector. O'Neill isn't unhappy because he has not made more money. He has never written with money in mind—he once turned down an offer of a hundred thousand dollars to do one film for the movies—and he is surprised that he has made out as well as he has. He does wish, nevertheless, that people would understand that he is not, and hasn't ever been, a millionaire. "Not that I'd particularly mind being one," he says. "I just like to get the matter straight."

THE STRANGE CASE OF MR. PALLISER'S PALATE

Once there was a man named Mr. Palliser and he asked his wife, May I be a *gourmet*?
And she said, You sure may,
But she also said, If my kitchen is going to produce a Cordon Blue,
It won't be me, it will be you,
And he said, You mean *Cordon Bleu*?
And she said to never mind the pronunciation so long as it was him and not *heu*.
But he wasn't discouraged; he bought a white hat and the Cordon Bleu Cook Book and said, How about some *Huitres en Robe de Chambre*?
And she sniffed and said, Are you reading a cook book for Forever *Ambre*?
And he said, Well, if you prefer something more Anglo-Saxon,
Why suppose I whip up some tasty *Filets de Sole Jackson*,
And she pretended not to hear, so he raised his voice and said, Could I please you with some *Paupiettes de Veau à la Grecque* or *Cornets de Jambon Lucullus* or perhaps some nice *Moules à la Bordelaise*?
And she said, Kindly lower your voice or the neighbors will think we are drunk and *disordelaise*,
And she said, Furthermore the whole idea of your cooking anything fit to eat is a farce. So what did Mr. Palliser do then?
Well, he offered her *Œufs Farcis Maison* and *Homard Farci St. Jacques* and *Tomate Farcie à la Bayonne* and *Aubergines Farcies Provençales*, as well as *Aubergines Farcies Italiennes*,
And she said, Edward, kindly accompany me as usual to Hamburger Heaven and stop playing the fool,
And he looked in the book for one last suggestion and it suggested *Croques Madame*, so he did, and now he dines every evening on *Crème de Concombres Glacée*, *Côtelettes de Volaille Vicomtesse*, and *Artichauds à la Barigoule*.

—OGDEN NASH

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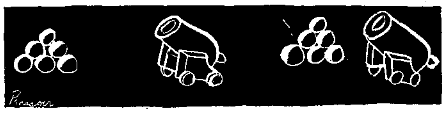

Even if he were a millionaire, O'Neill, since becoming a playwright, could hardly have lived more pleasantly, or in pleasanter places. In 1918, after marrying for the second time, he settled down in a former Cape Cod Coast Guard station on the dunes a few miles from Provincetown. O'Neill, who has always been a fine swimmer, spent almost as much time in or on the water as he did on shore, either swimming so far out that he could hardly be seen from land or paddling about in a kayak. After a swim and an eight-o'clock breakfast, he wrote until just before lunch, then took another dip. After lunch, he went back to work, usually to revise what he had written that morning, until late afternoon, when he knocked off and went swimming again.

O'Neill held to this watery way of life until 1925, when he and his wife bought a farm near Ridgefield, Connecticut, one of the quieter havens in the suburban artist-and-writer belt. He soon began to feel unbearably landlocked, however, and that same year he bought a house, called Spithead, on the water in Bermuda and started to practice total immersion again. The house was supposed to have been built by a pirate, an idea that appealed to O'Neill. In 1928, he went to France. He lived for a time in a village in the Basque country, moved on to Cap d'Ail, on the Riviera, and then, in 1929, after a second divorce and his marriage to the present Mrs. O'Neill, who is the former Carlotta Monterey, he took a two-year lease on a thirty-four room, two-tower château in Touraine. With time out for expeditions to Switzerland and the Canary Islands, and a voyage to Indo-China, the O'Neills lived there until their lease ran out, and it was there that "Mourning Becomes Electra" was written. Returning to the United States in 1931, they spent a short time in Northport, Long Island, and then went to Sea Island, Georgia, where they built a house. It was largely designed by Mrs. O'Neill, who, devising an Italianate contraction of their first names, christened it Casa Genotta. O'Neill liked Sea Island. The ocean was just outside his door for him to swim in, the beach was a fine place for him to soak up the sun, and there was enough peace and quiet for him to get a satisfactory amount of work done. On Sea Island, he wrote two more plays—"Days Without End" and "Ah, Wilderness!"—and started to prepare for a huge third project. But then Sea Island, to which O'Neill had been attracted by its isolated tranquillity, started to boom. More and more visitors came, and more and more houses were built. Reluctantly, O'Neill sold his house, in the spring of 1936, and he and his wife went to Seattle, where they stayed in a rented house until just before Christmas, and then migrated to California. There, in 1937, they acquired a hundred and sixty acres near Oakland, built another residence, which Mrs. O'Neill also largely designed, and called it Tao House, *tao* being the Chinese word for "the right way of life." O'Neill, then forty-nine, and full of confidence in himself and his future, settled down to what he hoped would be the major accomplishment of his life.

"Truman it does something for. You it doesn't."

CONSIDERING that his first dramatic efforts were fifteen-minute, one-act plays, O'Neill's ideas had become astonishingly expansive. "Strange Interlude," his saga of sex, sorrow, and soliloquies, took more than four hours to unravel itself when it was produced in 1928, and "Mourning Becomes Electra," which put Aeschylus into Civil War dress, ran even longer. The project to which O'Neill now gave his full attention made these dramas seem mere curtain-raisers. This work, "A Tale of Possessors Self-Dispossessed," which he had begun to think about on Sea Island, was originally planned as a cycle of six plays dealing with the fortunes and misfortunes of an American family from 1828 to 1932. He had spent over a year making notes and blocking out the plays, but when he settled down to the actual writing of them, he decided that he hadn't gone back far enough in time. He blocked out one more play, which took the action back to 1806, and commenced work on it. Before he had finished, it turned into two plays. Then he decided that he should go back even further in time, and he added a ninth play to the cycle. The series now began in 1775. Its theme might be called the dominant theme of O'Neill's mature philosophy—the corruption of character by materialistic greed. The ninth play, which, chronologically, was to be the first of the cycle, deals with America during the French and Indian War. Its hero is an Irishman who has joined the British Army to escape the slavery of agricultural life in Ireland. It is his idea to desert as soon as he gets to America and to go into the wilderness, where, liberated from the economic and social bondage of the Old World, he can live as a truly free man. Once in this country, he strikes out for the wilderness. On his journey, wanting food and shelter, he stops at a frontier farm. It is only a clearing in a forest, but it is nonetheless the most fertile and promising soil he has ever seen. The farm is run by a young widow, who badly needs a man around the place, and who, as O'Neill saw it, also badly needs a man. The Irishman, caught between his dream of freedom and his hunger for land, and attracted by the woman's physical allure, finally abandons his dream and settles for the land. The bleak mood of the play was summed up in its title, "Give Me Liberty And—." According to O'Neill's scheme, the seed of greed that had thus been planted was to grow and flower throughout the cycle.

The cycle, although primarily the story of an American family, was also intended to be the story of America. O'Neill thinks that we have not done very well as a country. Looking back upon the original promise of American life and pondering what he takes to be the present reality, he gets bitter and discouraged. "Someday," he says, "this country is going to get it—really get it. We had everything to start with—everything—but there's bound to be a retribution. We've followed the same selfish, greedy path as every other country in the world. We talk about the American Dream, and want to tell the world about the American Dream, but what is that dream, in most cases, but the dream of material things? I sometimes think that the United States, for this reason, is the greatest failure the world has ever seen. We've been able to get a very good price for our souls in this country—the greatest price perhaps that has ever been paid—but you'd think that after all these years, and all that man has been through, we'd have sense enough—*all* of us—to understand that the whole secret of human happiness is summed up in a sentence that even a child can understand. The sentence? 'For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' "

Despite the burden of gloom with which his cycle was laden, the two years O'Neill spent in writing it were happy ones. He wrote for from five to seven hours every day, saw hardly anyone, and rarely went anywhere. He was content merely to fill page after page of manuscript with his careful, precise, minute handwriting. O'Neill, whose dislike of machinery extends to the typewriter, writes in pencil, and his script is so small that it can hardly be read. He manages to get over a thousand words on a sheet of paper eight by ten and a half inches; the average handwriting runs about two hundred. Mrs. O'Neill did his typewriting for him, using a magnifying glass.

O'Neill's work went well, and he took long walks and long drives in the California sunshine to break the routine of writing, and life in Tao House was serene and rewarding. Of all the places O'Neill has ever lived, he remembers his house in California as being the most agreeable. But by the middle of 1939, when he had finished the major part of his cycle, he felt that he had gone stale. He began to have doubts about what he had written and to wonder, in fact, whether the whole plan of his cycle wasn't faulty. He decided that it should deal with two families instead of one, and he put the project aside. Not wanting to be idle, he started writing "The Iceman Cometh." He has not yet gone back to his cycle. All that he has to show for the years of thinking, planning, and writing that went into it is one play, "A Touch of the Poet," the third of the sequence, which has not been produced. He has destroyed the manuscript of everything else in the cycle—three completed plays, three that were practically completed, and two on which he had done considerable work.

This act of destruction did not mean that O'Neill had abandoned his cycle. He was just clearing the decks in order to be able, someday, to begin all over again. But the war intervened, and then came illness. One by one, his six servants went to work in the war plants that mushroomed on the Pacific Coast. The O'Neills would probably have stuck it out in their country house, but O'Neill, who had led an active and athletic life, was suffering from an illness that manifested

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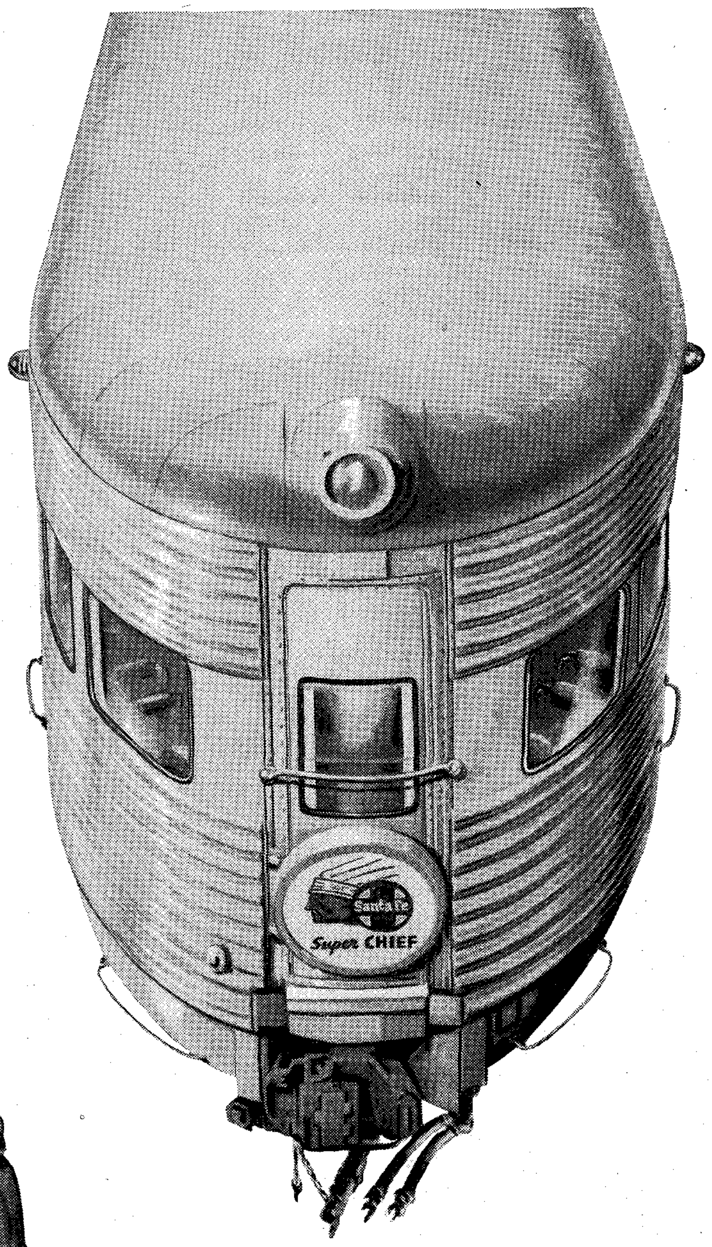

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itself in a severe, racking palsy. He has been examined by half a dozen specialists. Three of them have diagnosed his ailment as Parkinson's disease. The three others have said they don't know what it is. O'Neill believes that it is a violent aggravation of something he has had all his life. Even when he was a young man, his hands trembled slightly, and, since his mother's hands used to tremble in the same way, he thinks that the failing may have been inherited. "But I'm sure I didn't help it any by drinking as much as I did," he said not long ago. Whatever the illness, O'Neill's hands now tremble so severely that he can no longer use a pen or a pencil, and he finds it impossible to dictate. "Imagine trying to dictate something like 'Mourning Becomes Electra,'" he says. As a consequence, the thread on which everything else in his life for thirty-five years was hung, his work, has been brutally snapped in two.

Because of his illness, which naturally makes it impossible for O'Neill to drive—he was once an expert automobilist who tore about the French countryside in a Bugatti racer—and because Mrs. O'Neill does not drive, the O'Neills felt almost as marooned in Tao House, after their chauffeur left, as if they had been cast up on a desert island. They sold their house and moved into an apartment in San Francisco early in 1941. In 1945, they returned to New York, and they have been here ever since. O'Neill is considerably better, but he has not written anything since he left his house in California. He has, however, a stockpile of two plays in addition to "A Touch of the Poet." One, "A Moon for the Misbegotten," which is his most recent work, was tried out on the road by the Theatre Guild last year but was withdrawn because of casting difficulties. One of the troubles was the part of the heroine, which calls for a beautiful girl who is six feet tall and weighs two hundred pounds. The other play, "Long Day's Journey into Night," which was written after "The Iceman Cometh," will not be produced until twenty-five years after O'Neill's death. He refuses to talk about it and has shown the manuscript to only a few of his closest friends.

O'Neill is now living in a penthouse in the East Eighties, an apartment that, like his past residences, is in sharp contrast to his international reputation for gloom. It has six large and sunny rooms, and its walls and curtains are done in bright, cheerful colors. It is furnished with things that O'Neill has gathered all over the world. The dominant note is Chinese. A small, heavy, vaguely catlike stone animal, turned out by a Chinese sculptor a few centuries before Christ, greets visitors as they enter, and there are ancient Chinese prints on the walls of the living room. O'Neill keeps his desk in his bedroom in readiness for the day when he can begin work again. Some of his friends think that his bed, of the conventional box-spring-and-mattress variety, is a considerable improvement over the one he had in California. That one was a low-slung ebony affair, only a few inches off the floor, that had come from an opium den in San Francisco. It, and a black-glass mirror O'Neill used out there for shaving, are in storage. The mirror gave him a green, moldy appearance. A brisk, melodious canary named Jeremiah, a recent present from Mrs. O'Neill, shares his bedroom with him.

The canary helps compensate for the death of his dog, a handsome Dalmatian, registered as Silverdean Emblem but called Blemmy by his master. O'Neill, who misses Blemmy enough to keep a snapshot of him on his desk, also misses a player piano he called Rosie. It began its career in a New Orleans bagnio, and Mrs. O'Neill gave it to him for a birthday present. She unearthed the piano in New York, where the O'Neills were vacationing for a few weeks, and shipped it to California, along with a large box of old rolls, including "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "That Mysterious Rag," "All Alone," and "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee." It is in storage in California, but O'Neill plans to have it shipped East soon. In Rosie's absence, O'Neill depends for his musical entertainment, more conventionally, on a phonograph. He has a large collection of records, about evenly divided between jazz and serious music. The composers he admires most are Beethoven, Schubert, César Franck, and Irving Berlin. One of his happiest evenings in New York was spent at a small party a mutual friend gave for him and Berlin, whom he had never met before. Berlin played the piano and O'Neill sang, and the

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party lasted until three. Only an unusual occasion can keep O'Neill up so late, and he generally gets to bed before eleven. He never goes to large parties, for he has always been excruciatingly shy, and, having been on the wagon for fifteen years, he no longer can depend on alcohol to help him relax. He enjoys seeing his old friends, however, and he goes to the movies now and then. He is also a sports fan. The six-day bicycle races and football, particularly the professional sort, are his favorite sports, and he was disgruntled last fall because his illness prevented his seeing any games.

O'Neill often listens to the radio. One of his favorite performers is Jack Benny, especially since an evening in May, 1937, when he heard a burlesque of "Ah, Wilderness!" that Benny did on the air. Benny felt he should have permission to do the burlesque, but none of the people in New York who look after O'Neill's business interests would give it to him, so he wired O'Neill, who was then at Sea Island. O'Neill replied immediately that it was one of the nicest compliments he had ever had. Another compliment was paid him more recently on the radio when the Theatre Guild on the Air put on one of his early plays, "The Straw." It was a failure when it was produced on Broadway—most of its action takes place in a tuberculosis sanatorium—but it turned out to be one of the Guild's most successful broadcasts. O'Neill didn't hear it, however. He has never attended a performance of any of his plays. He stays with them through their final dress rehearsal, offering suggestions and advice on matters of acting, directing, lighting, costuming, and stage design, and then lets them go their own way.

Late one afternoon, sitting with a companion in his living room, O'Neill, between long silences, spoke about this and other aspects of his work. "After you've finished a play and it goes into rehearsal," he said as the sky darkened outside, "it begins to go from you. No matter how good the production is, or how able the actors, something is lost—your own vision of the play, the way you saw it in your imagination." He reached for a cigarette and struck a match. The small flame trembled in his hand. He drew on his cigarette and blew out the match. "I don't think acting is as good as it used to be. Type casting is a bad thing. You don't get actors and actresses by asking them to go out on the stage and play themselves. You just don't." He stopped to edit his thoughts. The sounds of the city were muffled and far away. "There have been only three actors in my plays who managed to realize the characters they played as I originally saw them. They were Charles Gilpin in 'The Emperor Jones,' Louis Wolheim in 'The Hairy Ape,' and Walter Huston in 'Desire Under the Elms.' There have been other good actors and actresses in my plays, but only those three lived up to the conceptions I had as I wrote. There are too many actors and actresses who just go out there and play themselves. It's not a good thing, either for acting or for playwriting. The playwright comes to depend on the physical presence of the actors to fill out their characters for him, instead of writing his characters into the script. Whether my plays are good or bad—though I hope some of them are good—I've tried to do that, anyway. I've always tried to *write* my characters out. That's why I've sometimes been disappointed in the actors who played them—the characters were too real and alive in my own imagination. As for length—well, if you can't hold an audience for three minutes, three minutes is too long. If you can get them to listen to you for three hours, three hours may not be long enough."

Mrs. O'Neill, who had been out shopping, came in. She is still strikingly handsome, with dark hair, brown eyes, and a flawless profile. "My," she said, "isn't it *cold!* I nearly froze. But Gene! Why are you sitting here in the dark? Why don't you turn some of the lights on? It's so *gloomy*." She went about the room switching on the lamps, and O'Neill's face came out of the shadows.

"I'm supposed to be a gloomy fellow," he said. "Hadn't you heard?"

"You can be gloomy enough, sometimes," Mrs. O'Neill answered. "But why do they always have to exaggerate? Nearly everything that has been said about you is all wrong. Have you had coffee? Oh, Gene, you never think of anything! I'll get it for you."

She left the room, making a last remark about her husband's forgetfulness, and O'Neill sat for a time in silence again.

"What Carlotta just said is true," he said, crushing his cigarette into the ashtray. "Nearly everything that has been said about me *is* all wrong." Then he stopped again. To his right were several bookshelves. Among the books were sets of Zola, Victor Hugo, and Balzac. There were also big volumes of reproductions of paintings, books on ex-

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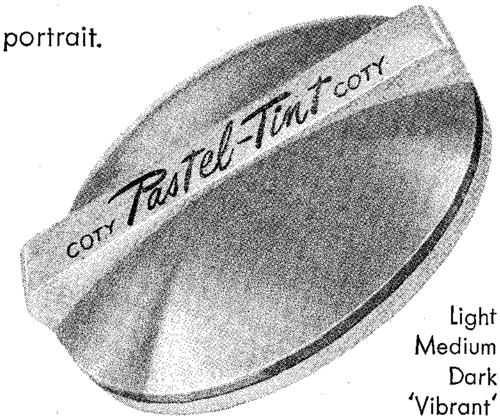

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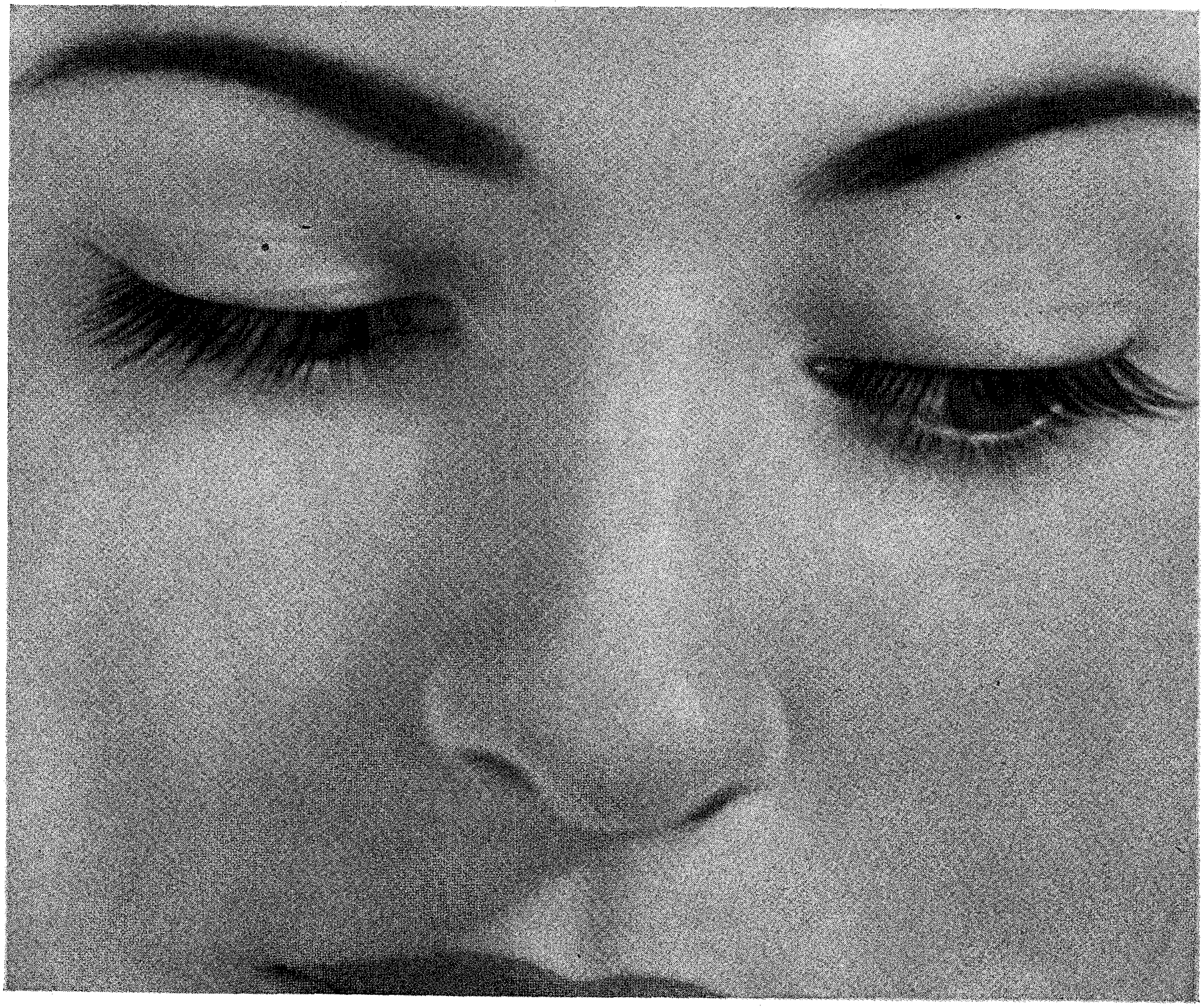

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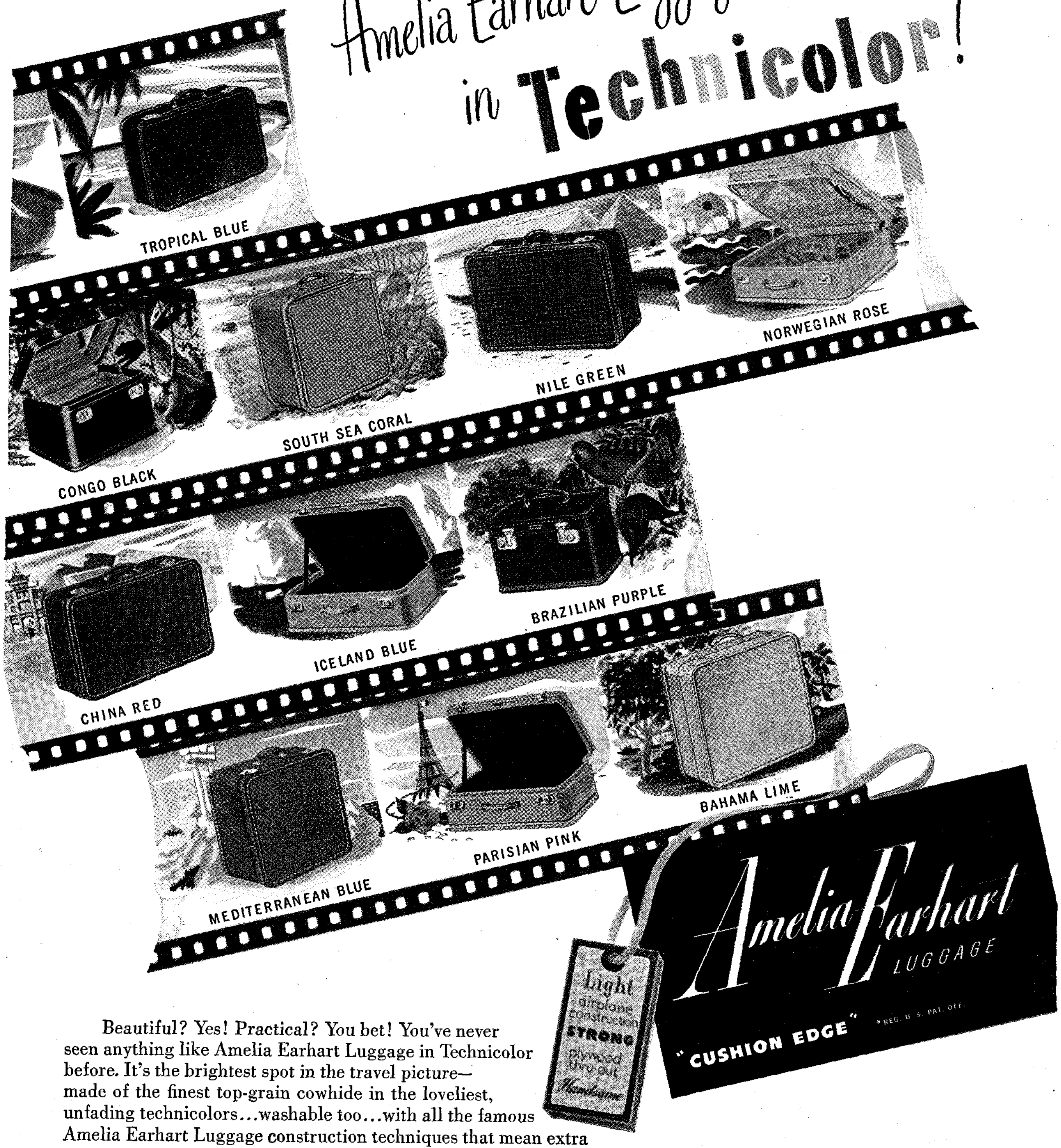
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ploration, books on the habits and customs of primitive peoples. Two shelves were given over to the English and American poets. "Richard Dana Skinner has written a book about me," O'Neill said after a while. "It's called 'Eugene O'Neill, a Poet's Quest.' I don't agree with many things he says, but that just about sums it up. It *has* been a poet's quest. I began with a background of poetry. My father was reciting poetry all the time. Instead of singing in the bathtub, he'd break out into Shakespeare. I remember once, when we were all together in New London, he was telling my brother, James, and me about how hard he had to work as an actor. 'You call that work?' my brother said. My brother bet him ten dollars that he could learn the whole of Goldsmith's 'The Deserted Village' in one week and I bet him the same amount that I could learn the part of Macbeth. My brother and I studied together. We were very close, my brother and I. We were a very close family—perhaps *too* close. Anyway, after our week was over, James and I stood before my father. My brother ran through 'The Deserted Village,' collected his money, and then my father started to cue me my lines as Macbeth. I gave them back to him without a hitch. My father closed the book and looked at me. 'You certainly have a good memory,' he said, 'and I see you've worked hard, but never go on the stage.' "

O'Neill laughed. Then he became serious again. "It's too bad my father ever got started playing in 'Monte Cristo,' " he said. "He was too successful. It ruined his life. If it hadn't been for 'Monte Cristo,' he might have gone ahead and taken Booth's place, as everybody expected him to. One thing about him—he always urged me to go ahead. He didn't always get what I was trying to do, and perhaps he *couldn't* get it, but he never tried to make me turn aside."

There was a clatter of china from the kitchen and a warm smell of coffee filled the room. "It's very hard right now," O'Neill said. "Not being able to work. I want to get going again. Once I get over this thing—these shakes I have—I feel I can keep rolling right along." —HAMILTON BASSO

(*This is the last of a series of three articles.*)

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THE THEATRE

LIFE AMONG THE ADVERTISEMENTS

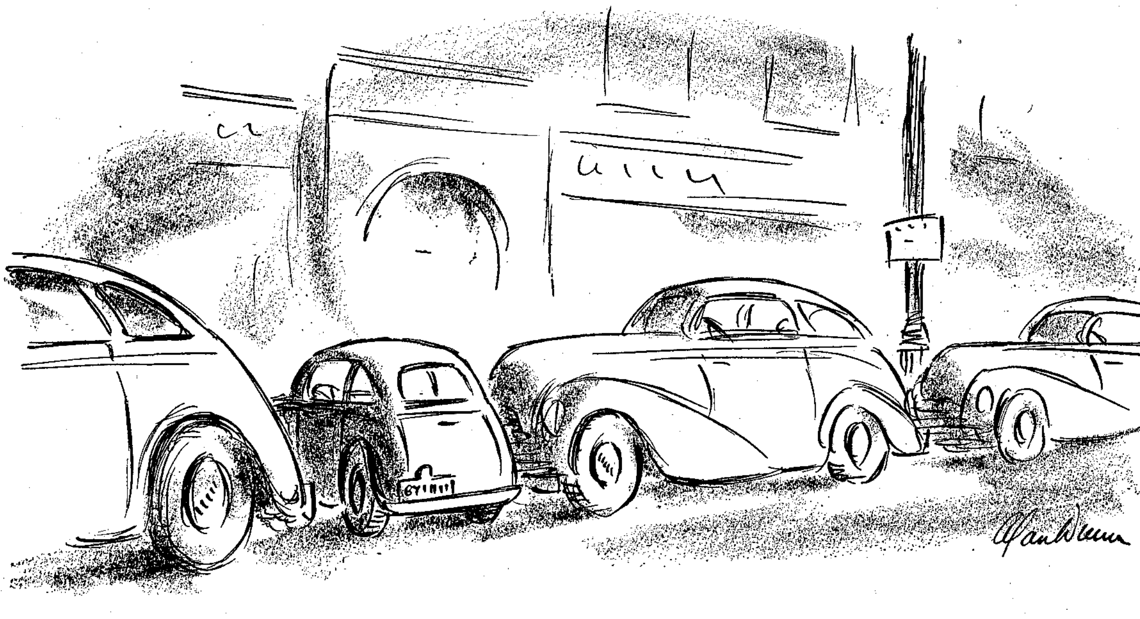
Rose Franken, who has often demonstrated her talent for arranging life in terms acceptable to the readers of ladies' magazines, seems to have missed even this modest aim in "The Hallams," her latest drama, now at the Booth. Miss Franken has always had a weakness for fatal illness on the stage, but up to now she has generally confined herself to one incurable case. In "The Hallams," however, we have not only the standard victim of cancer but also a young man in the last stages of tuberculosis, who dies in the last act after casting an uneasy clinical shadow over the first two. Doomed invalids, of course, have their place in the theatre but, unlike pretty girls in musical comedy, they don't gain much by multiplication, and while one may easily be dramatic, two are apt to be no more than depressing. It might also be said that a playwright who feels obliged to use deathbeds in such profusion is open to some suspicion of vulgarity or poverty of inspiration, of suffering herself from what might be diagnosed as a Little Eva complex.

The other members of the Hallam family (everybody in the cast belongs to it by blood or by marriage) are in comparatively radiant health, but they have practically nothing else to recommend them, since they are, on the whole, as dismaying a group of people as any author has invented since Lillian Hellman wrote "The Little Foxes." There are a great many of them—Grandma Hallam, the matriarch of the clan and a remarkably tiresome and unattractive old lady; Grandpa, a matching antique; Etta, Grace, and Helen, their daughters-in-law, who portray melancholia, anti-Semitism, and low comedy, respectively; Paul, Victor, Walter, and Harry, the sons, who are a little better than the girls but still not exactly vivid personalities; and Jerry and Kendrick, the tubercular grandson and his mate, who, incidentally, has had this disease, too, though her case is arrested and there is no reason to suppose she won't live for years, or at least until Miss Franken finds herself pressed for another corpse. There is some good stenographic dialogue in "The Hallams," some sharp and accurate bits of domestic comedy, but the prevailing tone is gloomy, grandiloquent, and, it seems to me, hopelessly cheap. This play, as you probably know by now, is a sort of sequel to "Another Language," quite a good piece the same author wrote sixteen years ago. I'm afraid I could detect no resemblance except in the names in the program.

Ethel Griffies, as Grandma Hallam, has perhaps the dreariest lines of the evening, but it is still clear, as it was earlier in the season in "The Druid Circle," that she is one of the most effective character actresses around. I also liked a fine, crisp performance by Mildred Wall as one of the daughters, but the others, including Mildred Dunnock, Royal Beal, June Walker, and Katharine Bard, are not magicians and it is beyond their power to disguise either the dullness or the basic unreality of their parts.

In "The Linden Tree," which closed at the Music Box after seven performances, J. B. Priestley created one of those arbitrary—it would probably be too much to say "nonexistent"—ethical dilemmas that seem to enchant his countrymen so helplessly. The hero was a sixty-five-year-old professor of history at a provincial English university. He had reached the age of retirement and there was no apparent reason for him to keep on with his job, since the rest of the faculty and the students unmistakably regarded him as an old nuisance, his wife was bitterly unhappy in her dismal surroundings, and, thanks to a rich son, there was no question of financial insecurity. He had various motives for refusing to resign, but the principal one was that most of his family had "denied life"—one daughter had taken refuge in Catholicism, another in a rather perplexing blend of science and Communism, and the son in the simple, cynical pursuit of pleasure—and the professor felt that *somebody* had to go on with the battle. There is something large and lax about Mr. Priestley's style that makes specific lines hard to recall, but I think his professor said that he was going to stay on and "fan the dying embers of civilization." By the time he made this remark, the college authorities had reduced him to emeritus status and his household had been diminished to a musical child and a half-witted cook, so his prospects of accomplishing anything in particular didn't look bright, but apparently that didn't matter much. The point was that of them all, only he and the youngest of his children were able to accept the responsibility of living. Only the very old and the very young are any good in the world today, he said; there is nothing but rot in between.

In addition to this proposition, which struck me as more or less debatable, the characters in "The Linden Tree" dis-



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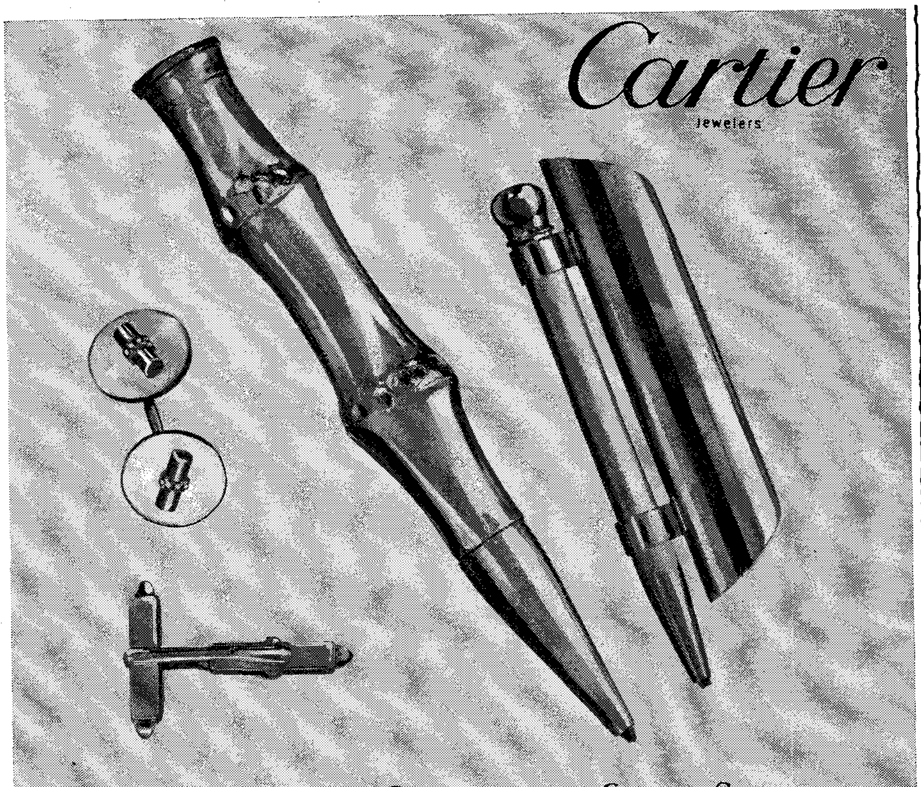
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cussed many other matters—machine thought and morality, the current state of Great Britain and the world, and the three-dimensional nature of history, a phrase that undoubtedly means something or other, though not to me. Now and then an original or pointed observation came through, but most of the time the conversation was cloudy, pretentious, and, in a high-minded sort of way, dull beyond belief. Mr. Priestley's play has been an enormous success in London since last August. I suppose this can be explained to a certain extent by the fact that its various messages have some special relevance for his unhappy compatriots, but there is more to it than that. For some reason or other, the British just can't resist these big, untidy, literary plays.

The most interesting thing about the New York production was that Boris Karloff, hitherto, of course, a leading local monster, was cast as the gentle hero. It was an extremely engaging performance, though I couldn't help feeling that he might have improved the evening by reverting to type and strangling a few members of his talkative household. Of the others, I was really entertained only by Una O'Connor, who played the addled servant with a strange, darting quality, like a terribly exasperated bird.

MAURICE CHEVALIER is back for a four-week engagement, and I am pleased to be able to say that that famous personality seems to diminish very little with the years. His manipulation of his straw hat is as jaunty as it ever was; his energy and his smile remain intact; and the rapport he manages to establish with his Franco-American audiences still stops happily just this side of suffocation. M. Chevalier's repertory this time includes more English items than it did last year, and while this is probably a good thing, on the ground that it makes him accessible to more people, a lot of the new material depends on the humor of literal translation from one language to another, a device that can get wearing. However, if it's patented Gallic charm you want, it's available at the Golden, pressed down and running over. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

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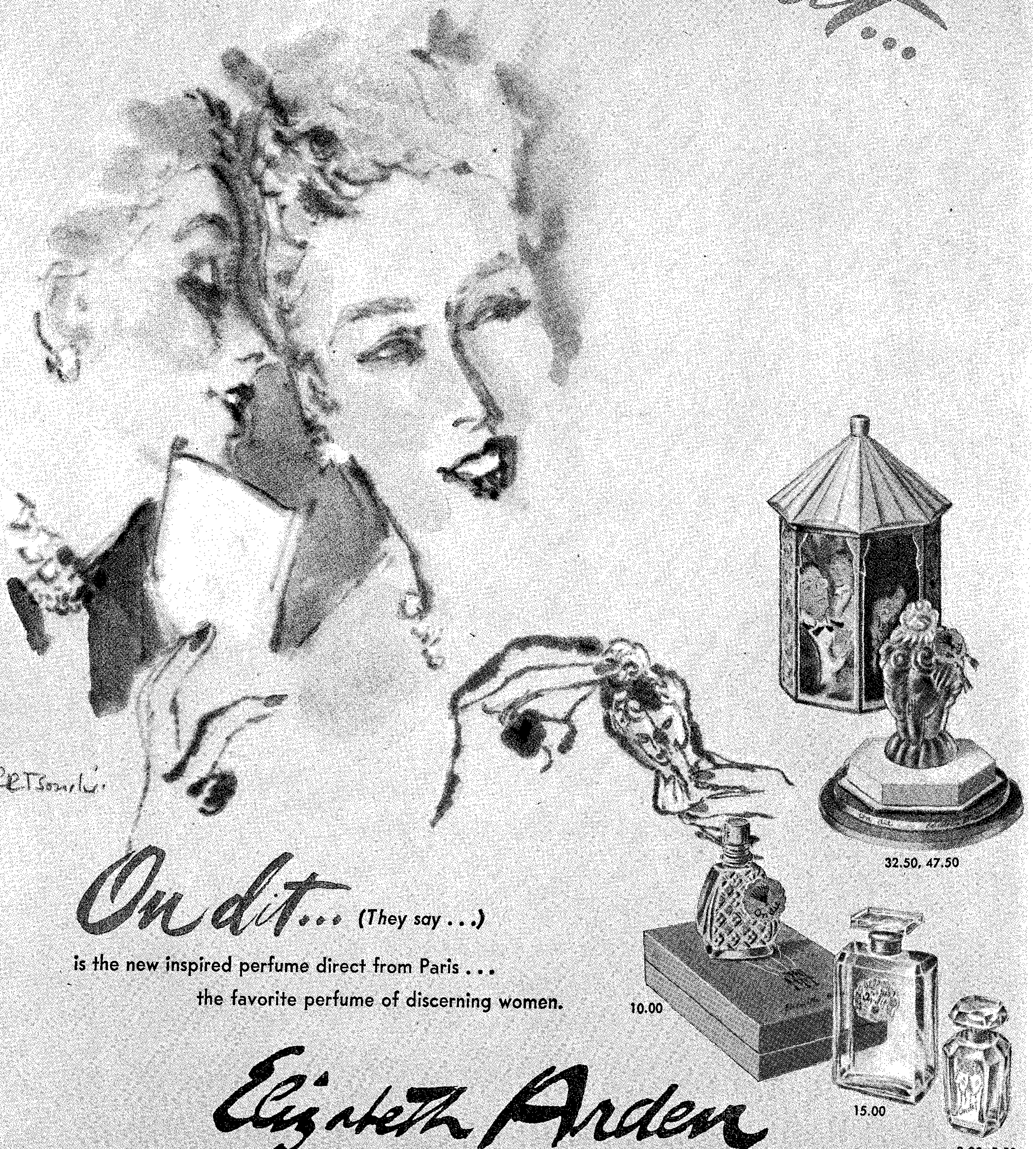
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GOODBYE AT THE BUS STOP

Tom Carson was determined not to embarrass his twelve-year-old son, Mike, with a show of affection on the morning they said goodbye. Tom's new job was taking him to Chicago, and he probably wouldn't be able to move his family out there for several months. But for Mike's sake, Tom told himself, he must keep their parting on an unemotional, man-to-man basis. The Carsons were a tribe of unrestrained and unblushing kissers, huggers, and flatterers, but the boy's mother's people went to the opposite extreme of reserve and reticence. Mike was like them. It was also possible that Emily had made a mistake in his training when he was a baby. She had brought him up by the books that were considered authoritative at that time. She had never taken him up from his crib when he cried, had never allowed him to be fondled or rocked, and had always talked to him as if he were a grownup. Since he had learned to walk and run, no one had been able to get close enough to him to see the whites of his eyes. Whatever the cause of his shyness, Tom respected it and was resolved not to give rein to his emotions.

Breakfast that morning was no different from the breakfast of any other school day. The two younger boys weren't old enough to grasp the idea that this was the day their father was going away, and neither Mike nor Emily mentioned the fact at the table. At the end of the meal, when Mike had collected his schoolbooks and was starting toward the kitchen to get his tin lunchbox, Tom got up and followed him.

Mike stopped in the kitchen doorway and looked back. "You driving me to the bus this morning, instead of Mother?" he asked.

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"I certainly am, young man," Tom said. "You don't think I'd let your mother deprive me of that pleasure on the last day I'll be seeing you, do you?"

Mike stood in the doorway a moment, his face a blank. His lower lip had a patch of chapped, black skin and hung open almost sullenly. Then, without speaking, he went on into the kitchen. His silent exit left Tom's words echoing fatuously in his own mind, and Tom fumbled in the dark of the hall coat closet for a while before he got back his composure.

"You'd better hurry, dear," Emily Carson said to her husband from the table, where she was pouring herself a second cup of coffee. "Sometimes the bus is early."

"Yes. Let's get going, Mike," Tom said as the boy returned from the kitchen with his lunchbox. "Have you got everything—books, homework, money?"

"Yes, sir," Mike said.

They went to the garage, and Tom backed the car out into the lane. It was a cold morning, but sunny. He waited for Mike to close the garage doors, and then, as the boy got in beside him, Tom remarked, "Paper said snow, but it doesn't look like it."

Hunched in the seat, with the broad collar of his pea jacket turned up about his ears, Mike said, "Mr. Bridewell promised us, if it snowed, he'd take the class sliding this afternoon, instead of gym."

"I always have to stop and think when you say sliding," Tom said. "When I was a boy, we called it sledding or coasting. If we said sliding, we meant—well, you know, sliding on the ice on our feet."

"Yes, sir," Mike said. "You explained that to me once before."

They rode in silence down the rutted lane till they came to the macadam road that led to the highway. There, Tom settled himself more comfortably behind the steering wheel and cleared his throat.

"Mike," he said, "I hope you understand why I'm making this change. It isn't easy for me to go off alone like this and live by myself in a strange place until I can find a home for your mother and you boys to come to."

"You're going to make more money in Chicago," Mike said.

"Well, the job in Chicago does pay better, but it's what we're going to do with the money that matters. You see, I want you boys to have the best education I can afford to give you. You'll be ready for college before very long, Mike, and I want to do the best I can for you. You understand that, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

Glancing sidewise, Tom saw that the boy's pink-and-white face was suddenly animated. Then he realized that Mike was looking down the road at a farmer who was having trouble driving a cow through a gate.

"Mr. Cook ought to fix his fence,"

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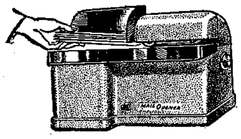

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Mike said when he saw his father looking at him. "Yesterday, his cows all got out into the road."

Mike's face was so ingenuous and good-humored when he was amused by something, and he looked so much like his mother, that Tom suddenly had to turn away. "Well, about this move to Chicago," he said. "I hope you aren't dreading the change of schools next fall. I know you've been very happy at Country Day, but—"

"Oh, that's O.K.," Mike said quickly. "I thought I wouldn't like Florida, either, when you joined the Navy and they sent you down there. But I did like it, and when you got out of the Navy, I didn't want to come back here. Remember?"

Tom recognized the speech as an echo of adult reasoning, and he knew that Emily must have answered the boy's misgivings with that argument. The discovery hurt a little. It meant that Emily was closer to the boy than he was, that Mike had already gone to her with his questions about the change of schools.

"That's right," Tom said. "So you'll probably like Chicago, too, after you've been there awhile." But there was no real conviction in his voice. His own parents had moved several times during his boyhood, and he remembered how, each time, he had lain awake at night dreading the unknown. Confronted with a change, children were actually more conservative than adults, he supposed. It was all he could do to keep from laying a comforting hand on the coarse blue sleeve of his son's jacket. But he restrained himself. Mike was probably feeling none of the anguish he imagined. "Mike is a very adaptable child," Emily was always assuring him. Tom concluded that he himself was very likely fearing the unknown in Chicago more than Mike was.

They came to the highway, and Tom parked the car facing in the direction from which Mike's bus would come. "I guess we're early, or else the bus is late," he said.

"Yesterday morning, we missed it," Mike said. "We had to go tearing after it to the next stop."

They both laughed.

"Your mother didn't tell me about that," Tom said. Then he became serious. There wasn't much time left. "Mike, I want you to take good care of your mother while I'm away."

"Yes, sir," Mike said stiffly.

"Remember that the boys are still practically babies. Be as patient as you can with them, and help your mother all you can, will you?"

"Yes, sir."

Mike sounded impatient, and Tom told himself that it was time to abandon that vein, anyhow. A lump was beginning to form in his throat, and he knew it would be hazardous to continue. "Sliding this afternoon if it snows, eh?" he said brightly, returning to a safe subject. "Well, for your sake, I hope it snows, although you know how I usually feel about snow. But I'll be on the train all afternoon, and I don't care what the weather does."

He thought he saw his son give him a quick glance, and, deciding that he was talking too much, he lapsed into silence. In profile, the boy's face was expressionless, the lower lip hanging open slightly.

THEY sat without talking for several minutes, hunched deep in their coats, retreating from the cold, as they watched for the bus, and even when it appeared on the brow of the hill a mile or so away, neither of them spoke.

Tom began to congratulate himself. He had almost slipped over into sentimentality once or twice, but he had not made any serious blunders, and there was only a minute or so left. Soon he'd be back at the house having his second cup of coffee, and he'd feel better.

As the big black-and-orange bus, full of boys Mike's age, slowed down for the stop, Tom Carson sucked in his breath. "Well, son—" he began.

Without any warning, Mike flung his arms about his father's neck, hugged him, and plastered his cold, wet, chapped lips against Tom's cheek. "Goodbye, Dad," he said, almost inaudibly. Then, ducking his head so that Tom could not see his face, he sprang out of the car and climbed into the bus.

"Goodbye, son," Tom called after him. "Goodbye, old fellow."

But the door of the bus had already closed. —WILLIAM E. WILSON

•

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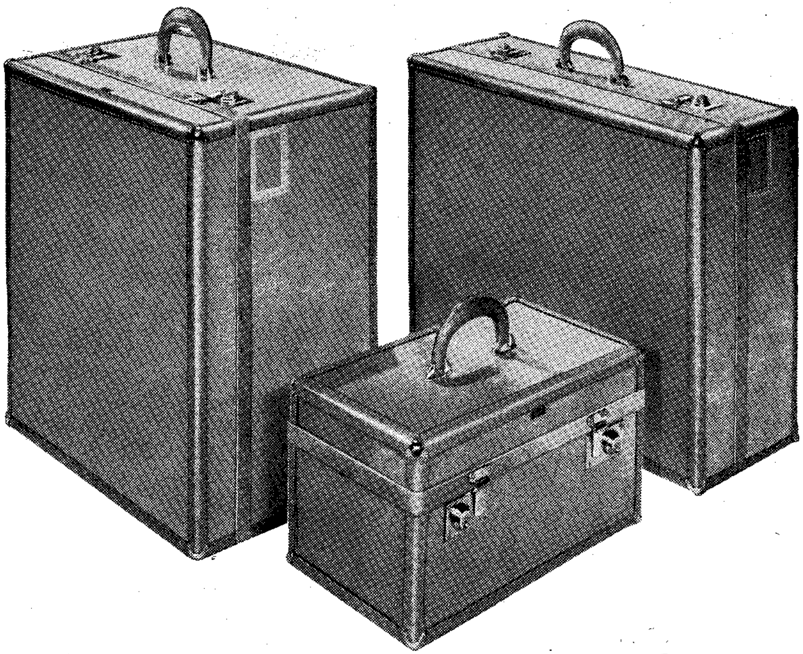
[From the Times]

With the ballroom in darkness, a spotlight was thrown on a 400-pound steer carved out of a 400-pound cake of ice.

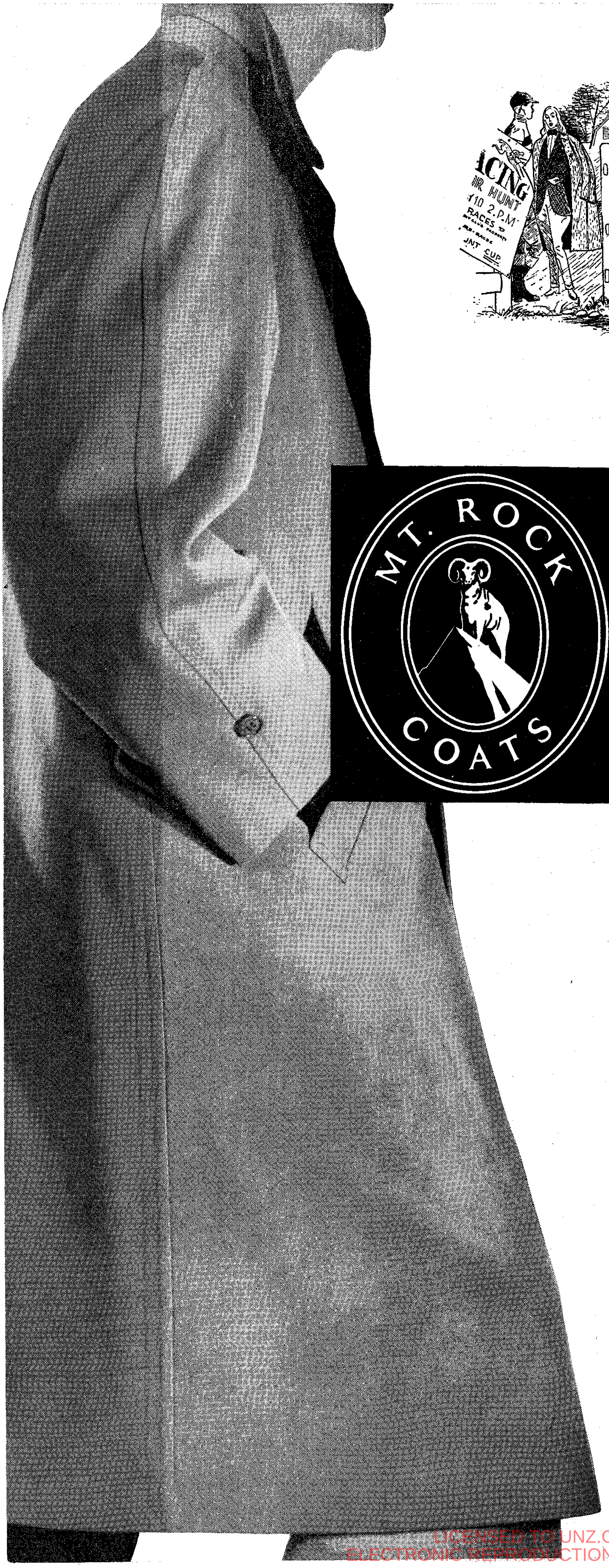


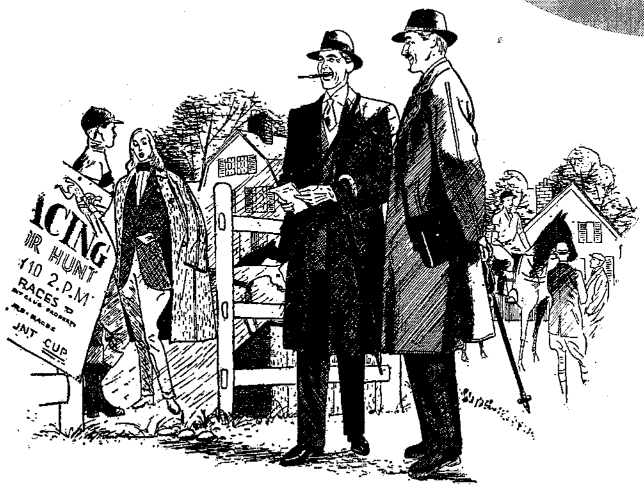
Hartmann
SKYMATE LUGGAGE
is simple to distinguish
in a crowd . . .
because it stands alone in its
distinguished simplicity.

You'll be distinctively equipped to travel anywhere, anytime —by land, or sea, or air—with Hartmann Skymate Luggage . . . so spacious, sturdy, and delightfully convenient to handle. The Hat and Shoe Case, Mayfair Wardrobe, and Train Case are shown here in a pale-topaz rawhide covering.

Hartmann
HARTMANN COMPANY · RACINE, WISCONSIN

They fit!





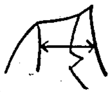
Sketched at the races—Mt. Rock's single breasted box coat—in button-through or fly-front treatment with patch or slash pockets . . . and the raglan as shown . . . and also styled with convertible military type collar. **A note to the ladies**—this full swing raglan worn so casually is a Mt. Rock too. There are ten other styles. Write Mt. Rock for your nearest dealer.

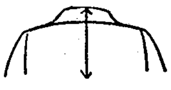
MT. ROCK COATS

They fit!

Gabardine's back and Mt. Rock's got it! . . . the wearable, wonderful gabardine you haven't seen in a long, long time. The smooth-finished, hard-surfaced, all-wool fabric that takes to tailoring with handsome finesse. It's an exclusive by Ardsley and all yours in Mt. Rock Topcoats. In fly-front or button-through styles. Set-in or raglan sleeves. Weighs only 15 to 15½ ounces. And remember, it's always fair weather in this all-season, shower-proofed Topcoat. In gray, light green, light blue, tan, dark brown and natural.

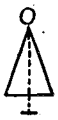
All Mt. Rock Coats fit . . . because they have extra width from here to there, keeping the lapels flat.



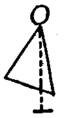


They fit because they have extra depth from here to there, making the collars snug, the shoulders smooth.

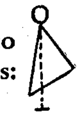
They fit because they put you in the middle of your coat where you should be. Like this:



Instead of too far front like this:



Or too far to the rear like this:



Other Mt. Rock Coats are handsomely tailored in a complete selection of Tweeds, Cheviots, Fleeces, Coverts and Camel's Hair. America's most fitting topcoats in exclusive fabrics from four great mills, Ardsley, Cerey, Continental and Worumbo. $50 to $120.

Send for don herold's book, "This Man Just Had a Fit"

They fit!

They fit! They fit! They fit! They fit! They fit! They fit!

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Albuquerque, N. M.—Kistler-Collister & Co.
Allentown, Pa.—Koch Bros.
Altoona, Pa.—The Westfall Co.
Amarillo, Texas—Harry Holland
Amherst, Mass.—E. M. Switzer, Thomas F. Walsh
Amsterdam, N. Y.—Sochin's
Anderson, S. C.—Scott's, Inc.
Ann Arbor, Mich.—Fiegel's
Asbury Park, N. J.—Shutts Clothiers
Ashland, Ky.—Youngdale's Men's Shop
Ashtabula, Ohio—Heath & Wood
Atchison, Kansas—George H. Falter Co.
Atlanta, Ga.—Parks Chambers, Inc.
Atlantic City, N. J.—Algar & Co.
Auburn, N. Y.—Marshall's Clothing Store
Austin, Texas—Hutchins Bros.
Baltimore, Md.—Isaac Hamburger & Sons, Warner & Co.
Bangor, Maine—Lyford Woodward Co.
Barre, Vt.—F. H. Rogers Co.
Batavia, N. Y.—E. J. Beardsley Co.
Bath, N. Y.—M. Cohn & Sons
Battle Creek, Mich.—Paul R. Button
Bay City, Mich.—Walt & Stan
Bayshore, N. Y.—New Men's Shop
Beaver Falls, Pa.—Taylor's
Bellevue, Wash.—Steil-Norquist, Inc.
Bellows Falls, Vt.—J. J. Fenton Co.
Bennington, Vt.—The Adams Store
Berkeley, Calif.—Malik
Berwick, Pa.—Men's Quality Shop
Biddeford, Maine—Lewis Polakewich
Billings, Mont.—F. A. Buttrey Co.
Binghamton, N. Y.—Sall-Stearns, Sisson Bros.-Welden Co.
Birmingham, Ala.—Burger-Phillips
Bloomsburg, Pa.—Lee-Pats
Boise, Idaho—Ralph Davis Men's Store, Meffert & Johnson
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co., Kennedy's, Inc.
Bradford, Pa.—Jas. R. Evans Co.
Brattleboro, Vt.—Goodnow Pearson & Hunt, Inc.
Bridgeport, Conn.—Davis & Savard
Bristol, Conn.—Savard & McCarthy
Brockton, Mass.—Linehan
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus, Sam & Mack
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Canandaigua, N. Y.—Shenkman's, Inc.
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Charlotte, N. C.—Jack Wood, Ltd.
Chattanooga, Tenn.—Davidson's
Chicago, Ill.—Irving Bogin, Inc., Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Morris B. Sachs, Inc.
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Columbus, Ohio—The Union Co.
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Crawfordsville, Ind.—Steck's
Cumberland, Md.—The Manhattan
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio—The Sport Shop
Dallas, Texas—Neiman-Marcus
Davenport, Iowa—Syndicate Clothing Co.
Dayton, Ohio—Dunhill's
Decatur, Ind.—Cal. E. Peterson
Delaware, Ohio—Leo C. Wilson
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Des Moines, Iowa—Frankel Clothing Co., The New Utica Clothing Co.
Detroit, Mich.—F. G. Clayton Co., Crowley Milner Co., Demery & Co., E. J. Hickey Co., Roberts & Co., Schmitz & Shroder
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East Liverpool, Ohio—Frank Diamond
East Los Angeles, Calif.—Harris & Frank
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Elmira, N. Y.—Burt's, Inc.
Erie, Pa.—P. A. Meyer & Son
Eugene, Ore.—Joe Richards Men's Store
Evansville, Ind.—Strouse & Bro.
Fairmount, W. Va.—Maunz Individual Shops
Fall River, Mass.—Nobby Men's Shop
Fargo, N. D.—Matt Siegel Clothing Co.
Fayetteville, Ark.—Boston Store Dry Goods Co.
Fitchburg, Mass.—F. H. Lane Co.
Flint, Mich.—Buckingham's
Flushing, L. I., N. Y.—Nusbaum's
Framingham, Mass.—Carpenter's Men's Shop
Franklin, Pa.—Sykes & Kline, Inc.
Ft. Smith, Ark.—Boston Store Dry Goods Co.
Ft. Wayne, Ind.—Golden's Men's Wear
Ft. Worth, Texas—John L. Ashe, Inc., W. C. Stripling Co.
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Glendale, Calif.—Harris & Frank
Grand Rapids, Mich.—Wurzburg Co.
Great Barrington, Mass.—Lloyd H. Height, Inc.
Great Falls, Mont.—Kaufman Clothing Co.
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Greenfield, Mass.—H. G. Carson Co.
Greensboro, N. C.—Younts DeBoe Co., Inc.
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Greenville, N. C.—Frank Wilson
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Hanover, N. H.—James Campion, Inc.
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Jeannette, Pa.—Katz's
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Lewisburg, Pa.—Brough's
Lewiston, Maine—Cronin & Root
Lexington, Ky.—Angelucci & Ringo
Lincoln, Nebr.—Magee's
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Lockport, N. Y.—M. D. Clapsattle
Long Beach, Calif.—Harris & Frank
Los Angeles, Calif.—Harris & Frank
Louisville, Ky.—Loevenhart & Co.
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Lubbock, Texas—Walton's Men's Store
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San Antonio, Texas—Fomby's, Frank Bros., Hutchins Bros.
San Bernardino, Calif.—Harris & Frank
San Diego, Calif.—Harris & Frank
Sandusky, Ohio—Byer Bros.
Sanford, Maine—Beaudoin & Roberge
San Francisco, Calif.—The White House
San Jose, Calif.—Leon Jacobs
San Marino, Calif.—Charles Ernst
San Mateo, Calif.—The London Shop
Santa Ana, Calif.—Harris & Frank
Santa Barbara, Calif.—Harris & Frank
Santa Monica, Calif.—Harris & Frank
Savannah, Ga.—Men's Quality Shop
Schenectady, N. Y.—Nusbaum's
Scranton, Pa.—Samter Bros.
Seattle, Wash.—Bender & Kohlstadt, Pragers
Seneca Falls, N. Y.—Seneca Clothing Co.
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Springfield, Ill.—Arch Wilson, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.—Haynes & Co., Albert Steiger Co.
Springfield, Mo.—Marx Clothing Co.
Springfield, Ohio—The Harvard
Stamford, Conn.—Frank Martin & Sons
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Superior, Wis.—Siegel Bros.
Syracuse, N. Y.—Wells & Coverly
Tacoma, Wash.—Baker's Men's Shop
Tarrytown, N. Y.—Levitans
Taunton, Mass.—The Seeley Co.
Titusville, Pa.—Ralph Cohen
Toledo, Ohio—H. O. Nichols Co.
Topeka, Kansas—Ray Beers Clo. Co.
Trenton, N. J.—Jahos Bros.
Troy, N. Y.—Wells & Coverly
Tulsa, Okla.—The Palace Clothiers, Woolf Bros.
Tupper Lake, N. Y.—Ginsberg Dept. Store
Twin Falls, Idaho—Idaho Dept. Store, Inc.
Utica, N. Y.—Henry Martin Co.
Virginia, Minn.—Palace Clothing Co.
Waltham, Mass.—Collins & Rooney
Washington, D. C.—Raleigh Haberdasher, Woodward & Lothrop
Washington, Pa.—C. H. Jones & Sons
Waterbury, Conn.—Jones Morgan & Co.
Watertown, N. Y.—J. Lebovsky
Waterville, Maine—Stevens Men's Shop
Waukegan, Ill.—The Globe Dept. Store
Wellesley, Mass.—ARA
Westfield, Mass.—H. S. Eaton Clothing Co.
West New York, N. J.—Schlesinger's
Wheeling, W. Va.—Max Crone & Co.
Wichita, Kansas—Woolf Bros.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—The Hub
Williamsport, Pa.—Hoover & Gehron
Williamstown, Mass.—House of Walsh
Willimantic, Conn.—Church Reed Co.
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Woonsocket, R. I.—Mousseau's
Wooster, Ohio—Nick Amster
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Youngstown, Ohio—G. M. McKelvey Co., Men's Fashion Shop

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Crime, Foreign and Domestic

A GOOD many realistic views of Manhattan, pinned down by a competent camera, distinguish "The Naked City," a picture produced by the late Mark Hellinger, whose voice is occasionally heard on the sound track explaining the wonders of the town. Mr. Hellinger's remarks are about as penetrating as the spiel of a guide on a sightseeing bus, and the film resorts to all kinds of flummery to force the real complexities of New York to conform to the simple and sentimental concept of the city so often set forth in the Broadway columns. "The Naked City," plainly determined to be a definitive item, starts out with some random shots of Manhattan at night—a silent office building, in which a scrubwoman complains, "Sometimes I think the world is made up of nothing but dirty feet;" a factory, where we are asked by the sound track, "Do the machines in a factory ever need rest?;" and so on, until we land in an apartment where a lady of sensationally easy virtue is being chloroformed. At this point, the picture decides that it's got hold of something big, and in no time we are floundering around in a murder mystery that has the police baffled, though any spectator who stays awake ought to be able to figure the thing out in no more than ten or fifteen minutes. Presumably to show that New York can be funny as well as terrifying, "The Naked City" presents such scenes as a pair of girls in bargain-basement outfits staring at a well-dressed mannequin in a regal shop. "Imagine me in that," says one of the girls, flatting her "a"'s in the customary fallacious interpretation of a subway accent. Of the actors who participate in this slow-moving piece, Barry Fitzgerald is the one who has my deepest sympathy, not because of his performance (though it is, Lord knows, a dull business) but because his role as a detective, as I'm sure he must have realized, is as thin as cardboard. He manages to look mischievous every so often, but most of the time he acts as if he knows he's licked. The rest of the cast might be described as standard equipment. Don Taylor, who serves as a young detective under Mr. Fitzger-

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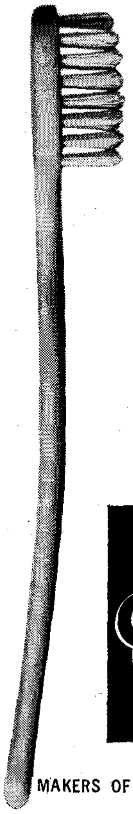

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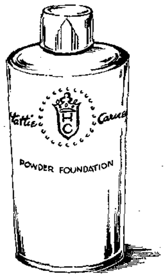

New make-up lotion, light or dark shade
4 oz.—2.00, plus tax

Hattie Carnegie
42 East 49th St. through to 48th St., New York 17

ald, does the film less good than any of his colleagues do.

THE French are also in with a crime film, called "Jenny Lamour," and it isn't very much better than "The Naked City," even though it exhibits Louis Jouvet, in the role of a detective as persistent as Javert about his work. The trouble in this one revolves around a jealous husband, his flibbertigibbety wife, and a nasty old lecher who gets his comeuppance when he is simultaneously beaned with a wine bottle and shot, a combination of difficulties that proves too much for him. There is constant squabbling between the husband and wife, which may be true to life but is, nevertheless, enervating to listen to. Furthermore, the two are in vaudeville, and the acts that are woven in with their woes made me reflect that only a remarkably primitive taste could have been responsible for my childhood love of Variety. Every now and then, however, there's a good, rousing scene in the picture.

IN "The Sign of the Ram," a title based on some astrological mumbo jumbo, we have a pretty, young cripple gumming up the lives of her Cornish family by all kinds of tricks and stratagems. The cripple is played by Susan Peters, a capable actress who has been confined to a wheel chair since 1945, when she was hurt in a hunting accident, but despite her gallant efforts, and those of such actors as Alexander Knox and Dame May Whitty, the piece remains disjointed and preposterous, cloudy in plot and wearisome in dialogue.

"BLACK BART" reveals Dan Duryea sticking up coaches of the Wells, Fargo Company and mooing foolishly at Yvonne De Carlo, who plays Lola Montez, the celebrated dancer. The film is in Technicolor, and will put you to sleep faster than any other bright, whirling object you ever stared at. . . . "Song of My Heart" is supposed to be a biography of Tschaikowsky. The best thing to be said about it is that it is so inept that it almost certainly won't be responsible for another nationwide outburst of that "Piano Concerto No. 1." Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Mikhail Rasumny are among those present and cheerlessly accounted for.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

ONE WORLD DEPARTMENT

[*Item on the menu of the Rainbow Café, Minneapolis*]

Pork chop suey, Spanish style.

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This polished **CALFSKIN HANDBAG** in the new cosy size, in keeping with this Spring's suits and feminine prints... yet capacious enough to hold all your essentials. An interesting bar fastening of gilt metal, a lining and change purse in leather. Comb, mirror, zipper compartment... every detail reflective of Mark Cross quality. Black, red, navy, brown. $37.50, plus 20% excise tax.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

A PERVERSE, UNGRATEFUL, MALEFICENT MALADY

GOUT has been making life miserable for a fairly large portion of the human race for at least four thousand years, and there is no good reason to believe that it will not continue to do so for a long time to come. Most medical men agree, in one of the profession's infrequent excursions toward unanimity, that gout is among the oldest of diseases. Some of them go even further; they believe that gout probably was the first serious physical disorder with which mankind was afflicted. In their opinion, it has been in existence ever since man became civilized enough to provide more than rudimentary satisfaction for his hunger and thirst. They regard gout as a corollary of progress and a symbol of a superior culture, like airsickness. Sufferers from gout occasionally find a scrap of comfort in this point of view. It is one of the few consolations they have.

The torments that the gouty are called upon to endure border on the intolerable. An attack of gout invariably is accompanied by prolonged and excruciating pain. "Screw up the vise as tightly as possible, and you have rheumatism," a gouty American physician named Morris Longstreth wrote in 1882. "Give it another turn, and that is gout." The peculiar agony of gout has also been acknowledged by the poets, one of whom—James Thomson, a minor-keyed Scotsman—wrote in a verse called "The Castle of Indolence":

> The sleepless gout here counts the crowing
> cocks,
> A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent
> stings.

Thomas Sydenham, the greatest clinical physician of the seventeenth century and one of gout's most wretched victims, declared that while suffering from an attack he could not tolerate the weight of bedclothes on his throbbing foot "nor the shaking of the floor from a person's walking briskly thereon." Sydney Smith, the eighteenth-century clergyman and wit, observed, in a letter to a friend, "When I have the gout, I feel as if I was walking on my eyeballs." According to the testimony of victims who have experienced a wide variety of painful afflictions, the tortures of gout are exceeded only by those of migraine and *tic douloureux*, a disorder that affects one of the facial nerves. *Tic douloureux* can be cured by surgery, however, and sufferers from migraine can sometimes be relieved by more complicated methods. Gout is incurable. Its attacks are periodic, occurring, on the average, once or twice a year during the early stages of the affliction and more and more frequently as it takes a firmer hold. During an especially savage seizure, some victims have been known to long for death. But even this release is almost certain to be denied them, because the disease is rarely, if ever, fatal.

THE gouty, unlike those stricken by other unshakable maladies, seldom achieve a state of Christian resignation. Gout tends to inflame their tempers. Some doctors have come to look upon extreme cantankerousness as a definite symptom of the disease. The spleen of the gouty is often directed against the disease itself. It is not uncommon for a gout sufferer to invest his malady with human characteristics. "Yes, yes," wrote Horace Walpole, who was one of the afflicted. "I know its ways and its Jesuitic evasions." Human beings have rarely been more bitterly abused than gout. Perhaps the most caustic of all attacks on the disease is contained in a treatise by George Herman Ellwanger, an otherwise uncelebrated upstate journalist, written in 1897. Gout, he stated, is "a perverse, ungrateful, maleficent malady, that delights upon the slightest pretext in assaulting vulnerable humanity at the most unseasonable hours and inconvenient times; an affliction that is especially prone to picket clubmen, physicians, poets, and heads of official departments; a stomachic metabasis that in some indeterminable, underhanded way is occasionally connected with the moderate use of certain wines and malt-liquors, though these be otherwise of an innocuous character . . . a stealthy, rancorous, irascible, mordacious disorder, masked under many forms, that continues to defy the science, skill, and pharmacopoeia of the medical profession. It is the charlock of maladies, that may thrive in every soil and will not be eradicated,—the wolf of diseases, with ensanguined fangs and encarmined jowl, who refuses to be baited even with asafoetida. . . . Its poison comes by heritage, its venom lurks in the wine-cup, its seeds are sown at the gatherings of good-cheer."

History records only one victim of gout whose disposition is said to have remained sunny during spells of the disease. That was John Milton, who, according to John Aubrey, an early biographer of the poet, "would be chearfull even in his gowtefitts, and sing." This is held by people who have gout to be one of the most suspect statements

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in English literature. Gout drives its victims into humiliating loneliness. Ordinarily, the sight of a man in nearly unendurable pain stirs his friends and loved ones to tender expressions of pity and murmurs of encouragement. Gout rarely evokes this humane response. People seem disinclined to pamper the gouty. Sydenham didn't say whether the members of his household refrained from stomping around in his bedroom, but the chances are that they did not. Practically everybody who is not afflicted with gout is comfortably, if perhaps incorrectly, persuaded that it has much in common with a hangover; that it is no more, in other words, than an extreme state of self-induced physiological dishevelment. William Cowper, the eighteenth-century British poet, shared this stern, ungenerous view. He referred to gout, which he happened not to suffer from, as "pangs arthritic that infest the toe of libertine excess." Dr. David Hosack, who practiced in New York during the early nineteenth century, felt much the same way. "Many have lost their gout with their fortunes," he noted crustily. He went on to say, with diminishing crispness, that by fortune he meant "its attendants, ease, indolence, luxury, and habits of intemperance, both in eating and drinking." Notions of this sort, which are widespread, cause some prosperous and sedentary gout sufferers to feel self-conscious when drinking anything but water or eating anything but the simplest food; the reactions of the less affluent, and of necessity more active, gouty, who are often teetotallers, and sometimes vegetarians as well, are usually less introverted. A further peculiarity of gout is that many people who do not suffer from it consider it droll. As Cowper implied, the disease generally settles in one of the toes. The left big toe is the one affected in most instances. This eccentricity of the affliction has a subtle appeal to a certain type of sense of humor. People have been known to laugh uproariously at the despairing groans of a patient with a throbbing toe.

NOT all sufferers from gout are even fortunate enough to know what is the matter with them. In a large number of cases, this is not because they neglect to consult a doctor. Gout has always been a misunderstood disease, but not for several hundred years has it been as badly misunderstood as it is today. Dr. John H. Talbott, Professor of Medicine at the University of Buffalo, expressed the belief not long ago, in a monograph entitled "Gout," that there might be at least a third of a million gouty people in the United States. "It is safe to estimate," he added, "that only a portion of this number is diagnosed as gout and treated for same." Other experts agree with Dr. Talbott. "It is sometimes easier for the layman friend of the patient to suspect the presence of gout than the patient or his physician," Dr. Philip S. Hench, of the Mayo Clinic, lately reported. The Mayo Clinic, the University of Buffalo, the Massachusetts General Hospital, and the Presbyterian Hospital here are the only institutions in the country where gout is currently the subject of serious investigation. Most contemporary physicians apparently regard it as old-fashioned to recognize this ancient disease when they see it. They prefer to think that they are tilting with more up-to-date and less stubborn ailments. In 1932, the *British Medical Journal* announced joyfully that "gout is an almost extinct disease." These glad, if somewhat impulsive, tidings were accepted with relief and alacrity in this country as well as in England by practically all members of the profession except the gout specialists. Several of the latter felt impelled to protest. "Fashions in therapy may have some justification, fashions in diagnosis have none," Dr. W. W. Herrick and Dr. T. Lloyd Tyson, members of the faculty of the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons, who had encountered a great deal of gout, complained in the *American Journal of the Medical Sciences*. "Strangely enough, acute gout, one of the oldest maladies known to medicine, seems almost to have become one of the forgotten diseases. Here is a definite clinical entity of which there is ample description and record and which in its ordinary manifestations is easy of recognition; and yet it seems to have become the fashion persistently to ignore it in the differential diagnosis of the arthritides. Is this not another example of the closing of the mind to the obvious

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—a fault that so seriously besets all medical diagnosis?"

Some doctors appear to have managed to close their minds to the obvious almost indefinitely. Dr. Abraham Cohen, Chief of the Arthritis Clinic at the Philadelphia General Hospital, has reported that during a five-year study he came across forty cases of well-advanced gout, six of which, though under medical observation, had run on for more than twenty years without being properly diagnosed. The most fashionable error in diagnosis at the moment is to confuse gout with one or another of the more elaborate forms of arthritis, a disease to which it is, as a matter of fact, related. Some doctors who are persuaded that gout is an anachronism merely diagnose it as a sprain or an infection and cause their patients unnecessary torment by applying the customary methods of treating such ailments. Occasionally these cases of mistaken identity approach the spectacular. One instance of this sort recently came to the attention of Drs. Herrick and Tyson. "Mr. W. A. M., aged fifty-five," they subsequently wrote, "complained of attacks . . . in the ankles, knees, and great toes, at intervals, for twelve years. With each, a newly infected tooth had been found and removed." Mr. W. A. M., it turned out, was suffering from gout, which has nothing to do with the condition of the teeth. A year or two ago, repeated encounters with clumsy diagnoses prompted three Boston physicians—Dr. Joseph P. McCracken, Dr. Philip S. Owen, and Dr. Joseph H. Pratt—to offer their fellow-subscribers to the A. M. A. *Journal* a handy pointer on the recognition of gout. "Acute inflammation of the first metatarsophalangeal joint almost always means gout and should be so treated," they wrote. (The first metatarsophalangeal joint is in the big toe.) "Unless the disease is recognized," they added, with perhaps unconscious tartness, "adequate treatment is impossible."

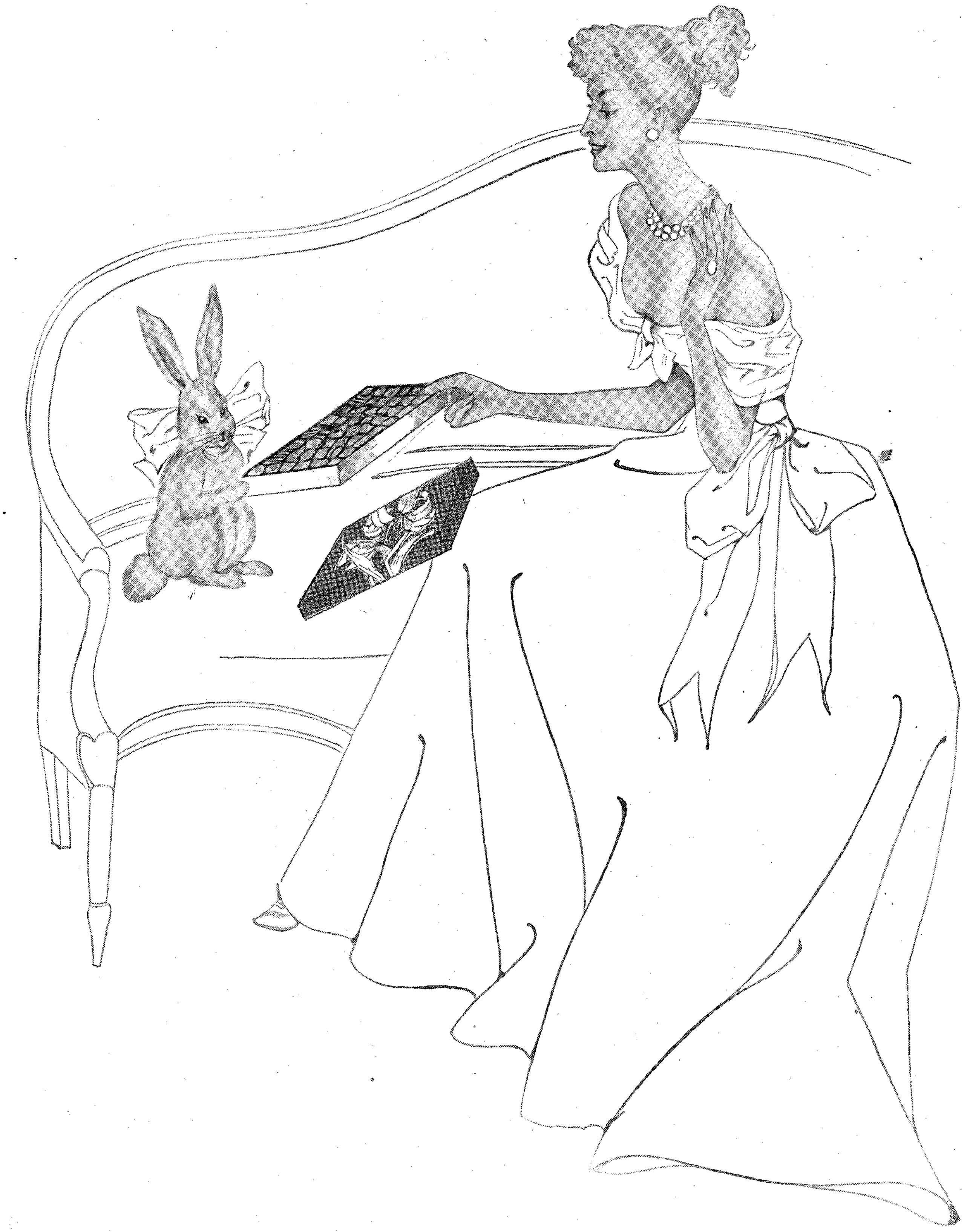
ALTHOUGH gout cannot be cured, the severity of its periodic attacks can be lessened and their duration greatly shortened by treatment involving the use of a drug called colchicum, which is obtained from meadow saffron, or *Colchicum autumnale.* Colchicum was discovered by the ancient Greeks and named by them for Colchis, the country in Asia Minor where Medea is supposed to have practiced her black arts and where meadow saffron was first found. The drug is a powerful diuretic and cathartic, and a vicious poison. It is also a specific for gout, but it has no known effect on any other disease. In this, it differs from practically all other drugs. Its potency is staggering. Gram for gram, colchicum is seven hundred times more potent than aspirin. An untreated attack of gout often lasts as long as two weeks. Colchicum usually ends an attack within forty-eight hours. Just how colchicum goes about doing this, doctors do not know. One reason they do not is that the cause of gout is not known.

The dossier on gout is, nevertheless, a fairly thick one. Gout is believed to be primarily, if not exclusively, a familial ailment. It is also believed to be essentially a metabolic disease. The human body normally contains a small amount of uric acid, a chemical substance that is produced during the digestion of certain foods and alcoholic beverages. An abnormal amount of uric acid in the body is a symptom of gout. Most physicians who are familiar with gout, however, are certain that uric acid is no more the basic cause of gout than sugar is the basic cause of diabetes. On the other hand, such experts say, if a person comes from a gouty family, and is therefore presumably susceptible to gout, an increase in the amount of uric acid in his system will probably precipitate an attack, just as will the introduction of sugar into the blood stream of a diabetic. Uric acid is non-toxic. In the course of treating other diseases, large quantities of it have been injected into the veins of people with no known gouty forebears and no sign of the disease has developed. Uric acid is, to be sure, the direct cause of the physical crippling that sometimes develops in cases of advanced gout, for it has a way of forming crystalline deposits in the joints of the arms and legs, but since these deposits do not appear until the patient has been a sufferer for many years, the pain by which all gouty people are tormented cannot very well be attributed to them. Nobody knows what causes the pain of gout.

The hereditary nature of gout may have been suspected by Mother Goose (whose works, as it happens, mention no other disease) when she wrote:

Lazy Tom with jacket blue,
Stole his father's gouty shoe.
The worst of harm that Dad can wish him,
Is his gouty shoe may fit him.

Charles Dickens sensed the hereditary nature of gout, too. In "Bleak House," he says of Sir Leicester Dedlock that he "yields up his family legs to the family disorder, as if he held his name and fortune on that feudal tenure." Sir Leices-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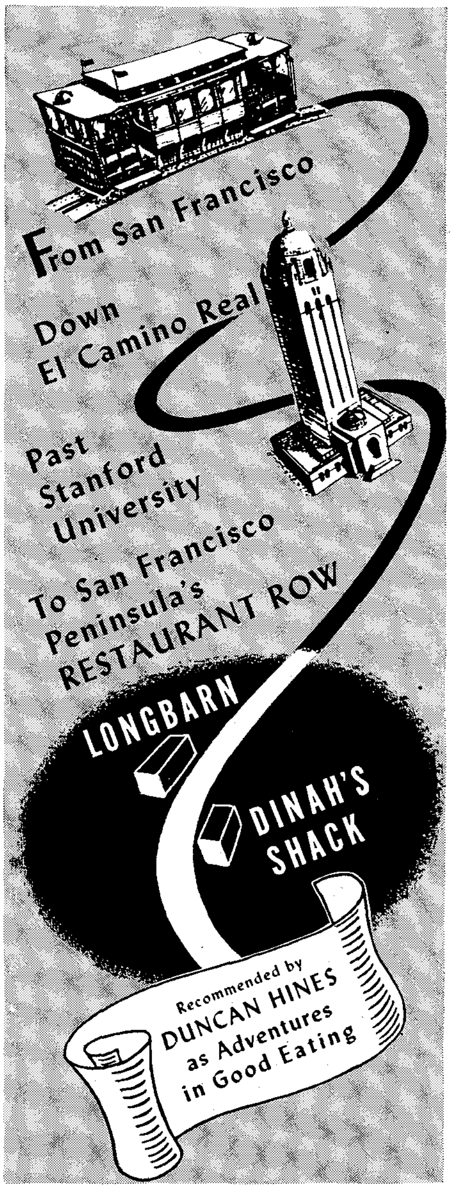
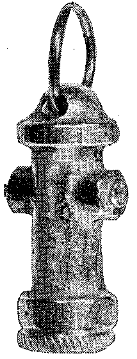
ter's acceptance of his unhappy heritage was an unusually philosophical one. A more human reaction was recorded by James Russell Lowell. "I call my gout the unearned increment from my good grandfather's Madeira," he wrote, "and think how excellent it must have been, and sip it cool from the bin of fancy, and wish he had left me the cause instead of the effect." There is no convincing evidence that gout ever afflicts those who have no inherited predisposition to it. (This does not, unfortunately, explain how the disease got started in the first place.) Gout, like baldness, is one of the misfortunes of masculinity and advancing age. Women hardly ever get it, and only rarely does a man under forty come down with it. Gout also has an unmistakable seasonal incidence. Its victims are most often taken in the early months of the year and in the autumn. Another of the cheerless idiosyncrasies of the disease is that its attacks generally begin an hour or two after midnight. "The regular gout," Sydenham noted in his relentlessly autobiographical "A Treatise of the Gout," "seizes in the following manner: It comes on a sudden towards the close of January, or the beginning of February, giving scarce any sign of its approach. . . . The day preceding the fit the appetite is sharp, but preternatural. The patient goes to bed, and sleeps quietly, till about two in the morning, when he is awakened by a pain, which usually seizes the great toe."

The traditional treatment of gout requires that all foods and beverages highly conducive to the formation of uric acid be firmly avoided. This calls for a heartless regimen. The diet excludes almost every item of food and drink that makes life worth living—meat, game, fowl, fish, gravy, butter, cheese, nuts, mince pie, many vegetables, most soups, rum, brandy, wine, beer, whiskey, gin, and even Wheaties. Some doctors proscribe coffee and tea as well. The gouty are advised to dine as best they can on such plain fare as eggs, grits, dandelion greens, white bread, and potatoes. They may also, if they wish, nibble caviar and zwieback. "If it be objected that a total abstinence from wine and other fermented liquors would render life in a manner insupportable," Sydenham noted wistfully, "I answer, it must be considered." A century or so ago, doctors seemed concerned more with keeping their gouty patients sober than with keeping them undernourished. Sir Alfred Garrod, a prominent nineteenth-century specialist, adopted an almost Volsteadian implacability in this regard. "The use of fermented liquors is the





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most powerful of all the predisposing causes of gout," he wrote, "nay, so powerful, that it may be a question whether gout would ever have been known to mankind had such beverages not been indulged in." Contemporary authorities are beginning to take a somewhat more tolerant view toward drink, and they are far from sure that diet makes much difference. They have not, however, wholly rejected the idea that some relationship exists between gout and gracious living. In the encouragement of gout-sufferers who chafe at austerity, the furthest that Dr. Talbott, for one, will go is to suggest that there are several agents more likely than self-indulgence to bring on an attack. "These include," he recently noted, "drugs, trauma, acute infections, and surgical operations."

THE first known treatment of gout consisted of burning flax near the affected joint, presumably to smoke out the trouble. Hippocrates advocated this innocent therapy in the third century B.C. He is the first physician of record to have recognized gout as a generic disease, and certain of his clinical observations on its seasonal aspects, its striking affinity for males, and its seeming connection with eating and drinking are still more or less valid. He called the disease *podagra*, a Greek word which means a snare for the feet. The term "gout" did not appear until the thirteenth century. It is derived from the Latin *gutta*, meaning "drop," and was hit upon because of a belief, prevalent at the time, that the pain of gout was caused by a poison that entered the afflicted joint drop by drop. In one of the few surviving manuscripts of that period, "The Early South English Legendary, or Lives of the Saints," there is a reference to the affliction: "There cam a goute In is kneo, of Anguische gret . . . So longue, that is kneo to swal."

Hippocrates' strategy of fighting gout with flax smoke seems to have remained in vogue for nearly eight hundred years. Then, about 500 A.D., a Mesopotamian physician named Aëtius, a man, it would seem, of almost unlimited whimsicality, began recommending a month-by-month program for sufferers from the disease who wished to avoid further attacks. "In January," he advised: "take a glass of pure wine every morning; February: eat no beets; March: mix sweets with eatables and drinkables; April: refrain from horse radish; May: eat no polypus fishes; June: take cold water every morning; July: abstain from venery; August: eat

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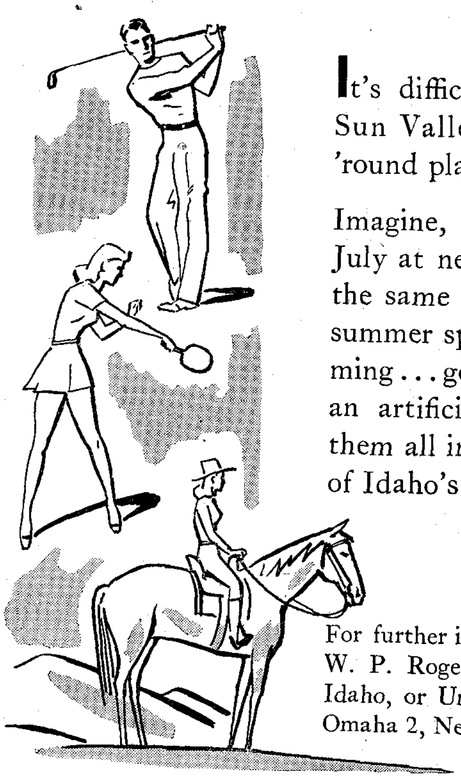

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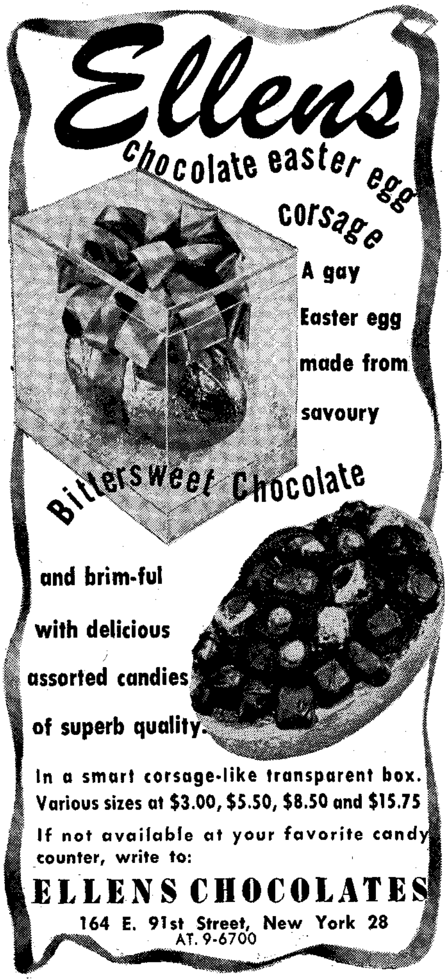

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no mallows; September: drink only milk; October: garlic must be eaten; November: bathing is prohibited; December: eat freely of cabbage." How effective the Aëtius treatment proved to be is not known, but it was generally supplanted half a century later by a formula that a Greek doctor, Alexander of Tralles, worked out. This called for a mixture of caraway seeds, anise, rhubarb, wolf's milk, vinegar, honey, dill, pepper, ginger, aloes, and—pretty much by chance—colchicum. As a result of the colchicum, Alexander got some sensationally successful results, but unfortunately he had included the drug simply as a purge and before long substituted a less violent one.

During the Middle Ages, when the science of medicine reached a state of confusion unequalled even in the more backward cultures along the upper Amazon, many doctors managed to outdo Aëtius in the capriciousness of their remedies. A seventeenth-century Prussian doctor named Daniel Sennert, who was one of the less gifted colleagues of William Harvey, the discoverer of the fact that blood circulates, took to treating gout by applying to the afflicted joint a poultice composed of marsh-mallow leaves, cabbage, barley, and frog sperm. At about the same time, John Loselius, a German physician who seems to have been a naturalist at heart, offered his patients more excitement for their money. "Shave with a razor the hair off both legs," he recommended, "and at the same time cut the nails of hands and feet. This should be in the spring when the sap is flowing, and the day before new moon. Make a hole right into the heartwood of a poplar or oak tree and insert the hair and nails. Stop it tight with a plug made of a branch of the tree, and the transplantation is perfect. Cut off close to the tree that part of the plug that sticks out, and the next day plaster the place well with cow dung. If the patient does not in the next three months feel the *malum* again," he added, sidestepping quickly, "he can credit it to the tree." Many English and French physicians in the early eighteenth century believed that gout could be cured by a touch of the hand of George I or Louis XIV. The inability of the latter, who was a lifelong sufferer from gout, to cure himself undoubtedly led to some awkward moments at medical get-togethers. In 1735, Sir Richard Blackmore, a pioneer Coué, announced that gout was all in the mind. "Fright can cause and cure an attack," he said, and turned his attention to something else. It was not until 1763 that colchicum's effectiveness in relieving gout sufferers was detected. Baron von Stoerck, of Vienna, is generally credited with this discovery. The drug was introduced to this country by Benjamin Franklin, who had a terrible time with gout and got wind of the colchicum treatment during his stay in France.

GOUT seems always to have had a special fondness for men of consequence. Alexander the Great and Kubla Khan had it. So did Ben Jonson, Talleyrand, Martin Luther, John Wesley, Henry Fielding, Edward Gibbon, Thomas Gray, Stendhal, Sir Isaac Newton, Samuel Johnson, the Pitts (father and son), William Congreve, Francis Bacon, William Harvey, Lord Tennyson, Walter Savage Landor, Charles Darwin, General Winfield Scott, Guy de Maupassant, and John Barrymore. The idea that gout has a habit of striking in the upper brackets of accomplishment appealed strongly to Sydenham. "But indeed in this manner have lived, and in this manner have finally died, majestic Kings, Rulers, Generals, Philosophers, and Admirals, and many others of like rank," he wrote in his masterwork. "Briefly, I should assert that this gout (and you can hardly affirm as much of any other malady) slays more of the Rich than the Poor, and rather the Wise than the Fool."

Many reflective, and in some cases gouty, physicians have since sided with Sydenham on this point. In support of the thesis, Dr. William Cullen, a nineteenth-century Londoner, was impressed to discover that gout very frequently attacked "men of large heads," and a contemporary fellow-countryman, Dr. Chalmers Watson, satisfied himself that gout is "peculiarly incidental to men of cultivated mind and intellectual distinction." No one, though, has pursued the thought further or with more spirit than Dr. Havelock Ellis. "There is . . . a pathological condition which occurs so often, in such extreme forms, in men of such preëminent intellectual ability, that it is impossible not to regard it as having a real association with such ability," he wrote in "A Study of British Genius." "I refer to gout." Ellis, an objective, or non-gouty, observer, based his conclusions on his contention that of the people "most commonly mentioned by national biographers," more suffered from gout than from any other disease. "This association of ability and gout," he continued, "cannot be a fortuitous coincidence. The genius of the gouty group is emphatically masculine, profoundly original; these men show a massive and patient energy. . . . Not only is the gouty poison itself probably an irritant and stimulant to the nervous system, but even its fluctuations may be mentally beneficial. When it is in the victim's blood, his brain becomes abnormally overclouded, if not intoxicated; when it is in his joints, his mind becomes abnormally clear and vigorous." Gathering speed and confidence, Ellis went on in this vein at some length, and only when he reached his peroration did he brake himself slightly. "It must not, in any case, be supposed that in thus suggesting a real connection between gout and genius it is thereby assumed that the latter is in any sense a product of the former," he warned. "It may well be, however, that, given a highly endowed and robust organism, the gouty poison acts as a real stimulus to intellectual ability, and a real aid in intellectual achievement."

A while ago, someone asked Dr. Alexander B. Gutman, a highly endowed and robust organism, who is directing the research work on gout at Presbyterian Hospital, if he thought that an occasional gouty spasm might help sharpen his wits and thus speed the successful completion of his task. Dr. Gutman, who does not happen to have gout, winced and said he doubted it. "We know what the main substances that the brain uses for food are," he said, "and uric acid isn't one of them. Also, we have no evidence at all that a pain in the toe stimulates the mind."

—Berton Roueché

•

When dew-nosed acquaintances rant "Will it never be warm again?" console them with Shelley's immortal rebuke:

"If winter comes, can spring be bare behind?"—*Boston Traveler.*

Immortal enough for anybody.

•

Great comedy, the comedy of the jester, has gone, and whether it will return depends on whether the world has another major upheaval. One is due, and if it will restore the clown, it certainly should be invited.—*The Times Magazine.*

His jokes better be funny.

•

LIFE IN CALIFORNIA DEPARTMENT
(UP FROM THE JUNGLE DIVISION)

[*From a United States Postal Bulletin issued for the guidance of railway mail clerks*]

Change in Name

Calif.—Hobo Hot Springs, Kern Co. Changed to Miracle Hot Springs (Eff. 11-1-47) (356)

The SHANTA

The TERRY

Shoes shown available in the season's best colors.

Arnold strikes a myriad of *new season moods*

Posing prettily with on-the-town tailleurs . . . capably underscoring sporting country tweeds . . . striding to meet summer's every scene, wherever you are — and all with the fluid grace, the calculated line, the fathomless Glove-Grip comfort that Arnold Authentics always blessedly bestow.

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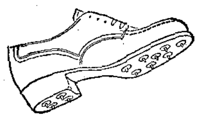


Spring means golf shoes, too!

ARNOLD *Authentics*

"IF IT ISN'T AN ARNOLD . . . IT ISN'T AUTHENTIC"

PERSONNAlly Speaking by VICTOR MOORE

Starring in
"It Happened On Fifth Avenue"

1—"I'M be-devilled and bewildered, but never *be-whiskered,* because . . .

2—**PERSONNA** Razor Blades *de-whisker* me so smoothly that I'm well-groomed all day. Honest . . .

3—**PERSONNA** Blades give me the swellest, most comfortable shaves I ever had." Try them yourself!

TWICE as many shaves guaranteed!

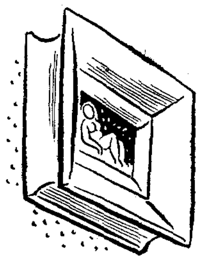
Yes, if you don't get *twice as many smoother shaves* from Personna than from your present blades . . . we'll buy you two packs of any blade you choose!

10 for $1 — 5 for 50c
Single Edge or Double Edge.

PERSONNA
Precision Blades

THE ART GALLERIES

Latter-Day Impressionist



I SUPPOSE that if one were to judge the various schools solely by the number of their adherents, Impressionism would still be by far the most popular. One has only to visit any of the National Academy's annuals to find it spread, in pure or modified form, all over the walls. But a painting style is more than mere technique; it's a way of thinking and an outlook on life, too, and these are harder to simulate. One of the few contemporary artists who not only paint in the manner of the Impressionists but seem actually to belong among them is Raphael Soyer, now having his first one-man showing in five years, at the Associated American Artists. This is not to suggest that Soyer is unduly imitative. There is a strong trace of Degas in his work, to be sure (see his "Seamstress" and "After the Bath," a study of a semi-nude girl, in the collection), but this is not an influence in the usual sense; it is nearer to my thought to say that in his approach to his subjects he practically is Degas, or a modernized version, and that his style fits naturally into the channels of expression the older man created. Soyer is, at any rate, an extremely capable and sensitive painter.

One of the great virtues of the true Impressionists was their artistic honesty. Their technique of forthright, undistorted reporting was a part of it, and this affected many other aspects of their work. One minor result can be seen in their treatment of the human figure. Their nudes, for example, did not masquerade as Roman or Greek goddesses in arbitrarily graceful postures. The Impressionists sought reasonableness and truth, and so the nudity had to be explained and the pose justified, and the whole had to be embedded in ordinary, observable daily life—with the result that Degas, when he painted nudes, painted them as bathers, as did Cézanne, and Renoir in his early days. Soyer shows this same honesty, not only in the way his figure studies are related to reality but in the care he takes to establish the proper mood for them. Dancers, models, shopgirls dressing or undressing—these are his commonest subjects, and if at times he dwells too much on their wistfulness, there is no gainsaying the penetrating understanding with which he depicts them. "Girl Yawning," with the girl's back half turned to the spectator, is an almost perfect evocation of the warm, fuzzy, loose-muscled lassitude that goes with extreme fatigue, while in such canvases as "Charlotte," with a girl clasping one elbow with her hand in a touchingly unstudied gesture; "Pensive Girl," in which a gesture is again perfectly attuned to the mood; and "Profile," he reveals a command of genre painting that is as absolute as it is unobtrusive.

Soyer's painting has changed considerably in the last five years. I must say I regret the absence of the social content that distinguished his earlier work; for the moment, at least, he seems to have moved away from such commentary in favor of blander subjects, and this is too bad, for he brought a combination of poignance and humanity to his studies of the poor and the humble that had extraordinary conviction. Otherwise, his work shows only progress. His color, which had tended too much to slightly dreary greens and browns, has grown richer and more varied (note the telling interplay of rust browns and yellows in the study of a model dressing, "Behind the Screen"), and his design, in such pieces as the large studio group called "My Friends" and the sumptuous "Sleeping Girl," has become at once sounder and bolder. Soyer has never had anything like the recognition his stature as an artist should have won him. It is to be hoped that this show, a superb one, will at last put him where he belongs, near the top row of contemporary Americans.

LOUIS GUGLIELMI is another painter whose work has not been seen much lately except in group exhibitions; his show, at the Downtown, is his first solo affair in ten years. His earlier work was in a style of controlled Surrealism; images and objects were juxtaposed in half-realistic and half-fantastic relationships, and since his feeling for poetic suggestion was strong, the paintings frequently had a good deal of power. He has veered from that manner toward a more compact statement, which partakes a little of the abstract. The design is much denser and the color quite arbitrary, and though his exploitation of his new style so far seems tentative, it has definite possibilities for development. As could be expected in the circumstances, there are a number of canvases, among them the large, rather confused "The Temptation of Saint Anthony," "River Terrace," and "Elements of a

Street," that don't quite come off. There are others, though, that do, and "The City and I," with its towering verticals; "Solitudes, 1946," which plays skillfully on the contrasts between war and peace; "Antiphone;" and the extremely well-organized "Obsessive Theme" have an economy of expression and a philosophic maturity that combine to make them very effective pictures.

MORRIS GRAVES, at the Willard Gallery, is showing a set of new paintings in tempera, based on archaic Oriental designs and cast mainly in the form of picturizations of bowls, vases, and other ceremonial objects. Technically, the paintings are exquisitely done (I know of few other artists who could get such brilliance out of Graves' medium as he does in the gemlike "What Does It Now Pillar Apart, No. 3," or such gauzy radiance as he achieves in "Shang Ku Libation Cup" and "Ceremonial Bronze Taking Form of a Bird"), and the work as a whole, I suppose, represents an extension of those paintings of odd, half-disintegrated chairs and other articles of furniture he was doing a few years ago—in which he tried, as he appears to be doing now, to surround the inanimate with vaguely metaphysical connotations. Yet there is something precious and roundabout in the conception, and despite his amazing virtuosity one feels that underneath the surface charm there is only emptiness, or at most a thin, vaporous mysticism, which, as far as real weight of ideas goes, amounts to much the same thing. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

Mr. Pierce, says his wife, is a "baseball fiend," so much so that he would like to have young Gilbert grow up to be a professional. Whatever the future may hold in that respect, the Pierces are cultivating a hobby around the game by collecting autographed baseballs. Prize of the assortment is, of course, the one bearing Bob Feller's name.

Mrs. Pierce would like to collect old furniture if she had time. It's a pastime she promises herself for the future. Meanwhile any acquisitive tendencies she possesses center around the pitchers she has accumulated.—*Cleveland News.*

Just a stopgap, we hope.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Peter Henderson catalogue for 1948*]

BLUE GRASS, ANNUAL (*Poa Annua*). Dwarf-growing type of grass that appears in lawns early in spring. Reseeds itself close to ground. Price, Crop Failure.

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Sherries & Ports

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To generation after generation, the name Harvey has been synonymous with the finest in Sherries and Ports. There is a Harvey Sherry or Port for every taste and occasion. May we suggest that *your* wine cellar should contain your personal assortment of the world-famous Harvey wines that are listed below.

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HARVEY'S VERY SUPERIOR BRISTOL DRY SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.
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HARVEY'S CHOICEST FULL PALE BRISTOL CREAM SHERRY
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SHERRIES

HARVEY'S BRISTOL CREAM. *The world's greatest Sherry. Choicest full pale Oloroso, rich and mellow. Definitely a luxury sherry.*

HARVEY'S BRISTOL MILK. *Another member of the illustrious "Bristol" family. A deep, golden Oloroso. Mellow. Medium richness.*

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HARVEY'S GOLD CAP. *For general use at a moderate price. It is a golden Oloroso sherry of medium richness.*

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HARVEY'S HUNTING PORT. *A soft, fine, tawny wine that can be trusted to enhance anyone's reputation as a host.*

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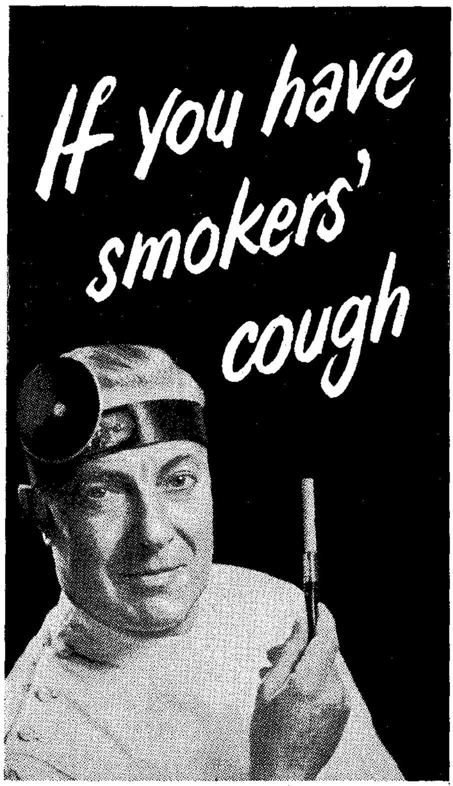
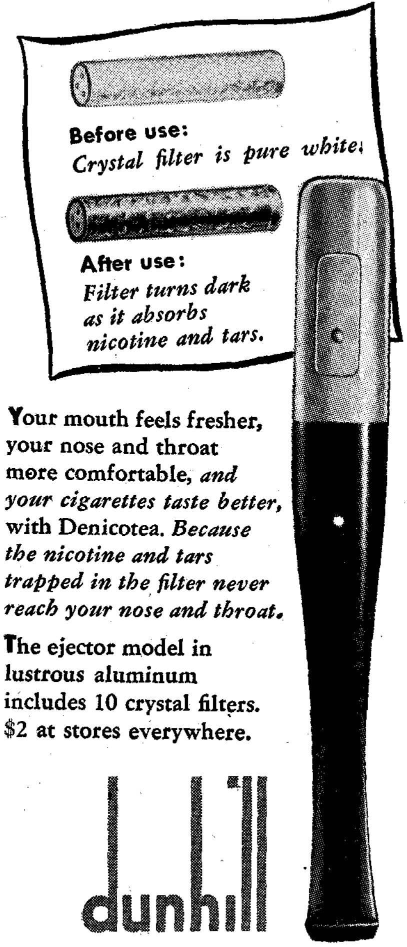
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK


If you have smokers' cough

Many doctors recommend this crystal filter cigarette holder to reduce nose and throat irritation


Before use:
Crystal filter is pure white;
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Filter turns dark as it absorbs nicotine and tars.

Your mouth feels fresher, your nose and throat more comfortable, *and your cigarettes taste better,* with Denicotea. *Because the nicotine and tars trapped in the filter never reach your nose and throat.*

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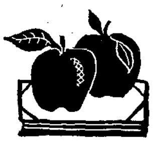
OUR FOOTLOOSE CORRESPONDENTS

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

HOUSTON, TEXAS

THE new Foley's, the fanciest, handsomest, most efficient, and most loudly heralded department store of them all, is apparently doing fine. The establishment was built at a cost of more than twelve million dollars and took a year and a half to complete, from ground-breaking to opening. It consists of six and a half stories and a basement, has no windows (except for display panels on the street floor), and occupies the block bounded by Main, Travis, and Lamar Streets and Dallas Avenue. To the west, just across Travis Street, is its modernistic five-story, open-air-ramp, buff-colored garage for customers' cars, which takes up half a block and seems to attract almost as much attention as the store itself.

It is not surprising that a phenomenon such as Foley's should have made its appearance here, for Houston, which has a population of seven hundred thousand in its metropolitan area, is the fastest-growing city in the United States and, on a per-capita basis, perhaps the wealthiest. Foley's was designed to serve a city of a million, and Houston expects to have that many people within the next ten or fifteen years, and three million by 1980. Foley's foundation is sturdy enough to support an additional six stories. The store is busier every week. When it opened, four months ago, it had fourteen hundred employees; now it has almost two thousand. It also has seventy thousand charge accounts, among which every one of the two hundred and fifty-four counties of Texas is represented, including Deaf Smith.

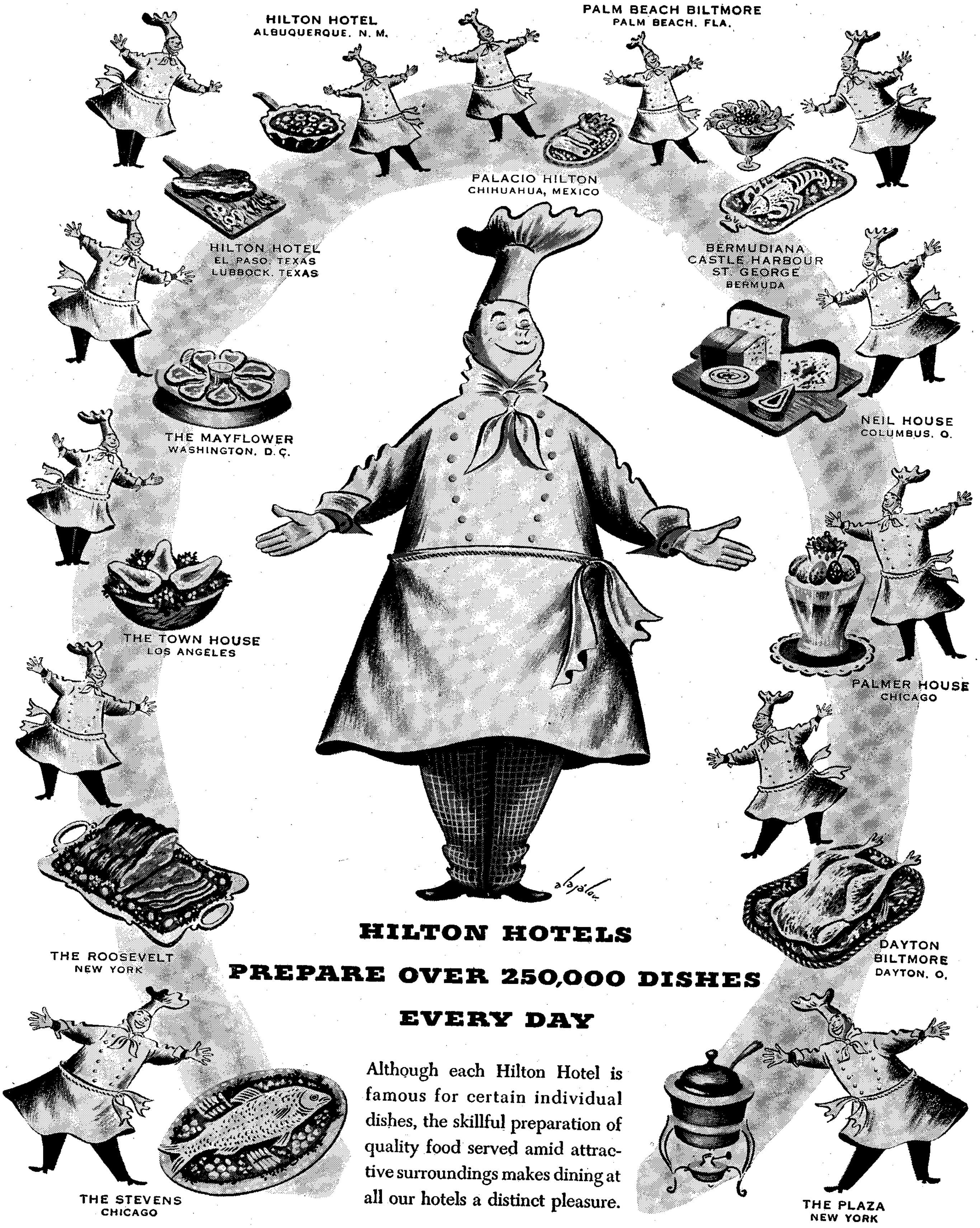


THE last time I was in Houston was in the frightfully hot summer of 1917. I was impressed principally by an atmosphere of decay and lassitude, and by the prevalence of a particularly vicious mosquito, known as the gallinipper—so called, I was told, because every time it nipped you it extracted a gallon of blood. I was sure that Houston would never amount to much, and that if it did, it would have to do so without me. During my present visit, I have been impressed by the bustle and magnificence of the place. In the lobby of the Lamar Hotel, where I am stopping, I heard a woman use the word "gauche." It was the first time I had ever heard the word south of St. Louis. Texas, of course, is cow country, and in most parts of the state the 7-X beaver Stetson sombrero is standard, but in Houston one feels more at home in a homburg.

The explanation of the growth of Houston, and of Foley's, is money, mostly oil money. The preponderance of the talk here is about money and what you can and can't buy with it. Nearly all the people I used to know in Houston are now millionaires. Most of them are very nice, but they toss figures around in a manner to which I find it difficult to become accustomed. I listened to an argument between two citizens; one insisted that H. R. Cullen, a Houston oilman, had given away eighty million dollars' worth of property to charity last year, and the other said no, it was nearer a hundred and sixty million. An old friend of mine showed me plans for a forty-thousand-dollar houseboat, a little thing that he is having assembled in Houston to use on a lake two hundred miles up the Colorado River, where he has a hideout.

Any conversation inevitably gets around to the most spectacular young millionaire in Houston, Glenn McCarthy, who is rapidly replacing Jesse Holman Jones as a topic. A banker told me that McCarthy is worth a hundred and thirty-five million dollars. (He added, "Shucks, Jesse was never worth more than fifty million, at tops.") One of the many enterprises that McCarthy is engaged in is the building of a local hotel, the Shamrock, that will be twenty-four stories high and will cost so much that single rooms will have to rent for fourteen dollars a day if the joint is to break even. McCarthy is supposed to have five airplane pilots to transport him wherever he wants to go, day or night. A few years back, he not only was broke but owed a million dollars, and no Houston bank would advance him so much as ten thousand on his personal note. Then he went out and brought in five new oil fields—fields, you understand, not wells.

SOME naïve observers at a cocktail party that was given at the St. Regis in New York last September to celebrate the opening of Foley's wondered why Jesse Jones was present, since he owned neither Foley's nor, at the moment, the ground it was built on. Well, Mr. Jones does own the Houston *Chronicle*, a conservative afternoon newspaper. (It turned anti-New Deal after Mr. Jones


HILTON HOTEL
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BERMUDIANA
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ST. GEORGE
BERMUDA
THE MAYFLOWER
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NEIL HOUSE
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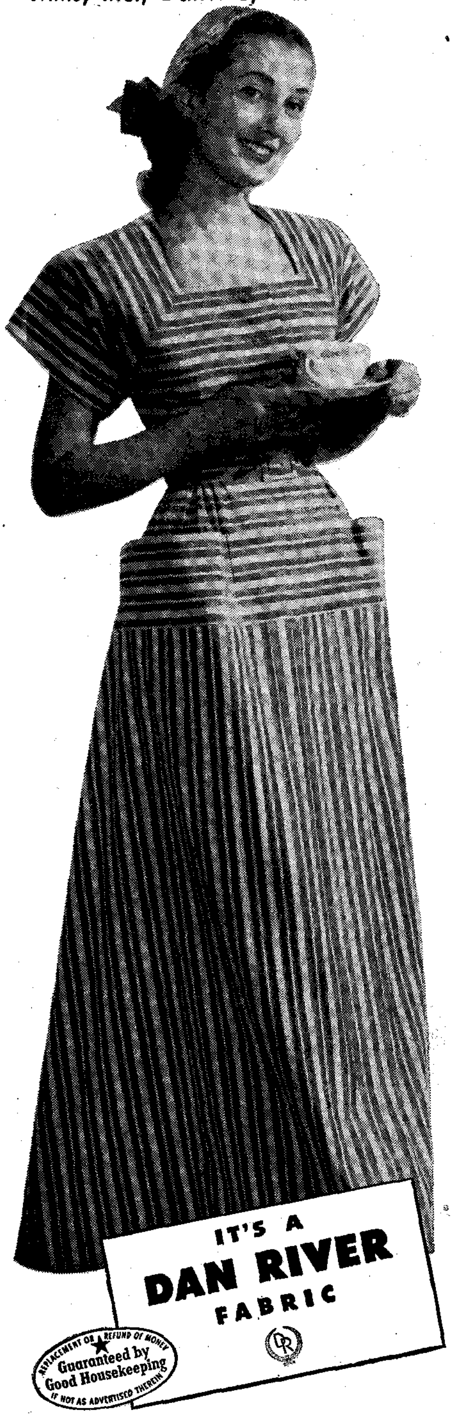
"take your nose out of that paper, Darling!"

He will, too, when he sees her morning coat in Dan River's morning sun stripes. It's Dantone (R), a fine combed cotton, Sanforized*, vat-dyed, so washable. Dan River Mills, Inc., Danville, Va.


IT'S A DAN RIVER FABRIC

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Morning coat by Dorian. In yellow with green stripes, aqua with rose, rose with navy. 10 to 20. About $17.00 at Lord & Taylor, New York, and other fine stores throughout the country.

*Fabric shrinkage less than 1%

left the Roosevelt Cabinet.) The connection between his association with journalism and his hobnobbing with the Foley's crowd becomes clearer when you know that Roy W. Howard, of the Scripps-Howard papers, also showed up at the New York cocktail party, shirt and all. Mr. Howard publishes the Houston *Press*; another afternoon paper, and Foley's is the town's big back-page advertiser. Mr. Howard, who does things right, subsequently paid a visit to Houston just to witness the opening of the store.

Mr. Jones has several times expressed admiration for Foley's, although, being a country boy from Robertson County, Tennessee, he is an old-fashioned sort and Foley's is a product of the up-to-the-minute school. One reason Foley's pleases Mr. Jones is that he is an all-out, one-hundred-per-cent marquee-and-awning man. If a building in this semi-tropical city hasn't a substantial marquee or awning to protect people from drizzles, thundershowers, and the summer sun, it is, to the practical Mr. Jones, incomplete. The Rice Hotel, which is a Jones property, has an enormous marquee, which runs around the entire perimeter of the building. So, Mr. Jones has delightedly noticed, has Foley's.

FOLEY'S gets its name from Patrick C. and James A. Foley, brothers, who started a drygoods shop here in 1900 and developed it into the city's leading department store. Robert I. Cohen, of Galveston (a friend but not a relative of the heroic Rabbi Cohen of Galveston Flood fame), bought out the Foley interests in 1917. He died in 1934, and his son, George S. Cohen, became president of the company. The store was purchased by Federated Department Stores in 1945. George Cohen is now chairman of the board of Foley's and Max Levine, a Federated man, is the president. Other Federated stores are Filene's, in Boston; Bloomingdale's, in New York; Abraham & Straus, in Brooklyn; Lazarus, in Columbus; Halliburton's, in Oklahoma City; and, in Cincinnati, John Shillito's, which was established in 1830, before Texas was even a republic. The big men of Federated are the three Lazarus brothers, of Columbus: Fred, who is the president of the firm, and Robert and Jeffrey.

Fred Lazarus was impressed by Houston's possibilities when he came to Texas during the war to visit his son, who was on duty with the Army Air Forces at Ellington Field, near here. Fred

Make Delicious Icings quickly!

You can make icings, sundaes, puddings and other delicious dessert treats quickly and easily with the new RICHardson Butterscotch Fudge, Chocolate Butter Fudge and Chocolate Syrup. Try it today!

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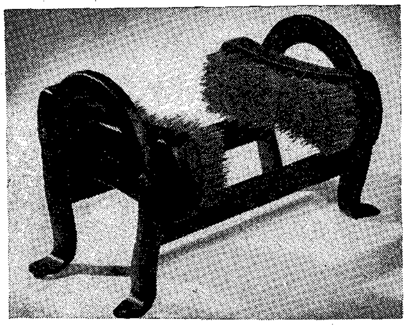

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Mud and dirt have a tough time sneaking by this lucky Horseshoe Bootscraper. Two stout stable brushes, screwed to real horseshoes, clean the sides of the boots while soles are scraped on the cross irons. A useful addition to any city or country porch. Many people order two—for front and back doors. Screw-drilled for easy attachment. 9" long, 5½" high with weather resistant black finish. $5.95. At better shops or shipped postpaid same day. No C. O. D.'s.

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Mr. Blanding's castle is built!

In the best part of Beverly Hills. 14 rooms, swimming pool, tennis court. Tudor. 2½ acres. Compact but regal. Tremendous sacrifice. Former home of international personality. You'll do business with a businessman. Write, wire Box J. K., The New Yorker, 25 West 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y.

has for some time been guided by two strong convictions. One is that the larger, older metropolises of the United States are so saturated with department stores that the great opportunities for expansion are in the smaller cities. His other belief is that department stores should mechanize their operations to keep down operating costs, which he feels will otherwise be too high when the present abnormally large volume of business falls off. Lazarus expects sales at Foley's in its first year in the new building to reach twenty-five million dollars. There are rumors that the Federated people have made tentative plans to acquire several other stores in the Southwest.

THE opening of the new Foley's, at noon on last October 20th, is still being talked of here. Two hundred thousand people visited the store the first day. At the dedication ceremonies, Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, vice-president of the Houston *Post* and former head of the Wacs, made a hit when she said, "I think I'll like Houston if they ever get it finished." (O. Henry, of course, said the same thing about New York forty years ago.) At four o'clock, the first afternoon's receipts were transported to the First National Bank by a helicopter, which took off from Foley's roof and landed on the bank's roof, eleven blocks away. The Lazarus brothers, Levine, Cohen, or even Jesse Jones, could have walked the distance in ten minutes.

The opening followed months of adroit publicity, both local and national, most of it the work of Robert W. Dundas, Foley's public-relations man, who has been with the store for twenty years. While the excavating was being done, Dundas, taking his cue from Rockefeller Center, set up a grandstand where sidewalk superintendents could sit and eat their lunch and listen to a loudspeaker description of what was going on. He contributed two important improvements on the Rockefeller Center idea: first, the loudspeaker; second, he bored peepholes in the board fence around the excavation high enough to accommodate the many Texans who are almost seven feet tall. There were the usual medium- and junior-height peepholes, too. Dundas also publicized the store's slogans—among them "Tops in Texas," which is plastered on billboards all over the state.

Texas cities are inclined to fawn upon visiting notables, and Houston did well by those who came here for the opening. The day after the kickoff, the

COURVOISIER
facts your taste will confirm

1. Noticeably unique flavor

2. Unchanging quality

"..a joy forever." How magically do these three words speak of beauty to the initiated! And the one word "COURVOISIER" tells the cognac connoisseur the story of supreme quality, unique flavor and bouquet.

For your enjoyment, ask for COURVOISIER—***not just brandy.***

84 PROOF

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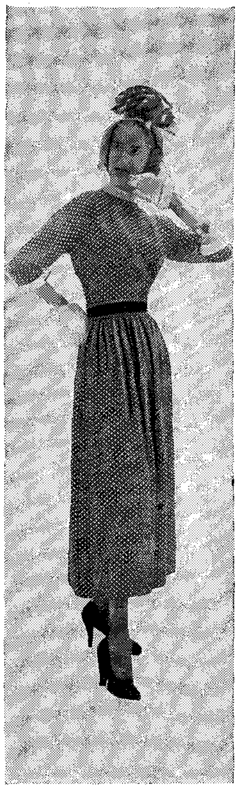
V.S
LIQUEUR COGNAC
BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V
COURVOISIER
THE BRANDY OF NAPOLEON
COGNAC

Enjoy 'The Brandy of Napoleon'

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
ALL COURVOISIER COGNACS
BEAR THIS REGISTERED PHRASE

F-C-G IMPORTERS, INC.
NEW YORK CITY
SOLE AGENTS FOR U. S. A.



THE PRETTY POLKA

Peg Newton's wonderful buy—wonderful to wear now, wear later, wear everywhere. Polka dots—the hit geometrics of the season—appear in white on green, white on navy, and white on red in this soft rayon crepe dress set off by piquant white pique touches. $25 in sizes 12 to 20 T. G.* Please state second color choice.

MAIL ORDERS INVITED

*In Tall Gal Proportions

TALL GALS

PEG NEWTON
Tall Gals' Haven
3 East 48th St., New York 17, N. Y.

Easter at the Music-Box Menagerie

Surprise your favorite youngster on Easter morning with one of these tuneful toys. Your reward: the chance to watch his young face light up. Each downy plush animal conceals a fine Swiss music mechanism. Hear it play merrily when you wind it up. The toys illustrated, $7.95 each. On mail orders please add 30¢ for packing and shipping.

3 E. 43rd St.
New York 17
G. SCHIRMER

important visitors were loaded onto a boat and taken on a trip through the Houston Ship Channel, thence up the San Jacinto River to the old San Jacinto battleground. (The commemorative stone monument there is 570.4 feet tall—the tallest in the world, no less.) There they had a fine lunch, at the San Jacinto Inn, and then proceeded down the Channel to Galveston for dinner.

THE idea behind the new Foley's has been described by one of the store's executives as an attempt "to adapt the production-line technique of the factory to the field of retailing." The Lazaruses called in the Raymond Loewy Associates of New York to design the interior. They had a pretty free hand, since they were planning a store from the ground up and were not hampered, as designers so often are, by the problems that arise in remodelling an old building. The builders used Texas materials as much as possible, but here and there they resorted to stone from Tennessee and Minnesota. The architect of the building's exterior was Kenneth Franzheim, a Houston man. One of the first decisions made in drawing up plans was against windows. "Windows let in dirt, noise, heat, and cold, and they leak during Gulf hurricanes," Franzheim said. Heat is provided by steampipes in the ceilings, and there is an air-conditioning system with electronic filters. In cold weather, doorways to the street are warmed by blasts of heated air. The doors, however, do not open by electric eye; they swing both ways, so an eye would merely cause confusion.

Trucks delivering goods to the store dump them inside the garage, at street level; the merchandise then goes by chute to the basement and thence by an underground conveyor belt to a room in the basement of the store, where it is sorted, piled onto stock carts, and taken by automatic lifts to the proper floor. Each lift can hold one cart; when a loaded cart has been pushed aboard, a man in the basement presses a button and the lift rises to its destination, where it expels the cart without human assistance.

The entrances to the new building are all flush with the sidewalk, so there are no steps for customers to climb or trip over. Escalators four feet wide (they are said to be the widest ever, and can carry three shoppers abreast, or even four snake-hipped Texans) run up and down in the center of the store. They are regarded, logically, as one of the sights of Houston. Retail people have found that the customers they call upper-bracket, or, more genteelly, the carriage trade, prefer elevators to escalators, so Foley's has provided elevators, too. They are on the Dallas Avenue side of the building, where, because that street is widest and freest of traffic, automobiles with chauffeurs can most easily discharge passengers.

Foley's serves good food to its customers and its employees. There are two soda-fountain-and-grill counter restaurants, one on the first floor and one in the basement; a men's grill, on the second floor (I had an excellent piece of roast beef there, with potatoes, salad, and coffee, for ninety cents); a tearoom, called the Azalea Terrace, with green-and-white awnings and live azaleas, on the fifth floor; and two cafeterias for employees (they get food at cost), one, for white people, on the sixth floor, and the other, for colored, on the seventh. One kitchen prepares all the food. Fred Lazarus exhorts his employees to "serve the best chocolate soda in town, at least three minutes faster than your competitors."

As in any department store, the majority of the customers are women. Here they are a pampered lot. Let us say that a Houston matron decides to put in an afternoon shopping and to bring her purchases home with her instead of having them delivered. She drives her car to the store's garage, where an attendant parks it for her. She proceeds to the store through a tunnel and strolls through the departments, placing her orders and telling the clerks that she plans to pick up her packages when she picks up her car. After she has run through her shopping list, she may stop to refresh herself, unencumbered by an armful of bundles, with a cup of tea in the Azalea Terrace; at any rate, when she gets back to the garage, she calls for her car, and by the time it is brought down, her packages are waiting for her, in a rack bearing the initial letter of her last name, beside the "out" driveway. All this is made possible primarily by a conveyor system, the prize exhibit of the whole Foley's show. The backbone of the system is a belt that runs from the basement of the store to a package room under the garage. Customers' purchases are wrapped and addressed and then sent to the belt on feeder chutes, down which they slide just as passengers' luggage slides down from the baggage department to the landing apron at the National Airport in Washington. The belt dumps them onto a slowly rotating circular platform. Several men standing beside this *smörgåsbord* table of merchandise remove the packages from it, sort them, and send them on their way on one of nine additional conveyor belts—one to the customers' rack in the garage, one to the mailing department, and seven to the store's delivery trucks.

THE move from the old Foley's to the new one, seven blocks away, was as orderly and efficient as the operation of the conveyor system. As the last customer left the old place, at five-thirty on Saturday, October 18th, fifty trucks lined up outside it and the movers went to work. It had been expected that the job would take the whole night and much of Sunday, but by eleven the first evening it was all over, which was fortunate, for an hour later, a terrific thunderstorm broke over the city. By Monday noon, when the new building was opened to the public, everything was in order and the employees were ready and waiting, all wearing flowers and their best duds.

Big and modern though it is, Foley's doesn't aim to be the smartest store in Houston. The Fashion, a half block to the north on the other side of Main Street, is a better candidate for that distinction. It has recently been remodelled, under the direction of Peter Copeland, a New York architect, into a striking building, with recessed balconies bearing flower boxes. Another store in the same class is Everitt-Buelow, across Main Street from Foley's. The Fashion handles only women's and children's wear and Everitt-Buelow only women's wear, whereas Foley's, announcing that it is "a meeting place for all Texans," claims to have "something for everybody," which is probably true. In it, one may buy a twenty-five-thousand-dollar fur coat, a power lawnmower, or a packet of bobby pins. It has custom clothing departments and a small but elegant jewelry shop.

BACK about 1840, a man named James S. Holman was given, as a grant, the land on which Foley's stands today by the Republic of Texas. He later sold the block for three hundred dollars and disappeared into the mists. Land in the vicinity of the store sells for two thousand dollars a front inch today. Whatever else there is to be said for Foley's, it probably has the most expensively situated five-story garage in the world. —STANLEY WALKER

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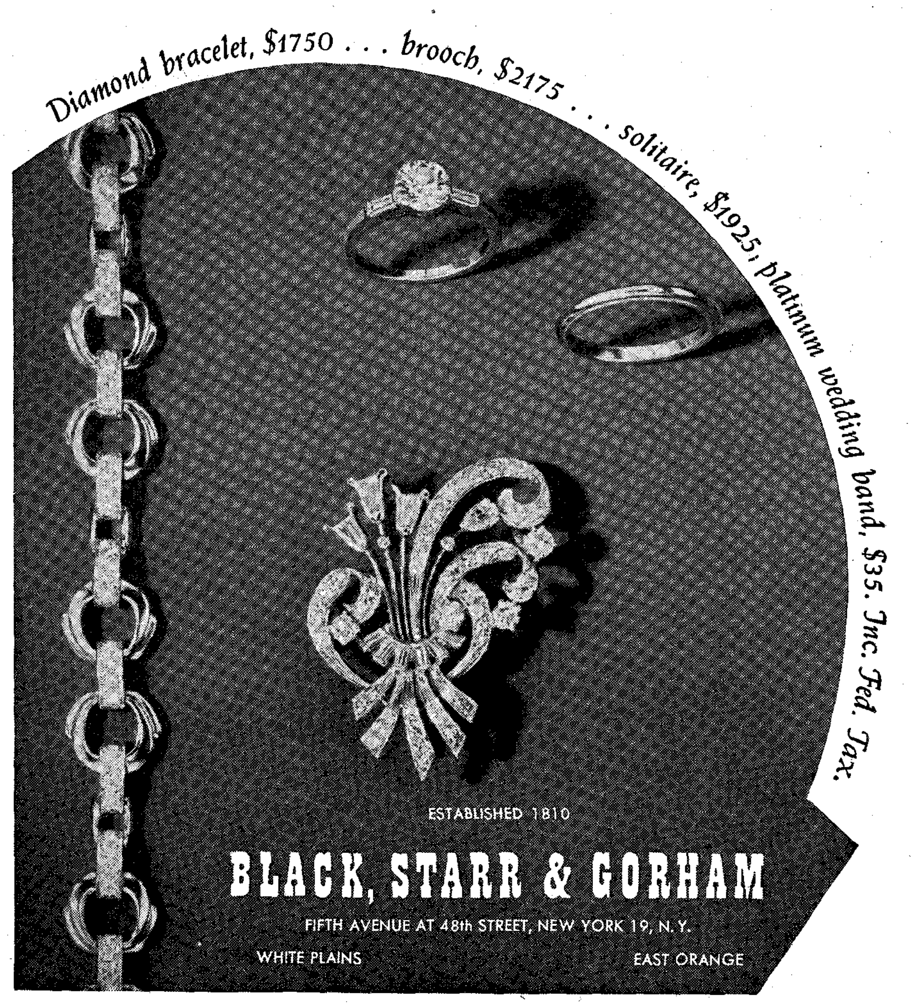
AUSTRALIA AIMS
SEA FOOD AT U.S.
—*Kansas City Star-Times.*

Better allow for that trade wind!


Diamond bracelet, $1750 . . . brooch, $2175 . . . solitaire, $1925, platinum wedding band, $35. Inc. Fed. Tax.

ESTABLISHED 1810
BLACK, STARR & GORHAM
FIFTH AVENUE AT 48th STREET, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.
WHITE PLAINS EAST ORANGE

Lauritz Melchior, distinguished member of the After-Shave Club, as sketched by fellow-member Constantin Alajalov.

LAURITZ MELCHIOR
Invites you to join
ONE OF THE WORLD'S FOREMOST CLUBS

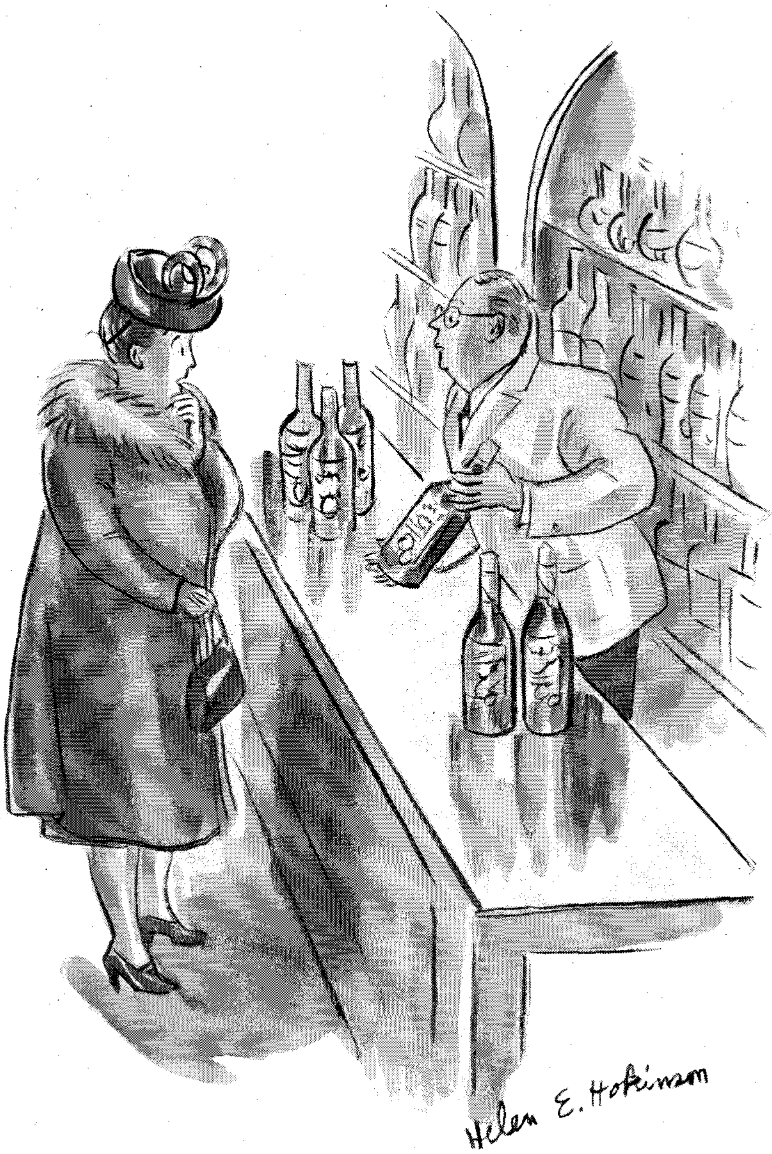
Now's the time to join the Aqua Velva After-Shave Club. Get a full-size bottle of Aqua Velva, the world's most popular after-shave lotion, *plus* a double-size tube of Williams Shaving Cream or Glider "no-brush" shave—at a 25% saving.

$1.00 VALUE FOR 75¢ . . . IF YOU ACT QUICKLY
50¢ regular double-size tube Williams Shaving Cream or Glider "no-brush" shave
50¢ regular full-size bottle Aqua Velva
$1.00 VALUE . . . YOURS FOR 75¢

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

BEFORE the New Look came along, women were tired of the clothes they were wearing and were eager for a change. Year in, year out, they had been looking at the same old silhouette and the same old hemline. And then, just in time, designers, here and in Paris, sensed that emphasis on small waistlines and rounded hips would be greeted with something very like enthusiasm. There were, at first, a good many overwrought and clumsy experiments, and it was not many months ago that people were still crusading against the new styles. Today, all the turmoil seems a decade away to me. A preliminary view of the latest custom collections in town indicates that the New Look has already passed through the awkward age, has sowed whatever wild oats there were to sow, and is ready to settle down. By now, the main points of interest are the various artifices the designers employ to satisfy the current desire for curves, charm, and an insidious rustle in women's clothes.

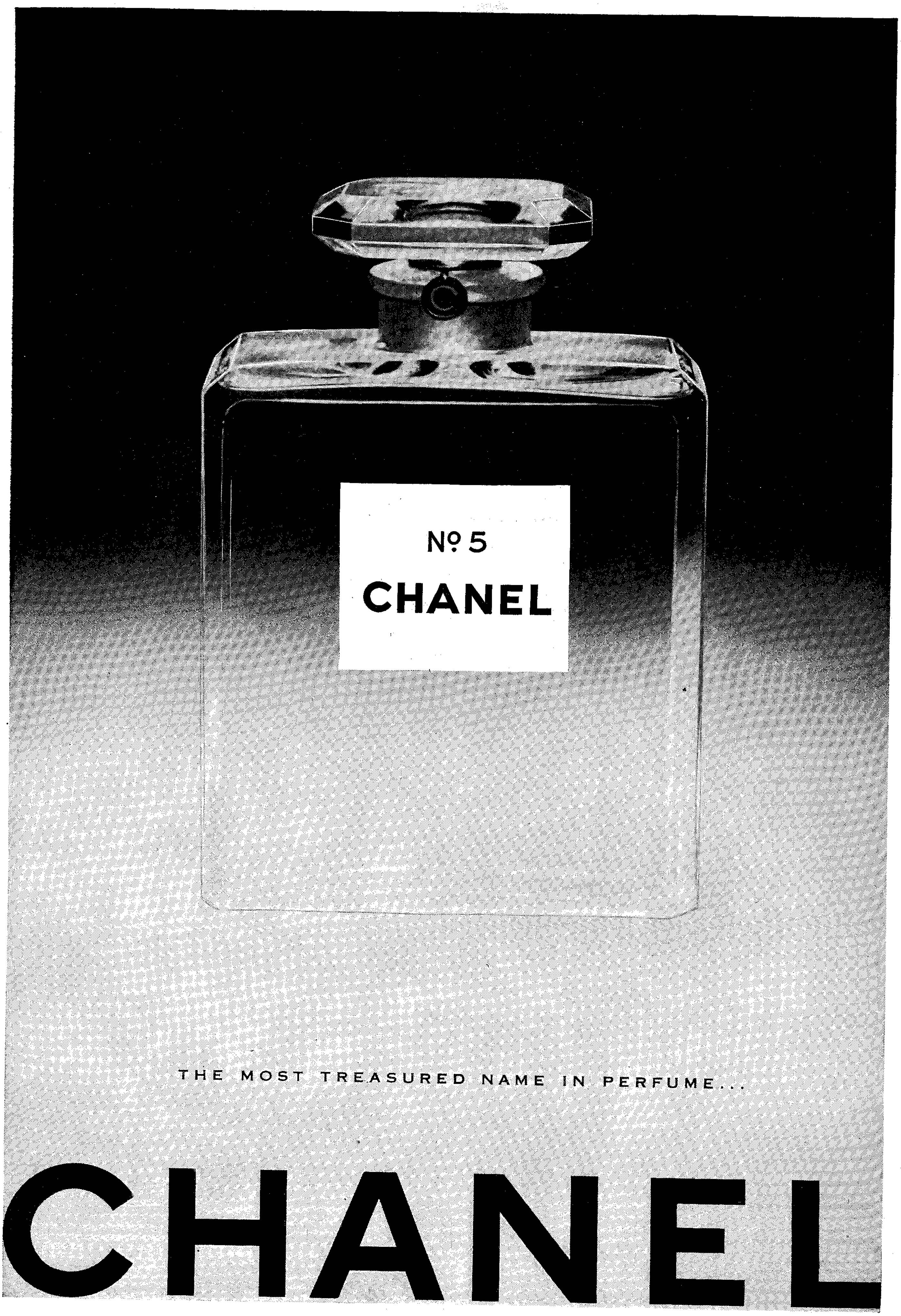


"Don't you ever have any end-of-the-season sales?"

THE first collection of clothes that Fira Benenson has assembled in her new salon, at 37 West 57th Street, is adult and graceful, and has a fillip that I would say is all its own. Most of the shoulders, to begin at the top, are natural, but some of them slope and others have a bit of padding. The bodices have soft, fine detail through the bosom but continue trimly from there on down to a taut, well-defined waistline that dips lower in back. Miss Benenson's suit jackets and her simple, belted silk and wool crêpe dresses have been given ingenious treatment to make them billow forward a bit in front of the hipbones and sometimes across the stomach as well. Occasionally, she uses pads or stiffening or pockets in front of the hips to accomplish this, but often the effect is achieved by subtler tricks. A black satin or wool suit, for instance, has inverted pleats released at the belt line and gathered in a few inches below—a neat way of furnishing the blown-forward look, and there are perfect little wool and crêpe daytime dresses, often with leather belts, that display this same fullness. The skirts of printed or plain silk crêpe dresses are, however, draped back—swirling out, or gathered into a slight bustle, or trailing a trifle. (These all have accompanying jackets.) Viewed in profile, everything here has movement; belts dip in back, jackets jut forward at the hips, and skirts sweep fore or aft, and so on.

A black or white moire evening dress, with string straps (like the other Benenson décolletages, this one is low and graceful), has folds at the back of the skirt to give a bustle effect, so that the wearer looks slim as she approaches but exhibits a deep barrel skirt as she departs. Among the other formal evening affairs, there's a carnation-printed chiffon over a bouffant taffeta petticoat. The shiny horsehair underskirt of another dress supports a black net skirt, covered with a spidery appliqué of puckered seam binding. The skirt of this one, which is full, ties on with a moire ribbon sash, a device Miss Benenson favors for afternoon and evening alike. The recommended daytime length here is, by the way, thirteen inches for tall women and eleven or twelve for short ones. And most of the skirts are circular but not exaggerated.

BERGDORF GOODMAN are, like so many other establishments, very fond of accented hiplines, but theirs jut laterally oftener than they jut forward, and their evening clothes almost reach Infanta proportions. A navy wool fitted coat, with natural shoulders and navy taffeta lining, collar, and cuffs, has darts that make the hipline wide and the waistline conspicuously small. The hips, in fact, are so wide that nobody could possibly make the mistake of thinking that they were all You. Bergdorf also dotes on a wide V décolletage out to the tips of the shoulders. It is used on a number of afternoon, dinner, and evening dresses. It is especially successful in a group of slightly casual surplice dresses of various lengths. There is, for instance, a pink-and-black scroll-print silk


Nº 5
CHANEL
THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...
CHANEL

U-ALL-NO
Richardson's
PRODUCTS

"We make 'em extra, special good"

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STRIPED, CREAMY
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OLD FASHIONED
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Half Pound

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Emerald-Cut!

$375. Incl. Fed. Tax

A perfect one-half carat, emerald-cut diamond, regally set in platinum with a small diamond flanking either side. MAIL ORDERS FILLED. Give ring size.

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LEXINGTON at 60th ST., N.Y. 21, N.Y.

crêpe afternoon dress, with elbow sleeves below the V neckline, and a big bow tying in front at the waistline. You'll find several daytime dresses of a print silk in challis patterns. They have full skirts and Louisa May Alcott bodices, some of which are trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon. There are some wonderful daytime linen jobs—notably, a beige suit with black jet buttons down the front of the jacket, and a peplum so stitched and folded that it curls outward from the hips. A black lace blouse accompanies this. An ankle-length, polka-dotted crêpe dinner dress, with a wide V neckline and the meagrest possible waist, has a full skirt that, by some trickery with a band at the hem, looks like a harem skirt, but it's one that you can walk freely in. A white print evening dress, all dragonflies and butterflies, has a straight skirt that is slashed in front (they still like narrow, slashed skirts here, incidentally, though the hips are rounder this year) and a great big bow, also at the front. A minx of a black lace evening sheath, with an organza ruffle at the bottom, is ankle length in back; the front, which is considerably shorter, is caught up in a fat godet that flares forward when you walk. Among a group of evening clothes much too playfully called Bosom Friends, my eye was caught by a black jacquard satin that has a décolletage cut square and very, very low in front and two ovals of pleated nude organdie on the bosom. There are much more demure evening things around here, too, such as a dress with a full skirt of black-and-white Swiss organdie embroidered in a scroll pattern and an off-the-shoulder white jersey top. Next, you might take a good look at a shoestring shoulder-strap number consisting entirely of horizontal net tucks, white at the top, pale yellow through the middle, and smoky gray at the hem. This one is indeed a confection.

JAY THORPE sponsor not only a willowy look but a long, smooth midriff line that goes, often without interruption, from just below the bosom to the hips. To preserve this molded effect, any fullness in the skirts is usually released only below the hips, and if belts are used, they appear only across the back—in a chamois-colored duvetyn dress, for example. Similarly, a black taffeta sash starts at the hips of a dress and descends astern to tie in a bow. This device occurs in a black-and-white polka-dotted silk dress, with fullness in the skirt at the sides. Another full-skirted dress, of a crêpe with black polka dots on a white ground, has a sash bow in back and rows of ruffles around the skirt and at the oval neckline. Another pet of Jay Thorpe's is a very slender tiered skirt, which appears in black crêpe afternoon dresses with ruffles from the hipline on down, and in a lilac-colored lace evening dress with spiral tiers encircling the skirt.

Jay Thorpe have some of the nicest collars in town. They have all manner of folded treatment, so that they curl outward from the chest and neck in front and are plumb clear of the neck in back, tulip-leaf style. To pick out one example, a pewter-gray woollen day dress that is snug through the torso has a white piqué Quaker collar standing away from the neck. The shop's contribution to night-club dancing is a black dress that has a ballet-length, circular woollen skirt, with wide black taffeta godets, and a black taffeta bodice and collar, which is wide and high across the back of the shoulders and comes forward to frame a fairly low décolletage. The shop also likes skirts that have roundness that starts above the hips and ends a few inches below. A square-necked dress, in a print called Ladybug, has such a skirt, in which the effect is gained by shirred bands, and there is a taffeta petticoat to give it body.

SOPHIE, of Saks Fifth Avenue, still won't let anything clutter up the sleek lines of her day suits and redingotes. Her skirts are somewhat longer this spring (about fourteen inches from the floor) but still straight through the hips. The shoulders remain square and padded, though perhaps a bit more meekly so, and her waistlines are, as they have been for years, nipped in. Her blouses, as fine as ever, are often made of the same fabric as the jacket lining. A navy woollen coat, with double-breasted gilt buttons, goes over a dress of striped gray-and-white cotton shirting, with sawtooth trimming on the hem and up and down the skirt. A gold-brown shantung redingote has four flaps at the waistline to simulate pockets; the dress is constructed on the same lines and made of the same shantung. A black wool fitted redingote allows a glimpse of a black-and-white striped taffeta dress beneath. When Sophie shows, as she does in this dress, a wide skirt for daytime, you can be sure that it will be crisp. For instance, there's a black-and-white checked taffeta day dress with a velvet belt and a circular skirt. Her cocktail-hour clothes have an emphatic flare:

some faille and taffeta dresses, accompanied by jackets, have off-the-shoulder tops or else black lace blouses over flesh chiffon. For evening, there's a decorative ankle-length dress of black taffeta with lace at the hem and an off-one-shoulder neckline. Those who fancy dresses that froth below the knees should like a black crêpe sheath that breaks into row after row of net ruching toward the hem, and those who are addicted to princesse clothes will be more apt to admire a heavy white cotton-lace invention with a sprinkling of silver paillettes. Another princesse is of flesh-colored marquisette, with horizontal tiers of sheer black lace from the high round neckline to the hem. Finally (I had better stop somewhere), Saks has one of the best shirtwaist evening dresses of the season—a gray faille taffeta, with a backward drape to the skirt, and shirred gray chiffon froufrou instead of a pleated bosom.

THE clothes of Carrie Munn, 640 Madison Avenue (60th), combine lightheartedness with good manners and ought to be fine for gay women of any age. She likes long, tapered bodices that look as if they were boned and that have waistlines lower in back than in front; her skirts are often perfectly huge. Many of the clothes have something to do with Mrs. Munn's concept of the eighteenth-century dandy. Even the suits have frills at the neck, and often at the wrists, and the deep, square peasant necklines on many of the vivid, full-skirted dresses are primly filled in with lingerie ruffles. As for other conceits, there is a demure navy taffeta cocktail dress with a circular skirt that has—presumably for women who are forever on their feet—two shirred pockets where you sit, with violets emerging

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... ¼-inch thin! Elegance in singing colors: Volupté's Vivacious Pink, Vivid Turquoise, Vibrant White, Very Black... with golden stripes, or solid. About $5.

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Biggest news in the littlest compacts ever! New shapes—new sizes—new beauties by Volupté. They hold powder a-plenty... they're almost weightless... they're perfect for a pocket—heavenly for new small handbags.

HALF PINT
...Volupté has a baby! In a variety of beautifully-wrought designs... all golden. Less than two-inches square! About $2.

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MODERN SILVER
AT ITS BEST . . .

Designed by us, and only to be found at Georg Jensen Inc.... the distinguished sterling fruit bowl with beautifully wrought base. 10" diameter. 220.00

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Kathleen Lee

Young Spring Ensemble

Delightful for a bride! Grey sheer wool with capelet—dress top in lemon yellow pure silk surah print, with repeat of capelet.
$225
Also in navy

118 EAST 60 ST. NEW YORK
88 Main St., New Canaan, Conn.

from one of them. She also offers one of the most enticing sheer dinner dresses in town; it has alternating godets of lace and black satin on its lace-edged skirt, and its low-cut tight bodice is embellished with pink roses. If you require the complete works in glamour, a full-length black lace should do you. Little delft-blue taffeta bows appear over the upper arm just below an off-shoulder décolletage; the skirt is black net, and there's a lace-edged blue taffeta apron to tie over it.

FOR a couple of years now, certain slyboots designers in Paris and New York have been tentatively offering models with no indentation at the waistline, suggesting the box shape of the twenties. At the moment, it looks as though they had dropped the idea again, but I promise eternal vigilance.—L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Old Friends

HOUSEKEEPERS with depleted sets of English china that have not been replenished by so much as a teacup since before the war will, I am afraid, take only moderate comfort in learning that extremely limited supplies of Spode, Crown Derby, Wedgwood, Minton, and other British marks are beginning to trickle in. A good many shops, presumably to keep the public from forgetting what English china looks like, have displays of wares that are not for sale and for which orders frequently are not even being taken, but since a few places have sizable enough reserves to take care of modest demands and will, for the first time in years, accept orders for pieces, it may not be too early to give you an idea of what you can find. Most of the china and fine earthenwares reported on come in open stock; the price of each piece can be approximated from the cost per dozen of the ten-inch dinner plates.

All the well-known English names, except Coalport and Cauldon, are represented at Plummer, 734 Fifth Avenue (57th). You will look among the designs in vain for signs of much inventiveness and originality, but you may find more beauty and dignity in the eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century patterns, to which the English potters are evidently sticking close, than you had realized were there. For instance, I had not remembered any great aesthetic virtue in Spode's perennially popular Blue Tower earthenware, of which Plummer has a meagre supply and will take orders for more, but to reëxamine its ingenuous combination of Eastern and Western motives (the scene is supposed to be a view on the first Josiah Spode's estate, done in the Chinese manner) was to discover much sedate charm. Another old favorite back at Plummer is the gold-bordered, willow-pattern Booth ware, whose clean, strong design I had almost come to take for granted, although I remember being absorbed, as a child, by the unhappy love story it depicts. Dinner plates in this pattern are $34 a dozen. Whether you find Wedgwood's Napoleon Ivy pattern at Plummer (it's certain you won't find it anywhere else) depends upon how many Napoleon Ivy enthusiasts, of whom there seems to be a multitude, have got there ahead of you. This graceful design of ivy leaves on cream-colored queen's ware, which was first made up for the British government, which wanted a table service for Napoleon at St. Helena, is one of the most adaptable of the fine earthenwares; its generous, pear-shaped cups make it just right for comfortable breakfast use, and its square dessert plates (which, unfortunately, Plummer doesn't have just now) give it a touch of formality for dinner. Other Wedgwood queen's ware, in the same plain cream made famous by Queen Charlotte's preference for it, seems plentiful enough here and in other shops, at prices that run from $13 a dozen, for dinner plates in the old-standby Edme pattern (that's the one with a crisply fluted border), to $51, for those with a border of white embossed grapes. In more elegant bone china, Crown Derby sends a variation of the classic Indian Tree pattern, which shows a tree, somewhat pruned since we last saw it, in greens and reds against an expanse of white background; $137.50 for twelve plates. And from the same factory there is an old Avesbury pattern of splendid, fretful-looking birds in the midst of the most fancifully colored foliage; $97 a dozen for dinner plates. These are only the highlights of the Plummer stock; some of the more uncommon Spodes, a couple of delightful Worcesters, and a gold-and-white Minton of great distinction should, by all means, also be investigated.

TIFFANY seems to have assembled nearly all the classic Spodes, as well as a number of that factory's less familiar patterns. Among the not so well known is the Gloucester stoneware pattern, copied from Chinese designs of the late eighteenth century, when Spode was producing pieces to fill out the Lowestoft services made in China. The deli-

Does the high cost of living have you out here too?

We're all out on the same limb these days. High prices are every bit as troublesome to us as they are to you. They mean that fewer people can buy.

In our own business, we are doing everything we possibly can to check this trend. Key men from all our companies meet at a round table once each month to develop ways to keep quality *up* and prices *down*.

National Dairy research works to the same end. Throughout the company we buy, process and distribute with a single aim—*top quality at lowest possible price.*

Here is how milk prices compare with food prices, from 1939 to 1947:

Increase in cost of food . . .	**106%**
Increase in cost of fluid milk .	**63%**

Notice that milk has not increased nearly so much as the average of other foods. Our profit from all of our milk divisions averaged less than ½ cent per quart of milk sold in 1947—far less than the public thinks business makes—and much less than the average profit in the food industry.

It's our job to see that milk—and cheese, butter, ice cream and other milk products—stay high in quality . . . *and reach the largest number of people at the lowest possible prices.* Milk—nature's most nearly perfect food—gives you more for your money than anything else you can eat.

An impartial national survey shows that most Americans consider 10%-15% on sales a fair profit for business. Compared to this, the average profit in the food industry is less than 5%. And National Dairy's profit in its milk divisions in 1947 was less than 2%.

NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION

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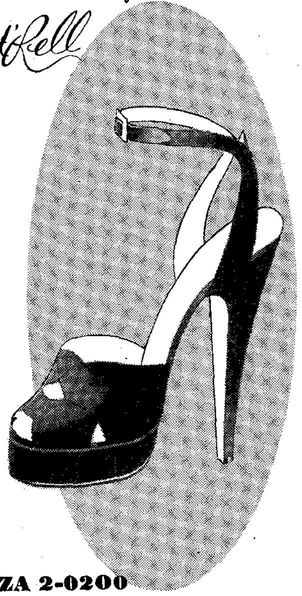

PLAZA 2-0200

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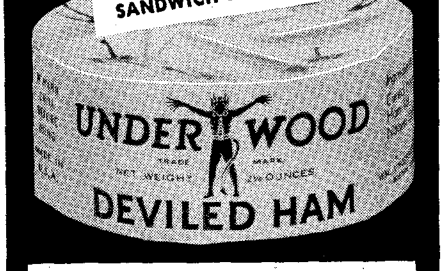
RECIPE FOR
UNDERWOOD
DEVILED
HAM-NIPS

1 3-ounce package of cream cheese
1 can UNDERWOOD Deviled Ham
Blend ingredients together until smooth. Add other seasonings with curry if desired. Spread on finger-length pieces of hot buttered toast.

AMERICA'S FAVORITE SANDWICH SPREAD



★ Boy, what delicious sandwiches it makes! What snacks... and rarebits! What delicious egg dishes!

cate blue-gray coloring and the authentic Lowestoft shapes go together very well, and the hardness of the ware makes it highly serviceable; plates cost $74 a dozen. And there is a new Crown Staffordshire bone china in the willow pattern, done in strong green with touches of cobalt on a dead-white ground; twelve plates, $72. Where the Tiffany array is especially brilliant and varied is in a collection of bone-china service plates, and an assortment of new soup plates that are of a comfortable size between a porridge bowl and a standard soup plate—an innovation that ought to do away with that most unpleasant piece of tableware, the two-handled cream-soup cup.

IF you are looking for handsome and unhackneyed Wedgwood patterns, Black, Starr & Gorham is the place for you. Here, to mention just a few, are an unusual design of silver lustre and blue (twelve dinner plates for $90), a more or less new pattern of shadowy flowers on a deep border of turquoise blue ($78 a dozen for dinner plates), and some rarely beautiful service plates, the like of which I never saw and which I should never have taken to be Wedgwood, adorned with a deeply encrusted gold pattern overlaid on a vivid pink border ($300, and sold only by the dozen). The firm also has a moderate quantity of the hard-to-come-by earthenware pattern—white, with a blue embossed-grape border ($57 for twelve plates), and the same pattern in white on blue ($66). These last two designs, by the way, can also be had at Stern.

A BEGUILING faïence, manufactured by Gefle of Sweden and sold by Sweden House, 12 West 50th Street, has a genuine countrified appeal, very different from the bogus gaiety of most so-called rustic pottery. The rather heavy body is bluish white, encircled by a deep-blue band, with a flower of the same shade set in the center of the piece. The shapes are severely simple and very practical, and go happily on a modern table; $25 for twelve dinner plates. Georg Jensen has a Royal Copenhagen faïence in a slightly different pattern with a price tag of $51 for a dozen plates. What's of considerably wider interest is the fact that Jensen now also has an important supply of that classic Royal Copenhagen blue-and-white fluted china (plates are $42 a dozen), as well as a less staid Royal Copenhagen design of sparse, dark-blue flowers on a dead-white body. The large, angular coffee cup in this pattern

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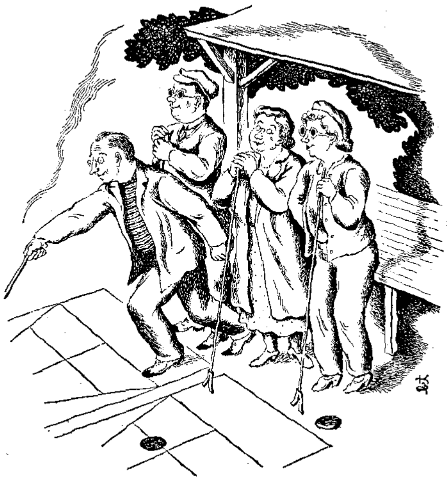
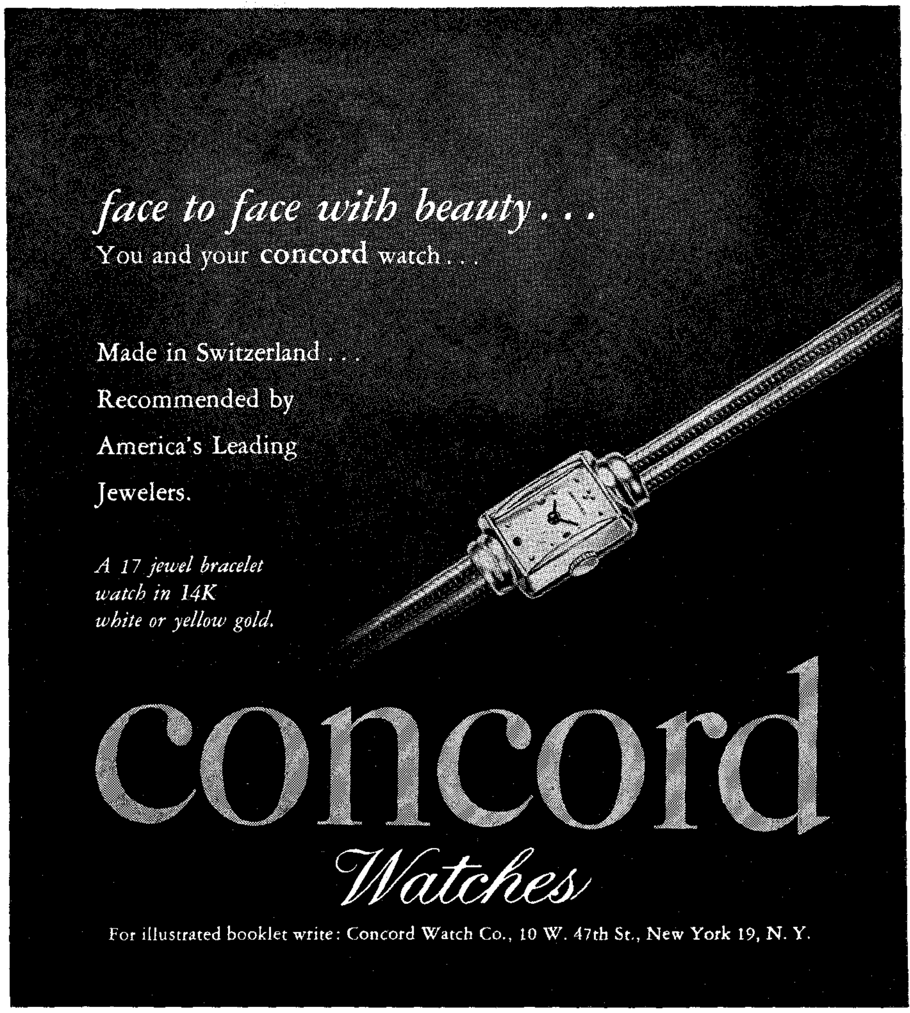
is one of the most wholly satisfactory pieces you can imagine.

A delightfully fresh and simple earthenware, from the Arabia factory of Helsinki, which was just beginning to make friends over here before the war, has so recently returned that it has not yet appeared in retail shops. Any day now, however, Finland Ceramics & Glass Corporation, at 225 Fifth Avenue (26th), will be able to give you addresses where this pretty ware may be found. The service, though of earthenware, has the fragility of china, and the light-blue, slightly irregular band around the pure-white body gives it a wholesome, clean-cut effect. The pattern can be had in open stock (plates are $15.60 a dozen), but since the informality of this ware is at its most appealing on a breakfast tray or table, you should know that there is a two-person breakfast set, of twenty-three pieces, for $21. Another low-priced earthenware set—of sixty-two pieces, this time—is Swinerton's printed willowware, which can be had in blue or pink at Stern, for $29.95. This ware, of course, is not up to Ridgway's long-absent willow, but it makes a most satisfactory kitchen service. So does the pale-blue earthenware, made in this country by Homer Laughlin, that can be found again at most Woolworth stores.

AFTER so much costly beauty, elegance, and even mere conventionality, I am a little shamefaced to confess to a weakness for odd bits of laboratory glass, some of which appears in shapes well adapted to home use. E. Machlett & Son, a chemical-supply house at 220 East 23rd Street, have an assortment that, I think, will delight people of informal tastes who don't mind an inconspicuous symbol denoting capacity etched on their tableware. There is, for instance, a sixteen-ounce volumetric flask, with a tear-shaped base flattened





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at the bottom, a very long, slim neck, and a ground-glass stopper, which makes one of the most charming wine decanters I know. The price is $2.10, and in case you wish to telephone an order, its serial number is A36-250. There are conical Erlenmeyer flasks, with short necks, that can be used in any number of ways. Prices run from thirty-one cents, for an eight-ounce flask in which, with a Chemex filter and an ordinary funnel, you can make coffee for two, to ninety-five cents, for a large, wide-mouthed size that is just right for a beer or iced-tea pitcher. There are also medium-size straight beakers with lips, for mixing Martinis for two or three, and little stoppered flasks, which, I understand, are for iodine but do nicely for liqueurs, or for rum on a tea tray. If you drop in at this or any other laboratory-supply shop, you will probably come home with a great many purchases you didn't mean to make, but you will, I think, have had a lovely time. —S. H.

•

MAN ATTACKED BY VIGOROUS WOLF

Mr Joseph Shubart of North Bellis Sunday afternoon was attacked by a powerfull wolf north east of Bellis. As Mr Shubart heard from Mr Nick Hnatiuk a trapper that last week during the cold weather a bunch of wild horses broke in at the stacks of hay on Mr Shubart range N.E. of Bellis about 15 miles. on wild Country with a valley with lots of good hay.

Mr Shubart when he heard that many horses have a good time on his stacks of hay he went home from Bellis and took his Pinto horse and start for the valley were his stacks was, the road was very heavy with big snow and in about dark he arrived near the stacks but could not see horses by he then tied his horseby the fence post which a fence was around the stacks finaly he was kind surprise to see his Pinto horse blowing his nose all the times before he arrived to the stacks but could not notice nothing bad.

As Mr Shubart got cold he started for hay stack in one corner and pulled some hay and made a little fire to warm his hands which was very cold. soon the light from the fire cought Mr Shubart eyes and what he see a bunch of bones from a young horse maybe a year old. then Mr Shubart found that surely some horses broke in the fence and eat much hay but no horses could been seein around. for his surprise he heard that his horse start to blow his nose again and again but he could not notice nothing, untill Mr Shubart got kind warm and start to put more hay on fire and he was still looking around what is the matter with the horse that whould not stay still.

After a while Mr Shubart took his axe hammer and staples and start to fix the fence which horses broke in then he found a place which the yound colt went on the fence and cut so badly and was much blood in the ground but he tought that was the colt when jumped the fence.

Finally he start to look more carefully and found a kind hole under the stack on the hay. the hay was loose a little and by his surprise something jumped straight on Mr Shubart and Mr Shubart just in time to turn around to other side by fire and some one cought his hind with a such force that a piece of Mr Shubart ham with pants and all went like fire bullit and he was so excited that could not see athing untill his Branco horse broke away and he then come to his mind and saw a black mowing thing running away from the place on the snow. but very slow, Mr. Shubart after gaining his breath cought by his 22 rifle and start to shot and by his surprise he got a 5 ft long wolf or a couger but his hind leg was broken before and the wolf had a very bad sore and his shoulder this might been happen when this wolf came to the stack and found horses and beeing very hungry he jumped on the poor colt and the colt cought badly on the wire and meschief wolf finished the poor colt and the rest horses or mother of the colt kicked the wolf so hard that his leg was broken and damaged his shoulder, and he could not leave the good colt good steak and stayed till Mr Shubart came and dig himself a hole in the stack untill Mr Shubart found the hole and trouble started beetwen man and meschief wolf, Mr Shubart was very lucky at that that he lost about half Lbs of human ham and his pants could be patched but we are glad that he is alive and vigorous wolf never cought Mr Shubart by belly or near so bad. After big fight Mr Shubart walked home 15 miles in a such bad weather and big snow he will remember this for a very long time to come.—*Contribution of a rural correspondent to the Edmonton (Alberta) Journal.*

We're not going to forget it in a hurry ourself.

•

VOICE OF GOOD COUNSEL, WITH ECHO

Because a child is not a flower
And will not wither from the stem,
Do not conspire against that hour
When you must needs let go of him.

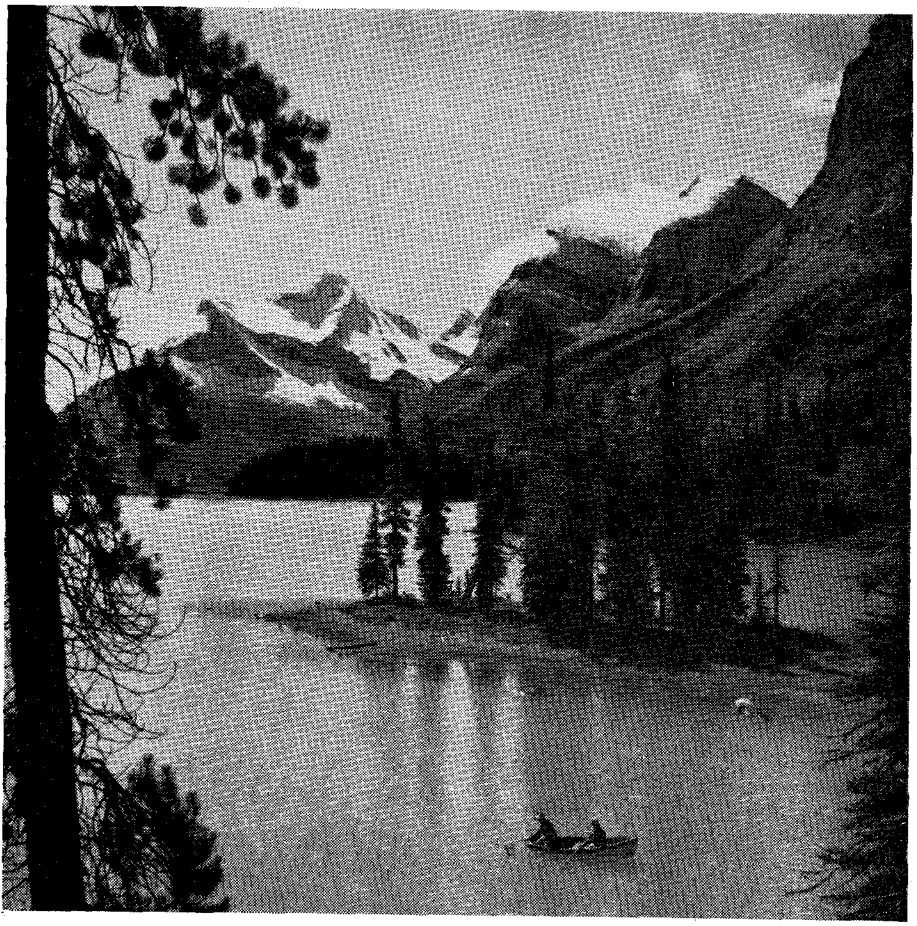
Because a child is not a feast,
However much he feed your pride,
Against the hour he is released
Set other food and drink aside.

Because a child is not a reason,
And calls but does not justify,
Plan to outlive his needy season
And listen now beyond his cry.

Because a child is not a king,
Put you some other livery on,
Lest you stand bare and shivering
When he is garmented and gone.

(Oh, flower that from my roots did
spring,
My feast, my reason, and my king.)

—MARGARET MARKS



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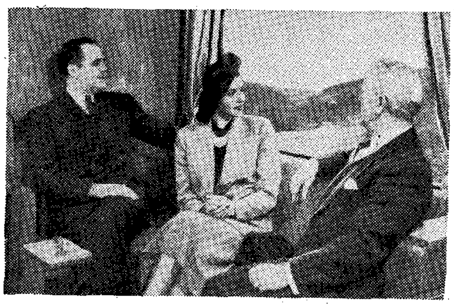

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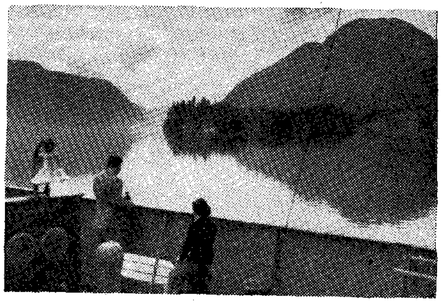

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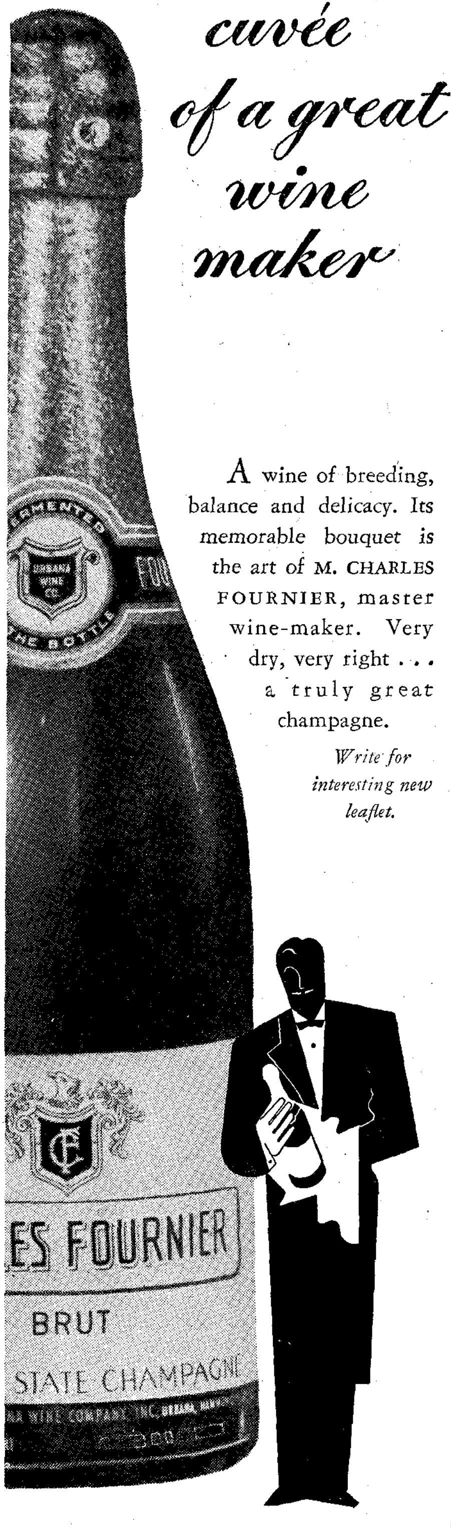

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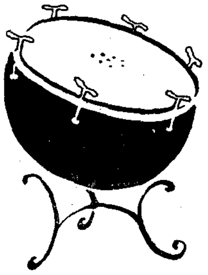
MUSICAL EVENTS

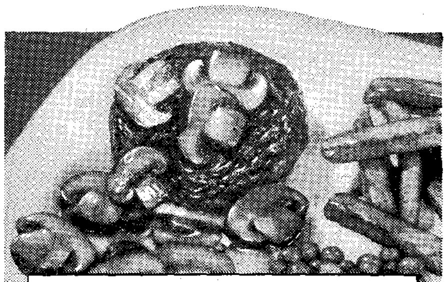
Biblical Baseball



THE Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, of all organizations, last week introduced, at the City Center, a lively bit of Americana called "Billy Sunday" and described as "a danced sermon." The choreography is by Ruth Page, the music by Remi Gassman, and the text (this is a spoken as well as a danced sermon) by J. Ray Hunt. The work is simply but ingeniously designed. At the start, Billy Sunday, the ballplayer who turned evangelist, is shown officiating at one of his meetings, holding forth against temptation and the like. His points are illustrated by episodes containing both dance and dialogue, and presenting David and Bathsheba, Joseph and Potiphar's Wife, the Wise and Foolish Virgins, and Samson and Delilah. At the end, Mr. Sunday, who has taken the rather powerful parts of David, Joseph, and Samson, urges his followers to "knock the Devil out of the box," which is accomplished in a frenetic scene, in which Satan goes down as the losing pitcher.

All this is amply eventful and diverting. The piece, as a matter of fact, suffers from an abundance of material and an almost excessive effort to be funny; I expect that in future performances it will become more compact and will reach less anxiously for comic effects. The music, which would sound bright enough by itself, doesn't seem to fit in with the heartiness and the violence of the choreography, but a few revisions in the orchestration might easily overcome this defect. Sunday was spiritedly and ably impersonated by Frederic Franklin, and the rest of the company was competent.

THE native scene, which had a good week musically, at least, was represented also in the third Carnegie Hall concert of the season by the National Orchestral Association, whose program included the premières of the "American Youth Overture," by Walter W. Eiger, and "Johnny Appleseed," by Tom Scott. The overture is a cheerful survey of several well-known children's tunes. Mr. Scott's work, subtitled "a portrait for orchestra" (the confusion of



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LONGFELLOW house
PASCAGOULA, MISSISSIPPI

arts is not limited to the ballet), is skillful and pleasantly balladlike. Both offerings are a trifle long, but that can, of course, be remedied without much trouble. The orchestra also introduced Edoardo J. Di Biase's "Music for Orchestra," which, though sonorous and well-scored, is rather indefinite in its impact and concludes too abruptly. The rest of the concert was devoted to music for violin and orchestra, with Joseph Knitzer turning in an excellent job as soloist in Corelli's "La Folia" and Prokofieff's Second Violin Concerto. Leon Barzin, the musical director of the Association, conducted in his usual efficient manner.

A COUPLE of outstanding performers—John Charles Thomas and Harriet Cohen—made extremely welcome reappearances here last week. Mr. Thomas, whose last local recital was in 1943, sang a series of numbers described as "Songs You Love to Hear" in Carnegie Hall, and displayed his remarkable sense of characterization and his distinguished voice in an engagingly informal musicale.

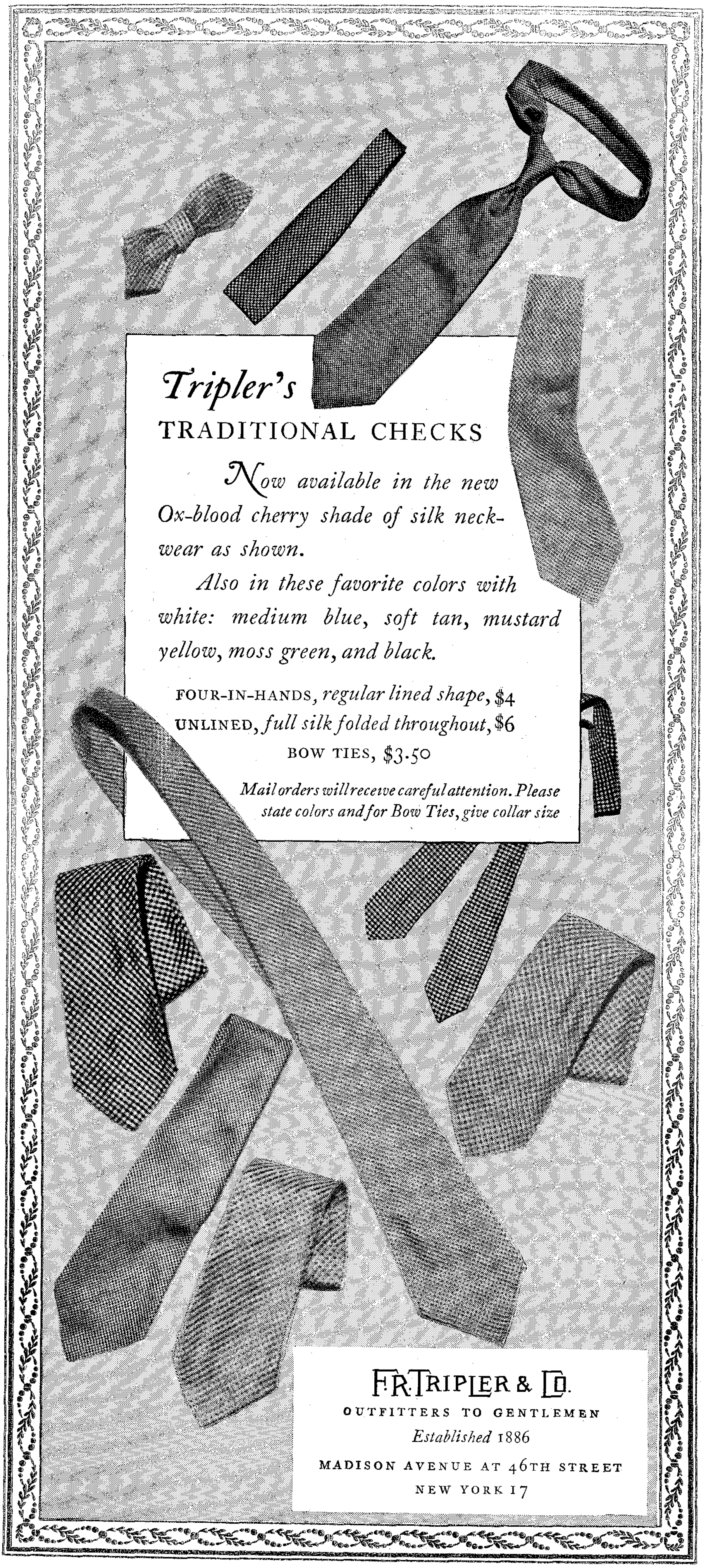
Miss Cohen, who has just returned here from England after an absence of eight years, was assisted by a string group, conducted by Alfredo Antonini, in an enjoyable and unconventional program of ensemble and solo-piano music by Purcell, Vaughan Williams, Gibbons, Bach, Falla, Villa-Lobos, and Turina. Her command of the piano was clear and firm, and her musicianship continuously alert, informed, and interesting.

I SUPPOSE I should say something about Ferruccio Burco, the eight-year-old who last week directed an orchestra, largely drawn from the Philharmonic-Symphony, in performances of Beethoven's First Symphony and an assortment of operatic excerpts. Standing on an extra-high podium, the youngster conducted with confidence, obvious acquaintance with the music, and an emphatic technique. The orchestra sounded fine and the listeners were unusually demonstrative, but the somewhat intricate question of child, audience, and musical psychologies may just as well be left for a special study some other time. —ROBERT A. SIMON

•

BOYS GET STIFF LECTURE
FOR DYNAMITING SCHOOL
—*Knoxville* (*Tenn.*) *Journal.*

They'll think twice before they do *that* again.



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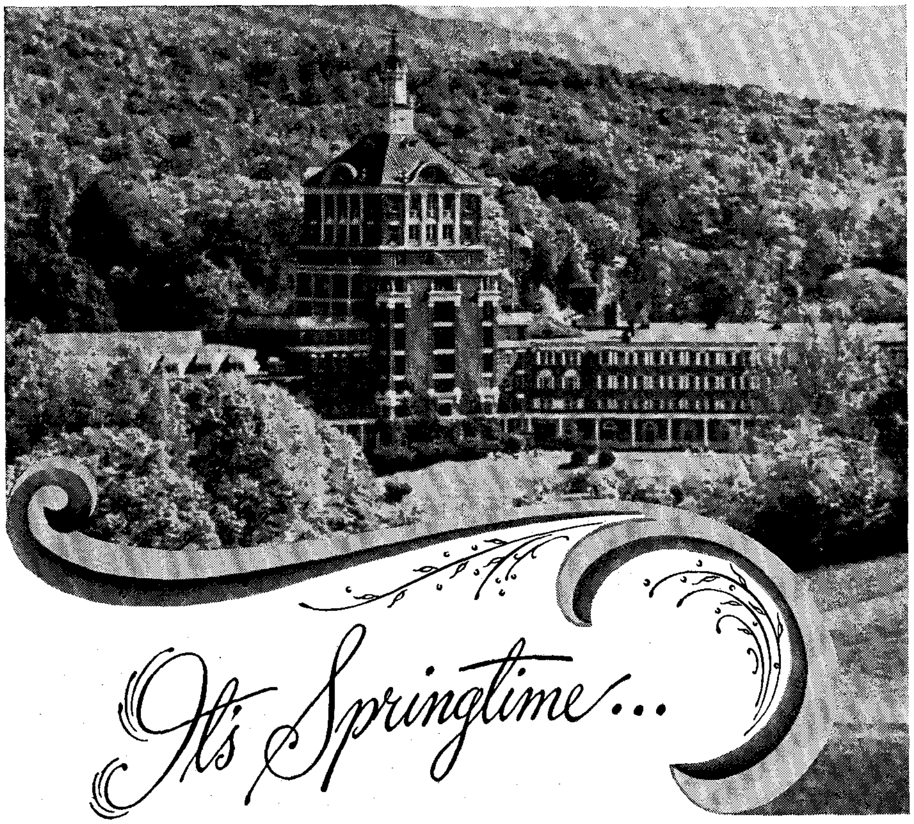

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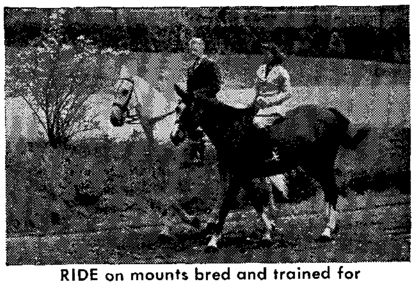
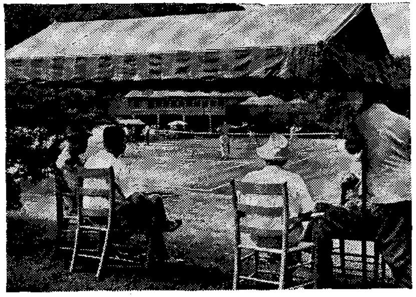


RIDE on mounts bred and trained for this region



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OF ALL THINGS

THE nations of western Europe appear to be moving steadily toward a solution of their post-war problems. This commendable progress may be chalked up to hard work, good will, and a neat assist from a fellow named Joe.

•

The Senate debate on the E.R.P. went along slowly last week, with George W. Malone, of Nevada, orating almost a whole day about Europe. It seems that he is against it.

•

The pressure being put upon Finland by the U.S.S.R. is causing uneasiness throughout Scandinavia. Sweden and Norway are wondering where the hand of friendship will strike next.

•

Former King Michael and former Premier de Valera will, on their visits here, undoubtedly be greeted with sympathy by the American people. Both gentlemen are unemployed through no effort of their own.

•

President Truman has returned from his vacation to face a mess of troubles, domestic and imported. Since he has come home, practically nothing has happened to make him glad he did so.

•

Scientific societies are outraged by the Thomas Committee's smear of Dr. Edward U. Condon. Like the Chorus in "Iolanthe," our scientists feel that statesmen should not interfere with matters that they do not understand.

•

General MacArthur seems reluctant to return to the United States, but perhaps it is time that he did. The Hearst newspapers have been saying nice things about him behind his back.

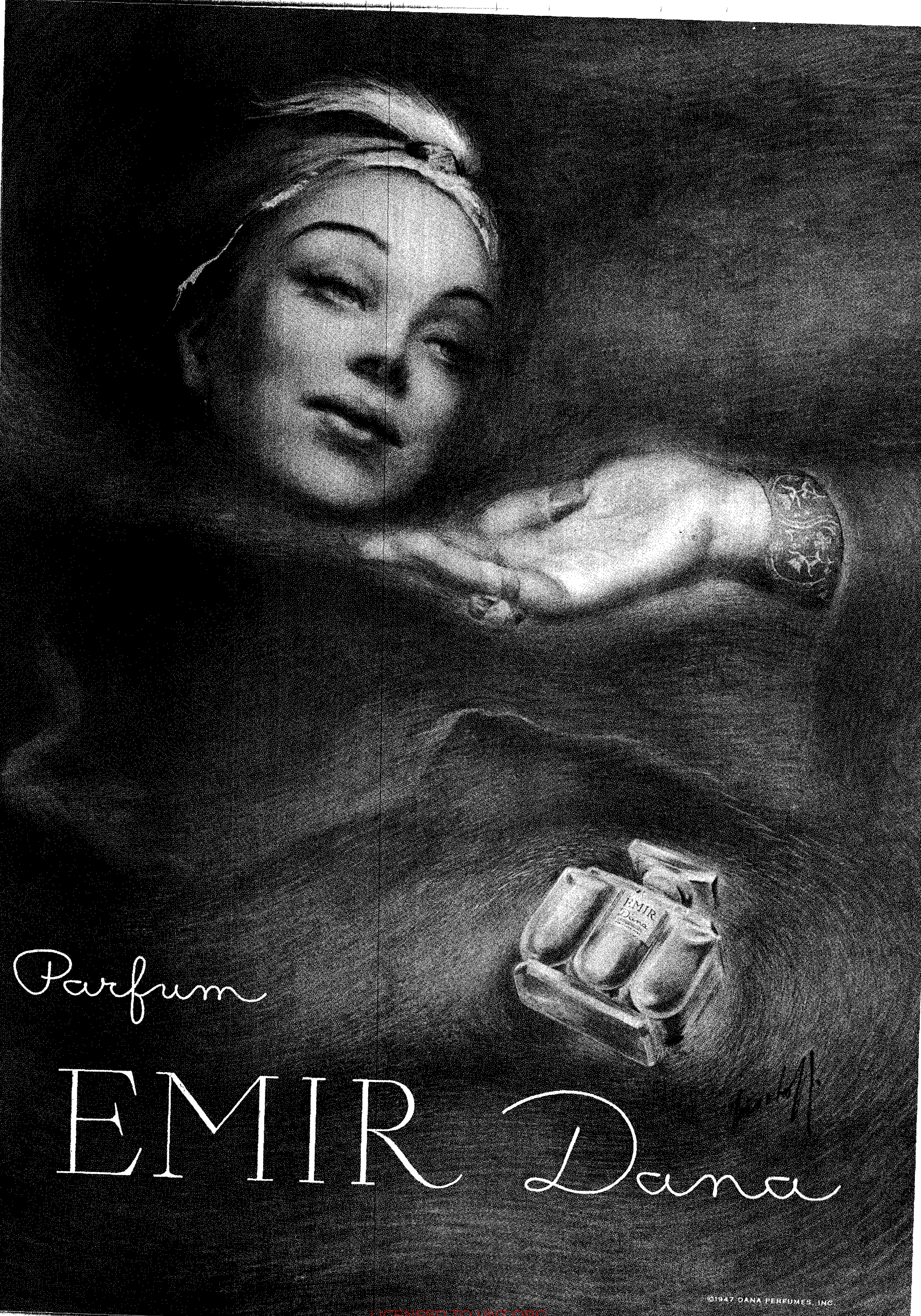
•

Attention is being called to the disorderly condition of the grounds on Bedloe's Island. Visitors get the unfortunate impression that Miss Liberty, like so many otherwise admirable women, is a poor housekeeper.

•

Hollywood is puzzled and alarmed by the recent decline in movie patronage. The industry does not know whether the public's money or its patience is being exhausted.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER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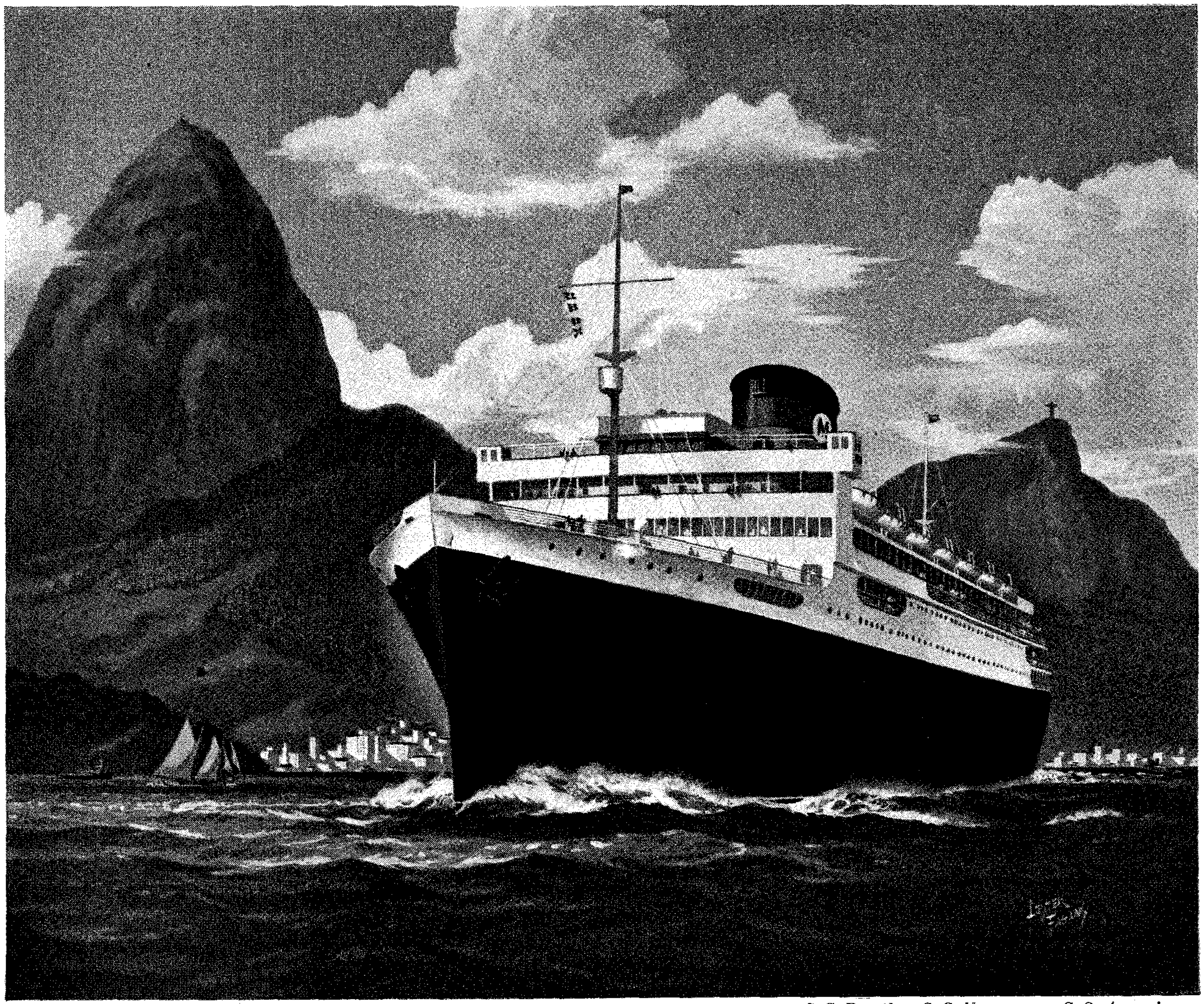

S. S. Brazil ∗ S. S. Uruguay ∗ S. S. Argentina

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RED CHAMPAGNE

RECENTLY, at dinner in a friend's house, I was doing my best to answer the barrage of questions that always begins when people learn that my husband and I have lived in Russia. In the midst of the conversation, a fellow-guest leaned over the table and earnestly asked me whether Russians ever drink anything but vodka. I began to tell him about the native wines of the Soviet Union, and when I mentioned red champagne, I found myself remembering vividly the first time I went to dinner in a Russian home.

In January, 1945, I arrived in Moscow to join my husband, who had gone there as an officer in the American military mission and was then attached to the American Embassy. He had an apartment, and I found to my delight that it was in a building tenanted almost exclusively by Russians. For foreigners to have such a place was a great rarity, one of its chief virtues being that Soviets—the bolder ones—might take a chance on coming to visit us. If we had lived in the Embassy, the Metropol Hotel, or any of the other places set aside for the use of foreigners, our only Russian visitors would have been those who either came on official business or were what we called "trained" Russians, meaning those who would report to the M.V.D. Liza, the maid who had worked for the American tenants before us, and whom we kept on, was probably one of them, for we were told repeatedly that anyone allowed to work for a foreigner almost certainly reported.

Our apartment, which was on the fourth floor, had its drawbacks, of course. There was no gas; there was never any hot water; occasionally there was no water at all; the electricity came on after six o'clock in the evening and was cut off promptly at eight the next morning; the elevator had not worked for years; and, worst of all, the building was completely unheated. We had two electric heaters, borrowed from the Embassy, which we could use during the evening, but I soon realized that the only way to keep my circulation going during the hours of daylight was to walk hard and long through the streets or go to the skating rink—called the Little Dynamo—near the center of Moscow.

One afternoon, returning to the apartment from a walk, I found a man waiting for me in our living room, sitting there in the cold and dark. He had been let in by Liza, a Ukrainian who disliked and mistrusted all Muscovites, and she had been keeping a watchful eye on him. He introduced himself as an old friend of my husband's, and when he said his name was Mitya, I knew who he was. He was an engineer who had been working on a project in southern Russia ten years earlier, when my husband had also been there. I was surprised that Mitya was not in the Army, and pleased to find he was living in Moscow. He told me that the government considered that he was more useful in the factory where he worked than he'd be as a soldier.

I got out a bottle of vodka and glasses and began to talk to him in halting Russian, but he nodded his head anxiously toward the door by which Liza had left the room and we switched the conversation to English. He was very short, very slim, and almost bald, and he had beautiful long, thin fingers, which he laced and unlaced, watching them while he talked. He explained that he had heard that my husband was back in Russia and that I also had arrived. If I would forgive him, first of all, for coming unannounced and, second, for his impertinence, he would like to present Lolya, his wife, to me. I said that I would be delighted to meet her and asked him to bring her to dinner the next night. The suddenness of the invitation seemed to confuse him, and he fumbled a little, saying he did not know her plans for the next day, and that she was busy catching up with her domestic and professional life, as she had only recently been invalided out of the Army. He enlarged on this, matter-of-factly. "Her feet were badly frostbitten, you understand. She was at the front two years. She is a dental surgeon."

"How dreadful! I'm so sorry."

"She does not mind, now she is home," he said, dismissing my sympathy. "We have always been interested in foreigners, and she is learning English and would like someone with whom

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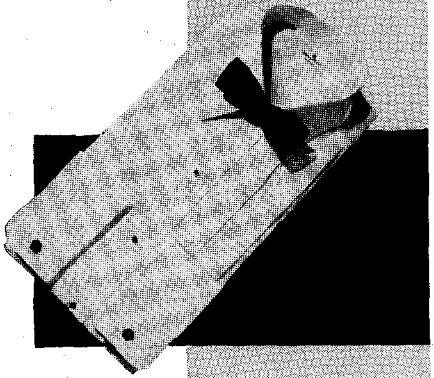

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she could talk." But still he did not say that she would come to dinner, or even that he would ask her.

In spite of his evasiveness, however, the conversation did not lag. He wanted many things explained, particularly why "Arsenic and Old Lace" had been so popular in America. He had read in an old American magazine about its long run and could not understand why the American public laughed at what he understood was nothing but a collection of murders. For an exercise in endeavoring to reconcile two entirely different habits of thought and life, I can recommend trying to explain the humor of "Arsenic and Old Lace" to a Russian. Yet when my husband came home, and he, Mitya, and I settled down to another drink, Mitya revealed his own humor. It was, to be sure, rather bitter, as when he welcomed us to his country and spoke of the comforts by which we found ourselves surrounded, pointing to the dark lamps and the cold radiators and the patched and cracked windows and the door to the entrance hall, which fitted so badly that our four-months-old kitten was able to crawl under it. I thought at first that he might really be dissatisfied with Soviet life, but as the talk went on, I learned that he had once deliberately passed up an opportunity to leave the Soviet Union, that he had raised no objection when Lolya decided to enlist in the Red Army, and that he had encouraged their son to enroll in a military academy. His criticism, plainly, was no more basic than the grousings of an American about crowded subways or soap operas. When he got up to leave, he had not mentioned my dinner invitation again, but as he shook my hand he asked what time I would be home the next day and said he would telephone me. I supposed that this was merely delicate social sidestepping, but he did call the next day and, to my surprise, accepted my invitation to bring Lolya to dinner that night.

I WAS, not unreasonably, expecting a beefy, hearty woman—masculine and tough—but Lolya turned out to be small and scrubbed-looking. She had short, dark, curly hair, which she pressed down nervously with both hands when she had unwrapped her head scarf, and she wore a trace of lipstick. She limped badly, and when she sat down to take off her heavy felt boots and put on the broken, badly made shoes that Mitya had been carrying in a newspaper, I looked away from her misshapen feet in their mended cotton stockings. When she took off her Army greatcoat, she

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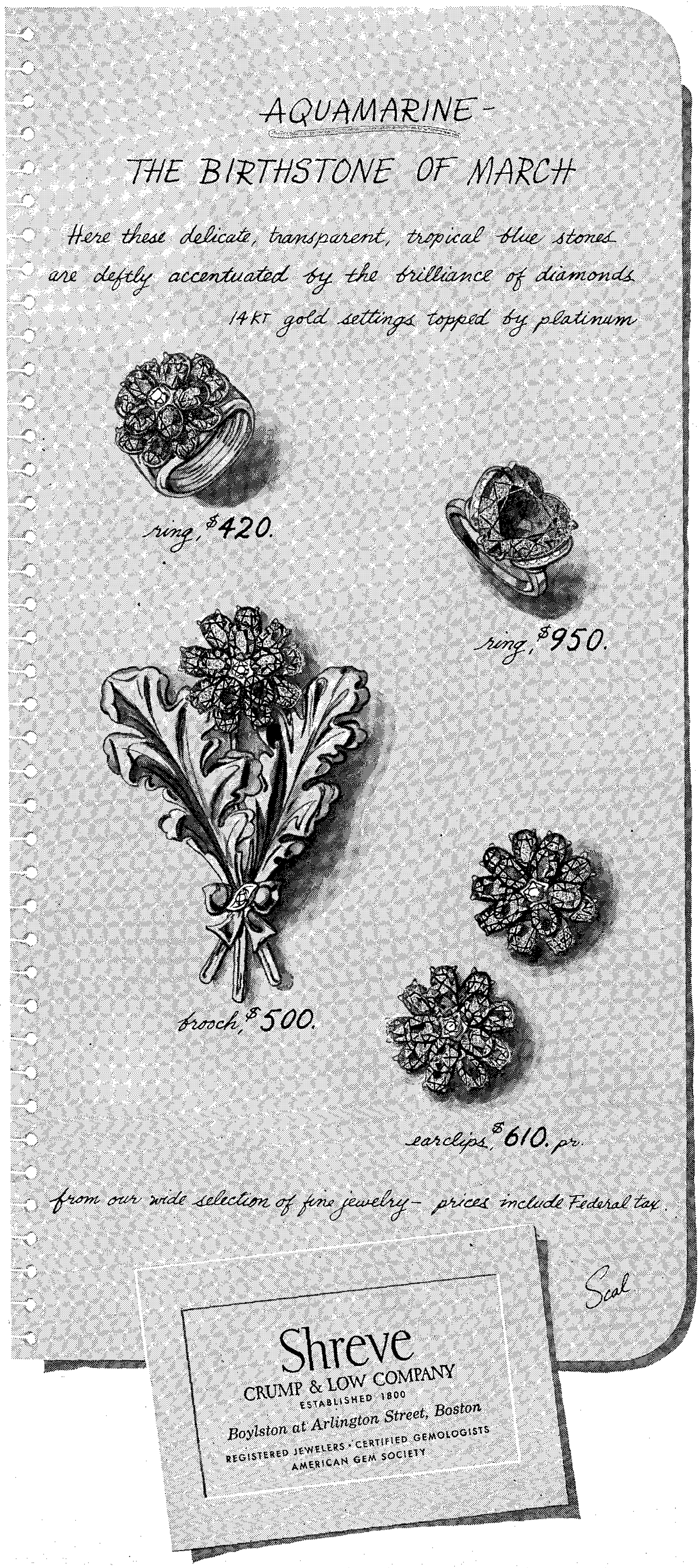
revealed a brown jacket, which had probably been Mitya's, and a navy-blue artificial-silk dress. The white cotton collar on the dress was fresh and clean, and on the jacket was pinned the ribbon given to all those who were at Stalingrad during the siege.

As Lolya's English, which she had picked up from Mitya, was even worse than my Russian, we had to speak Russian during dinner, and because Liza was in and out of the room, the conversation was stiff and formal. After dinner, my husband opened a bottle of whiskey and poured some into four glasses, to the great excitement of Mitya, who jumped up, grasped the bottle, sniffed its contents, and exclaimed, "Whiskey! I haven't tasted whiskey for years. Not since before the war, when an American engineer gave me some. Look, Lolya, this is the drink that I have told you about so many times!" She took the bottle from him, smelled it, and wrinkled her nose. "Well, I must say it smells no better or worse than vodka," she said. "I will taste it." She picked up a glass with whiskey in it, but Mitya snatched it away from her, shouting, "No, no! This is not the way. You must have water with it." I said I saw no reason why she shouldn't drink it neat, like vodka, if she wanted to. "If anyone should see my wife drinking whiskey neat," Mitya said, "he would conclude that she was uncultured and unread."

Lolya and I eventually settled on a fairly workable compromise between our two tongues, and I tried to get her to talk about her war experiences. She said that she had done very little work in her own field of dentistry while in the Army. Usually she'd been kept busy performing stopgap surgical operations in field hospitals. It had been a time of sleeplessness, often of hunger, and of a never-ending battle against the lack of drugs, medicine, and skilled help, and against the dreadful, paralyzing cold. Stalingrad had been different, for there, when one was actually under fire, the exhilaration of the fighting had kept one from thinking too much.

She talked for a while, in short, jerky sentences, with Mitya's help, and then she shook her head rapidly and smiled. "Do you play cards? Let's play poker," she said, and stood up, smoothing her skirt. While my husband moved chairs up to a table, I took Lolya into the bedroom to tidy up. The perfume that wafted from her when she walked was a sickly-sweet violet scent. It made me feel as though a bowlful of fat Parma violets, doused heavily with sugar and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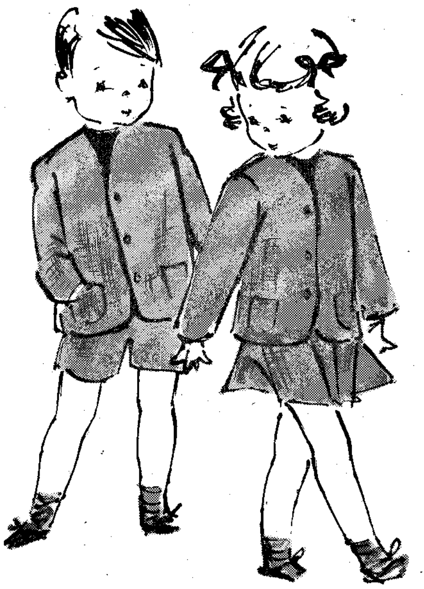

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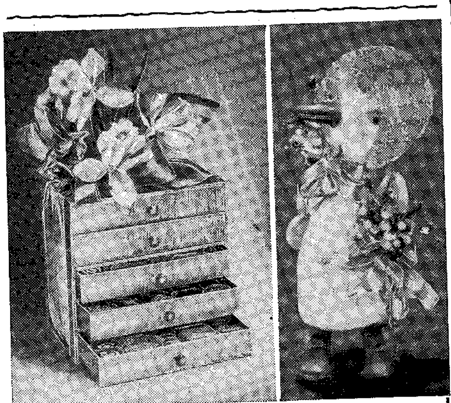

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cream, had been put before me and I had been told to eat it. I knew Lolya had used the perfume as a mark of honor to us, for Soviet perfume was scarce and expensive.

In the bedroom, she looked with incredulity at the painted metal cabinet that served as my dressing table. Spread out on its top were creams, lotions, and other paraphernalia, and two bottles of French perfume. In the drawer there were two more, and with a great wrench (I had had them since before the war) I decided to give her one. While she was using her lipstick—a bright-orange waxy scrap she carried wrapped in a piece of paper—I set the four bottles in a row and invited her to choose. One of them was Schiaparelli's Salut, and I guessed that she would pick it because of the name. Sure enough, she took it up. She sniffed at the stopper and hunched her body forward in delight for a second. Then she dropped her shoulders and put the bottle back on the table. "French? What do I want with French perfume?" she said. "You are kind and generous, but you will not be able to buy French perfume here, and if that is your preference, then I advise you to keep all you have. I, of course, much prefer our own perfume, which is now in the stores. Smell!" She stuck her ear in front of my nose. "Are you yourself using this French perfume tonight?"

"Yes, I am," I said.

"There, you see! Yours I could not smell, because mine is so much stronger. That is what I mean."

Her words were not as rude as they seem, for there was a fierce pride behind them, and I knew she really wanted the bottle of French perfume but would not let herself admit it or accept a gift from me.

In the living room, the cards and chips were ready on the table. We sat down, and Lolya and Mitya went at the game with exaggerated intensity. They played well, and won, but their exuberance over winning fifty rubles seemed out of all proportion until I realized that it was the idea of winning that gripped them. They had to win; they had to show us, this first time, that they could be better than we were.

Whether because of their success or because he was glowing with unaccustomed whiskey, Mitya expanded and, almost casually, said, "How about you two coming to our house next week, when you can perhaps win a victory from us at cards?" Lolya glanced sharply at him but did not say anything in protest, and it was arranged that we should have dinner at their apartment the following Wednesday.

We all went to the narrow hall and said our good nights. There were no lights on the stairs, except for one dim bulb on the second floor, so my husband held the door of our apartment open to help Lolya and Mitya see their way. When they had gone down a flight, we heard Mitya say "Oh," as if he had forgotten something. He came clattering back upstairs, looked soberly and searchingly at us, and said, "Forgive me, but next Wednesday please come on foot and not by car."

"Of course," my husband said. All Embassy cars were blatantly American, bore diplomatic license plates, and in some cases had a small paper Stars and Stripes pasted on the windshield. Mitya smiled gratefully and ran down again.

THE entrance to the apartment where Mitya and Lolya lived was tucked between a grim office building and the stage entrance of a theatre. Mitya met us there, and it was well he did, for by ourselves I am sure we would never have found it in the dark. He took our hands warmly and said, "I am delighted. You are on time exactly, but then I understand all Americans are always punctual." Keeping my hand in his, he led the way between the pillars of the entrance, cautioning, "Take care. We are rebuilding here." When my husband switched on a flashlight that, from experience, he had known it would be best to bring, we saw a courtyard piled high with old bricks, rubble, pipes, and all the other residue of the wreckers' trade.

As Mitya picked a path through the courtyard, he was greeted by a man in the uniform of the Labor Army, who carried a rifle. Mitya said he was guarding all the valuable material in the place. On the far side, we went through a door and began climbing a flight of stairs. Halfway up, I heard my husband, who was ahead of me, exclaim, "My God!" He turned back and said, "Hold on to the stair rail tight and keep close behind me."

"What's the matter? What is it?" I asked. He swung the light to the other side of the staircase, and I saw that there was nothing there but a sheer drop into the yard. The wreckers had removed the wall. We visited Mitya and Lolya often after this, and no more of the building was ever taken down, none was reconstructed, and the piles of junk always stood as they were, with a guard on watch.

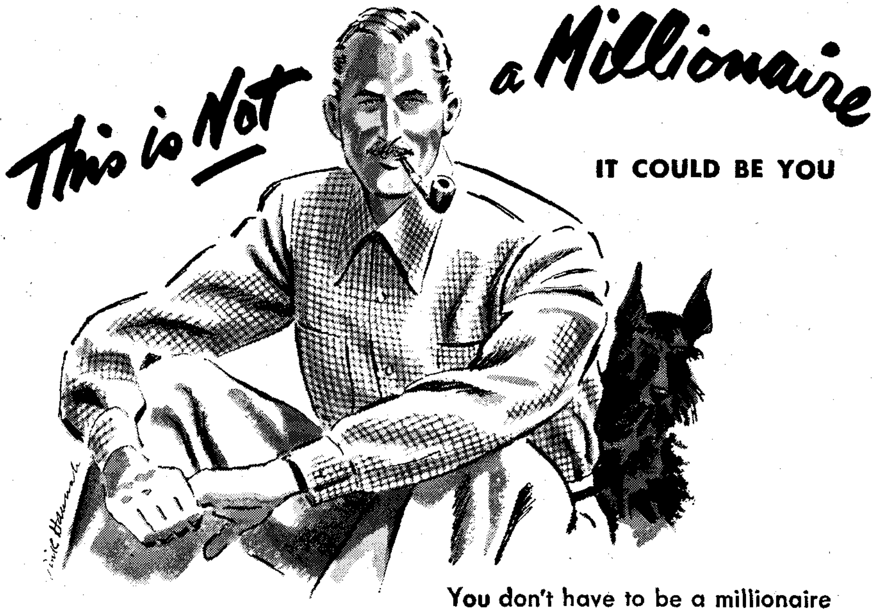
Mitya's apartment, fortunately, was

no higher than the second floor. Lolya was already waiting at the top of the stairs with outstretched hands. Behind her was a boy of about nineteen—their son, Ilya, on leave from his academy. We all went down a passage to the door that opened into their apartment, and Mitya explained that they had the place for their exclusive use—a great blessing in a city where apartment-sharing was the rule, and people were allotted living space by the cubic metre rather than by the room. Engineers and surgeons—dental or otherwise—are highly thought of in the Soviet Union, and part of their reward is space for privacy.

We went into a medium-size, square room used both as entrance hall and dining room. In one corner, two old-fashioned banquettes stood against the walls, and a square table was already set for dinner. On a vast mahogany breakfront were several plates of *zakuski*—canapés—consisting of bits of salted herring, slices of cucumber, caviar on toast, smoked salmon on black bread, and so on. The light, which came from one small bulb hanging from the ceiling in the center of the room, was very poor, being dimmed by a shade made of tiny pieces of colored glass.

"Permit me," Ilya said, coming toward me to take my coat. He was very like his mother but thinner and taller. When he eased my coat off my shoulders and saw the bright-red lining, he turned to his father, laughing, and said, "Look, the color of our flag." Mitya, who was nervous and evidently anxious that the evening should begin well, snapped, "Enough! Take the coat and bring the vodka when you come back." Then he said to us, "These days, the children do not know their place."

Ilya went away, and returned in a moment carrying a contraption that was obviously the apple of the family's eye. Like most Russians, they had a childlike enjoyment of gadgets. This particular one was a miniature barrel made of porcelain, with painted staves and hoops, and a spigot on one end. It held, I should think, about a litre. Hanging on hooks along its sides were six smaller barrels. The son put it tenderly on the table and smiled at Mitya, who went through the motions of shooting his cuffs, then strode up to the barrel, announcing, "Now, my friends, watch this!" He unhooked one of the tiny barrels, held it under the spigot, turned the faucet, and drew a drink of vodka for me. As I took it from him, I said, "It is simply miraculous," and all three members of the family sighed contentedly. My husband got the next one, and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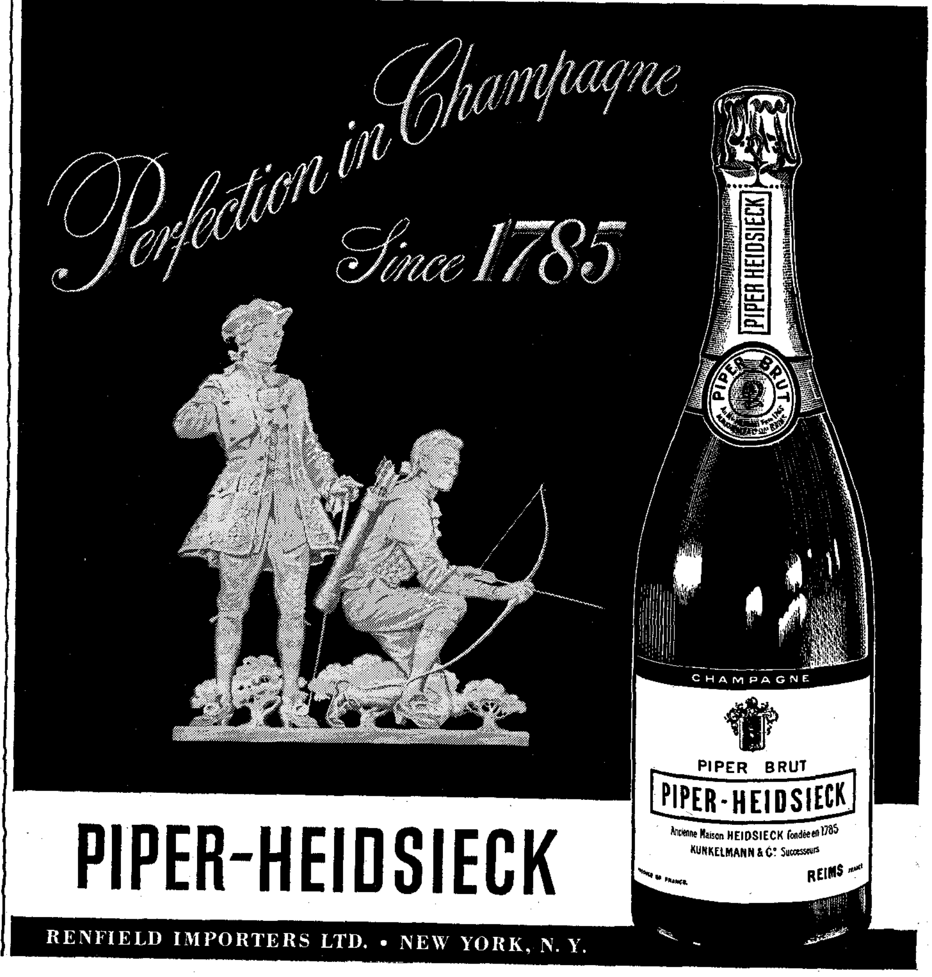
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remarked that it was a wonderful way to serve vodka. Ilya went over to him, clicked his heels, and asked, "Tell me, Comrade Colonel, have you ever seen such a machine before?"

"No," replied my husband. "I never have." The evening was off to a gala start.

Ilya, who was wearing his uniform trousers tucked into high leather boots, and a blue civilian shirt too large for him and open at the neck, crossed his legs and started to sit on the floor, but Mitya said, "The *zakuski*, my son, the *zakuski!* You forget yourself!" Ilya was almost the whole way down, with his knees bent and his ankles crossed, but he straightened up casually, with perfect balance, and for a moment he looked so like my idea of a Cossack dancer that I half expected him to break into a step. But he just grinned at his father, gave him the suspicion of a bow, and passed the *zakuski*. Then we all clinked barrels and drank toasts to friendship, health, and peace.

THE men began to discuss the virtues of the jeep—or the "veeleess," as the Russians called it, after the name "Willys" on the hood—and Lolya asked me if I would like to see the rest of the apartment. She opened one of the two doors leading from the hall-dining room, and a burst of light almost blinded me. In the room beyond, an oversized light bulb hung by a cord from a hook in the wall above a paper-strewn desk. There were also a day bed covered with an old but colorful Turkestan rug, an eight-sided inlaid coffee table, a little dresser with a triple mirror, and two worn leather armchairs. There were no rugs on the floor and no curtains at the windows; the walls were dirty, and in one corner, where snow had seeped in, the paint was peeling—but still there was an air of homely comfort in the place.

"This, as you see, is our living room and workroom," Lolya said. "Ilya sleeps here when he is home." She took the light bulb, which had a tremendously long cord, and showed me the windowless bathroom and the bedroom—a slit of a room, no more than eight feet wide, in which there were two iron cots, end to end. Then we went to the kitchen. There, on a long, low cupboard, a bed was made up with a thick mattress, blankets, and one of the huge, square feather pillows that I have seen in no other country than Russia. "This is where my houseworker sleeps two nights a week," said Lolya. (The word "houseworker," since the revolution, has taken the place of all such words as "maid" and "servant.") "We are permitted a houseworker two days a week, and she always sleeps where she works, because she has no registered room of her own."

The kitchen was as narrow as the bedroom, and besides the cupboard-bedstead it contained a table and a wooden box, used as a chair. There was no gas stove, but on the wide stone window sill three large saucepans were steaming on electric hot plates, and tureens, soup bowls, and dinner plates were laid out on the table.

Lolya poured pale-green soup from one of the pans into a tureen, and I carried it into the dining room. She and I had another barrelful of vodka before we all sat down to eat. The soup was made from cucumbers, potatoes, and onions, and was followed by meat balls that had been wrapped in unshortened dough and boiled. There were dozens of these, served with sour cream and chopped chives and accompanied by a raw-cabbage-and-carrot salad—something Lolya had tasted for the first time at our house the week before.

In the midst of dinner, Mitya went to the break-front and came back with a large bottle of Russian red champagne. This is not a very good wine. It tastes like a cheap sparkling Burgundy and is inclined to be sweet, but Ilya's eyes widened, and I could tell that he had never before seen red champagne at home. "I feel like a general's wife," he said to Mitya.

The family laughed, and my husband and I looked at each other blankly. Lolya leaned over toward me and asked if I knew the story of the general's wife. I said I didn't. "Once upon a time," Mitya began, and then stopped. "Of course, with you, the general's wife is not the same as with us," he said. "Let me explain. Many of our generals have risen from the ranks because of their merit as soldiers and not because they are men of culture and education. This is right. But with them, of course, have risen their wives. Very often, these wives are nothing but collective-farm workers. As you know, a general is given many privileges of purchasing power, both in rationing and in money, and his wife lives in Moscow in her own large apartment, with a houseworker, an automobile, a driver, and an abundance of food. As the goods she buys on her ration are more than enough for her needs, and cost no more than yours or mine, she has money to squander. This she does, in the commission shops." Commission shops abounded in Moscow, and in them almost anything could be bought or sold by anybody. The article to be sold was taken to the shop, a government assessor evaluated it, and after the sale the government took a twenty-per-cent commission.

Mitya's story of the general's wife was only the first of many general's-wife stories I heard while we were in Russia. It began, "Once upon a time," as most of the Russians' jokes do, which gives them a fairy-story quality. "Once upon a time," Mitya said, "this general's wife went into a commission shop with many thousand rubles, which she was determined to spend. There she saw a grand piano, and although it cost thirty-five thousand rubles and she did not know a note of music, she bought it. In the afternoon, when four workers came to her house with the piano, they were told to put it in a corner of a room that was already overfilled with other commission-shop purchases. One of the workers said, 'Forgive me, Comrade Generaless, but it is a large shame to place the piano in this room. Here there is no resonance.' And the general's wife answered, 'Resonance, resonance! I don't care. Put the piano where I say. This resonance I will buy in the commission shop tomorrow.' "

There were more general's-wife stories, and then my husband and I told some Pentagon Building jokes, which the whole family seemed to enjoy vastly. By this time, the dinner and the red champagne were finished. Lolya and I cleared the dishes and got the samovar started while, in the dining room, the men refilled the vodka barrel, laid out cards, and brought in the bright living-room light on its long cord and fixed it so that it hung over the table. This time, we played Hearts. Tea was served with lemon and sugar—both great rarities—and there was a plate of candy. We didn't drink much more, but we were all very happy, and when it was time for us to leave, my husband was the winner of the evening. Mitya and Lolya asked for a complete reckoning of his winnings, in rubles and kopecks, and when they found that he had made just about the amount they had taken from us the week before, they nodded happily at each other. Apparently they were pleased, having won the first victory themselves, that the score had been evened.

As we walked home through a steady snowfall, I asked my husband how they could have managed to give us so luxurious a meal. He said he supposed they all three had good food and vodka ra-

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tions but that, even so, the refreshments had seemed rich. We had dinner at their house many times after that, but we never again had such a banquet, and it was not until six months later, when we were all close friends, that I learned the story of that first, lavish meal.

ON Ilya's twentieth birthday, which was a Sunday, the whole family came to the country cottage my husband and I had rented for the summer. In the afternoon, Ilya and I went off to a nearby woods to collect mushrooms, Ilya proudly wearing a Sam Browne belt my husband had given him for a birthday present. "This is the best birthday I have ever had," Ilya said as we were bending over a clump of mushrooms.

"Thank you," I said. "I am sorry there is no red champagne."

"Ha! You, too, remember that first dinner for you and Joseph Robertovitch," he said. (We had all reached the first-name-and-patronymic stage.) "As for me, I will never forget it. The preparations began early in the week, when Mama took her watch to a commission shop to sell. It was soon sold, and when we had the money, we went to the peasants' market to buy all the wonderful food and the vodka. But the champagne Papa brought home, and he never said *how* he got it."

I straightened up. "Your mother sold her watch?"

"Yes." Ilya looked at me and then stood up himself. "Oh, God of mine!" he said. "I forgot. She asked me not to tell. Please do not talk with her about this. It would make her most unhappy."

—TRACEY PHILLIPS

•

MAN WITH SON or equivalent to work dairy farm, Northern New Jersey.—*Adv. in the Rural New-Yorker.*

We have a great big dog with bushy eyebrows.

•

STUDIO cough (Simmons) used one month, $50. 2229 Washington, San Leandro.—*Adv. in the Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.*

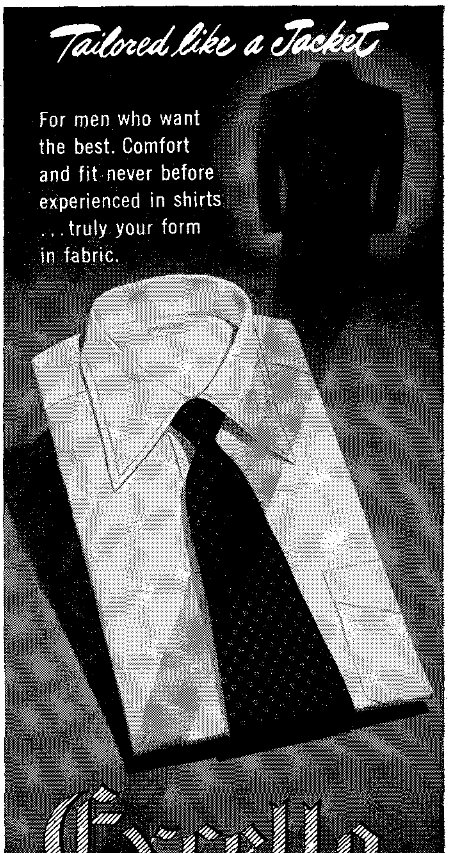
You mean the racking type that calls for a toddy?

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Augusta (Ga.) Herald*]

A dear old woman in Vermont was much concerned by the contents of a letter she had received from her sister.



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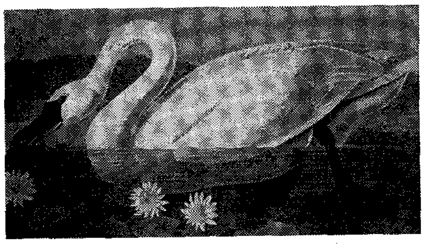

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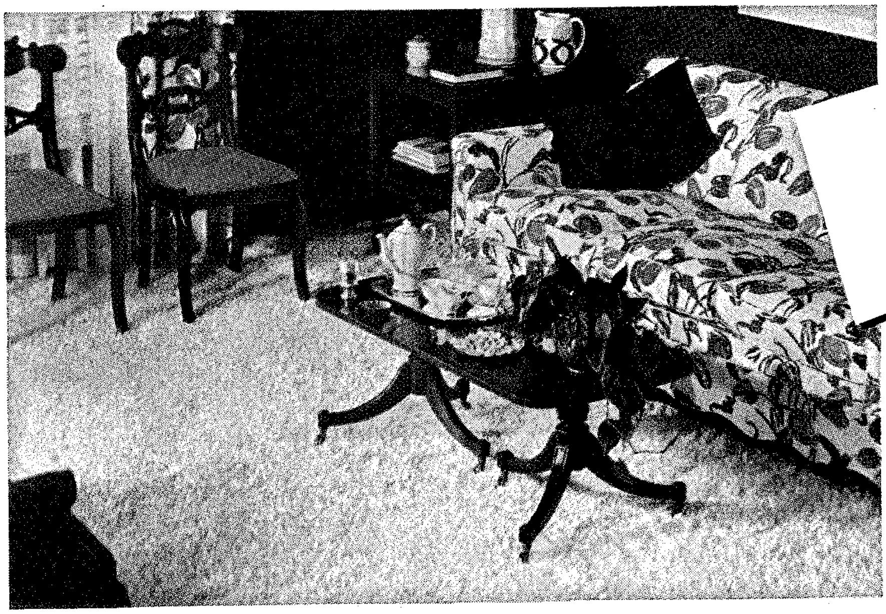
of things in use.



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THE RACE TRACK

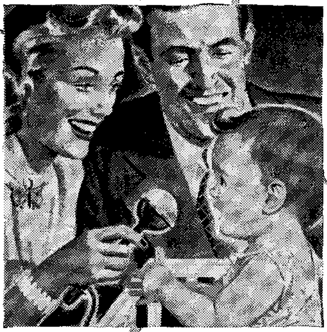
Derby Winner

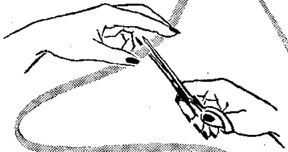
MAURICE FREED

THE main thing to be said about Salmagundi, who won the hundred-thousand-dollar Santa Anita Derby last Saturday, is that he probably won't bother Citation much in the spring classics. To start by comparing their times, which is the way most handicappers start, Citation won the mile-and-a-furlong Flamingo Stakes with ridiculous ease in 1:48⅗, while Salmagundi did the same distance in 1:51⅕—nothing to go into conniptions over, particularly since the track at Hialeah is rated by the *American Racing Manual* as a second slower than Santa Anita's. Besides, Salmagundi didn't win the Derby with anything resembling ease; he beat Call Bell, a not excessively talented three-year-old, by only a short head. I hardly think that Longden, who rode Salmagundi, deliberately made the finish a close one. Jockeys don't do that in big-money races. Salmagundi is by Hash, which, obviously, is how he got his name. He cost his owner, William Helis, $20,000, at the Keeneland yearling sales, and he never won a race until last New Year's Eve afternoon, though he had tried nine times. He has made up for that since, however, with four firsts out of six starts, and $147,425 in prize money.

THE last day of Hialeah was certainly not dull. The Black Helen Handicap ended in a dead heat between Rampart, who had beaten Armed in the Gulfstream Handicap, and Shotsilk, a filly who hadn't done anything worth mentioning all meeting. Earlier in the afternoon, a colt named Ocean Drive won the Hialeah Juvenile Stakes. He is the fellow a lot of people had considered the best two-year-old shown in Florida this winter. They may not be so sure about that now, for, after jumping off to a long lead, Ocean Drive tired badly and won by a scant half length.

Racing in Florida has moved on to Tropical Park, which stays open through April 17th. Delegate won the Coral Gables Handicap there on Saturday. A returned traveller reports that there was a lot of booing when El





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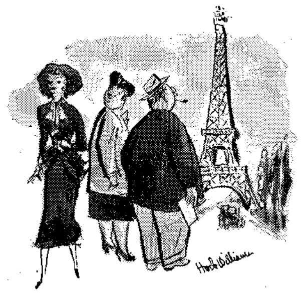

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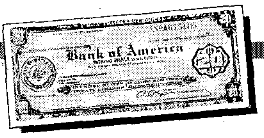

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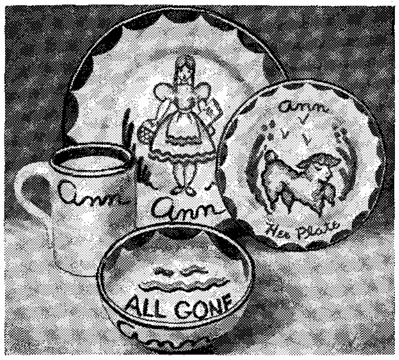

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Mono was withdrawn from the race, shortly before saddling time. He thinks the reason was not so much that the crowd wanted to see the winner of the Widener as that the scratch reduced the field to four runners, eliminating show betting.

THIS week's complaint, if I'm entitled to one, is about the newsreel shots of races. The other afternoon, I saw cinematic fragments of the Santa Anita Handicap, the Flamingo Stakes, and the Widener. (I think it's fair to call them fragments; they showed slightly less than you see of a race from the lawn at Footsore Downs on any Saturday.) The bit from Santa Anita, the longest, mostly offered such non-equine subjects as movie stars, mugging for all they were worth. I could have done with a good deal less of that. The Flamingo and the Widener were condensed to the starts and the finishes. I'm sure that lots of people who aren't horseplayers would have liked to watch Talon charge through the stretch in the Santa Anita, and Armed and Assault, those two old masters, struggle vainly to get somewhere in the Widener.

Boxing, football, and tennis shots in the newsreels are usually first class, because the men who edit them know something about these sports. However, I don't remember ever seeing more than a satisfactory glimpse of a horse race at the movies. For one thing, you never get all of a race, even though most events don't last longer than two minutes. The fellow who puts the film together invariably cuts out the bit where something important happened and slips in a shot of the crowd along the rails, probably taken earlier in the afternoon. There are, of course, excellent and complete movies of races, but the public never sees them. These are the official ones, taken in fairly slow motion from half a dozen points along the track and examined by the stewards whenever they suspect rough riding or other shenanigans. It would be nice to see a collection of these films someday in the neighborhood houses. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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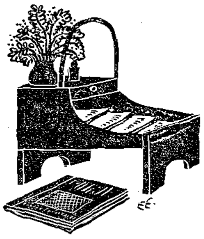
Dare we hope?

BOOKS

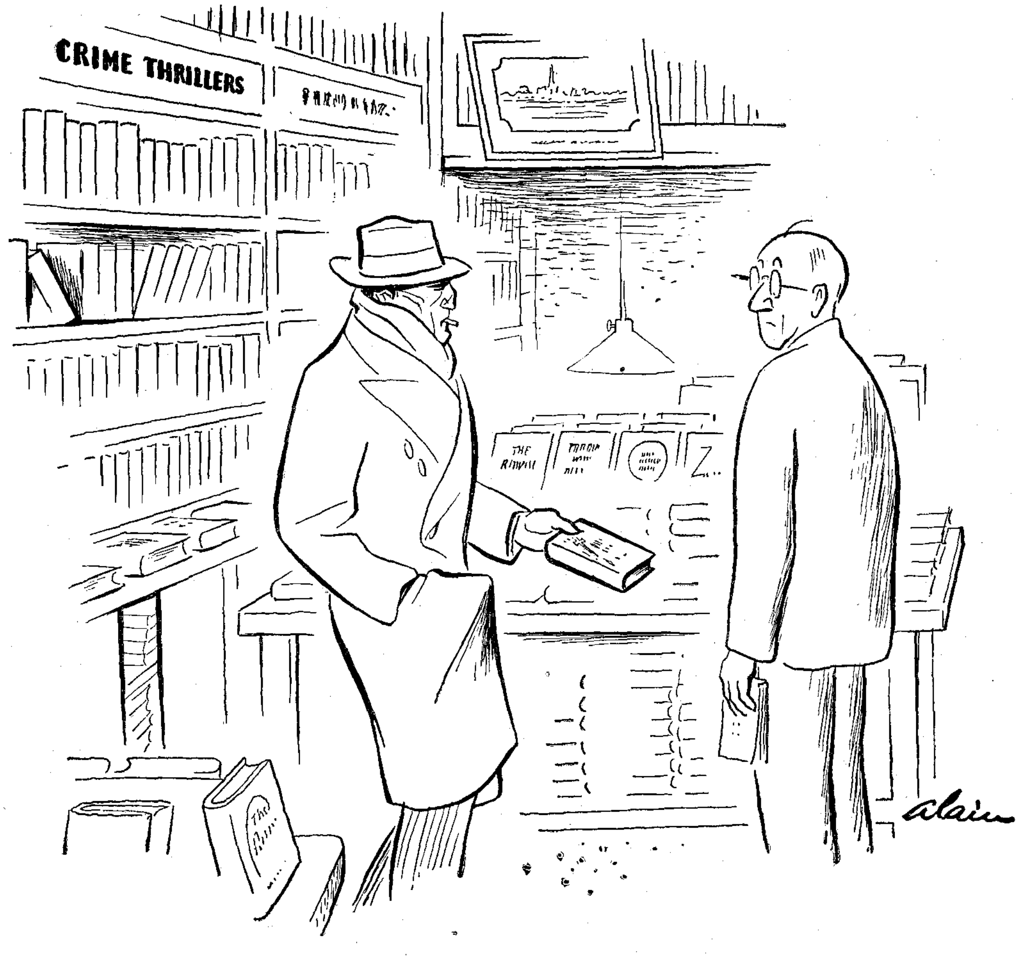
God, Mammon, and Medicine



"Bodies and Souls," by the French novelist Maxence van der Meersch (Pellegrini & Cudahy), is a work of rather heroic dimensions and of intricate orchestration. The author's method is decidedly naturalistic, but the animation is deeply religious, and the book has almost the effect of having been written by Emile Zola under the guidance and inspiration of St. Vincent de Paul, despite certain passages whose squalor and pathos suggest Charles-Louis Philippe's "Bubu de Montparnasse." Obviously, a tremendous amount of research preceded the writing of this book. Nearly all M. van der Meersch's large collection of characters are involved, directly or indirectly, with the practice of medicine or surgery in the twilight years of the Third Republic. The story carries us through a practically continuous succession of hospital wards and operating rooms, madhouses, tuberculosis sanatoriums, private nursing homes, laboratories, dissecting rooms, and graveyards, and it constantly reminds us of the universality of suffering and of the almost infinite corruptibility of the flesh. The author spares no detail. Yet all this is merely a counterpoint to his theme, which is the pandemic spiritual disorder of bourgeois society.

If M. van der Meersch has not the psychological subtlety of M. Mauriac, he has, nevertheless, great skill at characterization. Not all his characters are touched by the general corruption, but the only ones who are immune are those who have learned to live for something outside themselves, like old Professor Norf, the celebrated pathologist, who exists solely for his microscopes and his carcinomas and sarcomas; or like the Abbé Vincent, who cares about nothing but easing the boredom or terror of the anticlerical charity patients; or like Madeleine Daele, a nurse who has been betrayed by her lover and whose devotion to her patients has been increased by her suffering. But even the author's debased characters, who have enslaved themselves to avarice or to professional ambition or vainglory, are not dehumanized. In each, we are permitted to perceive an unrealized potential of goodness, and each is given a moment of anguish and insight that lifts him to almost tragic dignity. There is, for example, Professor Géraudin, the once brilliant and daring surgical innovator, who for a time dominates the story. Géraudin, now past sixty, is aware that his powers are failing, but he fears nothing so much as the day when he must retire as active head of the surgical faculty at the Angers Medical School; for all his genius, his one consolation in his declining years is the eminence he has worked and schemed all his life to obtain. His wife is psychopathic, his only legitimate child a congenital idiot. So Géraudin gets his powerful political friend, Olivier Guerran, to obstruct a bill that would compel the retirement of faculty heads at the age of sixty-five. Dr. Doutreval, another chief of faculty, is a neurologist who is experimenting with shock therapy in the hope of publicity and advancement, and who is exploiting, without giving credit, the talents of his assistants. Doutreval, a widower, has a mistress, who works in the office of a newspaper; he has also two devoted daughters—Mariette, who is his housekeeper, and Fabienne, who is a pupil nurse in a private hospital—and a son, Michel, a medical student and the protagonist of the story.

Michel becomes compassionately interested in a friendless and penniless young consumptive in a sanatorium in the town, Evelyne Goyens. He visits her whenever he can, takes her small gifts, and gradually falls in love with her. His father hears of the friendship and forbids Michel to continue it, for it is already being gossiped about in the medical circles of Angers. When Michel refuses, Doutreval uses his influence to have the girl sent away from the sanatorium. Michel follows her to Amiens and persuades her to marry him. They go to live in Paris, where Michel, on the advice of a friend in practice there, places Evelyne in the care of a Dr. Domberlé, who presently cures her by keeping her on a frugal diet, which is directly contrary, of course, to the orthodox method of treatment. The author would have us believe that Dr. Domberlé has made one of the great medical discoveries of the age—that rich food, by placing a strain on the digestive system of a consumptive, hastens the progress of



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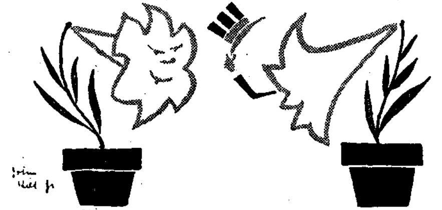
the disease. But he can arouse no interest in his discovery among the medical faculties, which are blinded by prejudice, or in the press, which serves the interests of *apéritif* and patent-medicine proprietors. Michel works for a time in Norf's laboratory; later, when he has taken his degree in a medical school, he and Evelyne go to an industrial city in the North, and he opens a practice in the slums. This, to his classmates, means that he is a failure, but Michel feels that he has found his vocation. He has discovered that the evil and suffering of the world arise from the love of self, and that the only escape from self-love is the love of others, which means the love of God.

Meanwhile, Michel's father has been creating a stir with his experiments on schizophrenes and manic-depressives, though he has fractured the bones of a good many patients and has killed at least one and his assistants are increasingly doubtful of the results. His daughter Mariette marries an ambitious young orthopedist who hopes to advance through his father-in-law's influence. In the eighth month of her pregnancy, she has an accident that makes necessary a Caesarean section. The aged Professor Géraudin, his wits fuddled by fatigue, botches the operation and kills the mother without saving the child. A year later, brooding over the fact that his career has ended, he kills himself while his radio plays a jazz tune.

Not long before the death of her sister, Fabienne Doutreval nurses the politician Guerran, now Minister of Agriculture, through convalescence after an almost fatal peritonitis. Doutreval is delighted, for he has hopes of obtaining, through Guerran's influence, a neurological center for the continuation of his experiments. After Guerran's recovery, he and Fabienne meet again in the country, where both are on holiday. Guerran has found Fabienne's simplicity and generosity a consolation for the shrewishness of his wife and the selfishness of his children. Fabienne is dazzled by his political power and moved to pity by its contrast to his domestic wretchedness. She becomes his secretary and then his mistress. Mme. Guerran, suspecting her husband's infidelity, threatens him with a scandal. The Minister's political caution and his loyalty to the interests of his selfish son and daughter soon get the better of his love for Fabienne, and he attempts to dismiss her. Fabienne, who is with child and desperate, indignantly rejects the suggestion of an abortion and demands that Guerran keep his promise to di-



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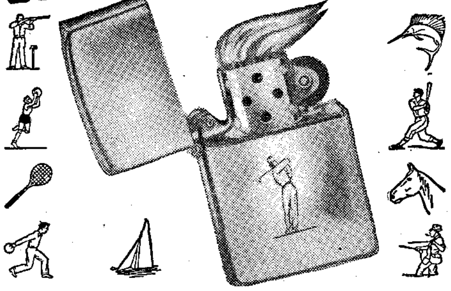

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vorce his wife. Then Fabienne suddenly understands that, for all her exalted sense of surrender, she has been no less selfish than her lover. At their next meeting, she releases him from any obligation to her. It is now Guerran's turn for an inner illumination. He sees himself and Fabienne as victims of his cynicism and worldliness, but, as the author pauses to observe at this point, "it must be a cruel destiny for a man not to be able to glimpse the face of truth except in the tragic light of an irreparable wrong he has committed." Doutreval, discovering Fabienne's secret, is wild with fury—at Guerran for having abused his confidence, at Fabienne for having ruined his hope of getting the clinic—and he disowns her, as he has already disowned Michel. But after one night of loneliness, his parental affection revives. He recognizes that his vanity and egoism have brought only evil to his family. He resigns from the faculty and joins Fabienne at Aix, where she has gone to bear her child. The story ends, soon afterward, with the military mobilization that accompanies the Munich crisis. Doutreval and his son, who have been called up for service, meet at a railway station, and the father confesses that it is he who has been the failure and Michel the success.

"Bodies and Souls" is an impressive work. The latter half of the novel, which in the French edition appeared in two volumes, seems to me to suffer from the too frequent intrusions of the author's moralizing, but despite its *longueurs* and the evangelical purposes thus frankly disclosed, it remains a work of passionate intensity, pathos, and dramatic power. —J. M. LALLEY

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SON OF THE MOON, by Joseph George Hitrec (Harper). A novel about a young Hindu's efforts to reconcile himself to the ways of his native land after spending two years in England. The story is so smothered in information relating to Indian history, politics, and prevailing social customs that its artistic rays are reduced to a sallow glimmer. As a result, the book, which is the Harper Prize novel for this year, has more in common with the works of John Gunther than with those of, say, E. M. Forster.

1939, by Kay Boyle (Simon & Schuster). The principal character of Miss Boyle's latest novel is a burnished Austrian ski instructor who

East of Fifth
THE STORY OF AN APARTMENT HOUSE
by Alan Dunn

THE NEW YORKER's Alan Dunn has written and drawn a new kind of book. It is the story in words and pictures (none of which have been published before) of twenty-four hours in the life of a typical fourteen-story apartment house. You hear the maids discussing their mistresses in the basement laundry. You look in on Mr. and Mrs. Migrayne's elegant dinner party upstairs — and witness a drama of unrequited love in the less desirable two-room-bath-kitchenette for which Miss Grayson pays $95 a month. You learn how the building's mystery woman really spends her time and what the doorman can tell about the tenants by sorting their mail. Alan Dunn has deftly removed the building's impressive facade, leaving its 52 apartments and service quarters exposed from cellar to roof, like a huge doll house. Advance copies were sent to some other artists of *The New Yorker*, none of whom, curiously enough, has ever met Alan Dunn. Here is what they said:

HELEN HOKINSON: "Very funny and appallingly true to life in an apartment house. I am immediately sending a copy to a friend in Los Angeles who thinks longingly of Madison Avenue."

SYD HOFF: "Peeping Toms everywhere will welcome this book. Alan Dunn is a great man."

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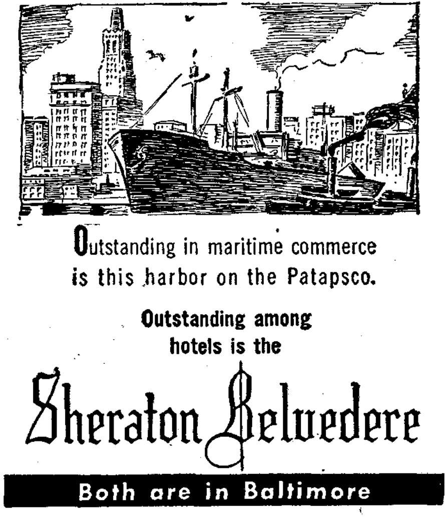

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Sheraton Belvedere

Both are in Baltimore

drifts over into the French Alps several years before the war, takes up with a Frenchman's wife, and finds life in the Haute-Savoie so much to his taste that he decides to become a French citizen. The war breaks out before he can manage it, however, and his hosts, murmuring their regrets, lead him off to a detention camp for enemy aliens. As a love story, the book has considerable impact, but the hero is such an improbably picturesque figure that his struggles with his political conscience seem pretty glossy.

A LONG FOURTH, by Peter Taylor (Harcourt, Brace). Seven stories, all of them reprints, dealing with middle-class urban Southerners who attempt to adjust themselves to a harsh industrial century without entirely abandoning their allegiance to the folk memories of the Confederacy. With two exceptions—a story about a prostitute and one that has Army life for its background—each of the tales is built around some quiet, domestic refraction of the author's central theme. An excellent collection, particularly notable for a vein of unobtrusive humor and for a complete lack of the regional chauvinism that Southern authors so frequently exhibit when writing about their own.

THE LOST CAVERN, by H. F. Heard (Vanguard). Four weird stories by the author of "The Great Fog." Three of them, including the title piece, have to do with the adventures of modern, civilized men—an explorer of caves, a forger, a British civil servant—caught up in the eerie complex of shadows, winds, and whispers that constitutes Mr. Heard's magnificently wrenched private imaginative world. The other tale, called "The Thaw Plan," is a witty fantasy about the outcome of the current political struggle for domination of this planet. In it, the colossus of the East tries to wash the United States out of business by melting the Arctic ice pack, a move that the United States government counters by defrosting the Antarctic, moving our population there en masse, and developing an economy that features a black market in truffles. First-rate.

THE BABY LAMB, by Jean Boley (Dutton). Miss Boley has devoted most of her second novel to making a point that has been pretty generally accepted for the past twenty years—that the American businessman and his womenfolk usually appear extraordinarily silly when viewed against a foreign background. In this case, the background is Buenos Aires during the second World War. In addition to lampooning a group of resident American traders and their wives, the author is concerned with the activities of a young woman from New Jersey who rebels against the inanities of the Anglo-American community and emphasizes her defection by indulging in some wild, semi-public capers with a frowzy radical journalist. The lampoon is rather sluggish, but the description of the heroine's conduct during her period of social release is quite well done.

MY UNCLE AND MISS ELIZABETH, by Robert Parrish (Beechhurst). A first novel that has to do with the relations between a young man and the comic uncle with whom he shares an apartment in Chicago during the nineteen-twenties and -thirties. The story is largely a compound of anecdotes involving the uncle and his droll friends, and the meandering, occasionally humorous manner in which it is told reminds its publishers of both Marcel Proust and James Thurber. The influence of Proust is apparent enough—one of the chapters is a frank parody on the style of "Remembrance of Things Past," and even the author's more serious writing is characterized by a kind of narcissistic reluctance to bring a sentence to a close—but Mr. Thurber is nowhere to be found.

AN AVENUE OF STONE, by Pamela Hansford Johnson (Macmillan). The story of an elderly London lady who unofficially adopts a rudderless veteran of the recent war, partly out of charity but mainly because she feels that having a young man about the house will keep her from settling too quickly into a rheumy and immobile old age. Her ward, a gentleman of hearty appetite and malleable principles, runs rapidly through her ration cards and her fortune, and then moves on to more compelling engagements, leaving to his benefactor a legacy of disillusionment tinged with pleasant recollections of his spurious charm. A satisfactory lightweight novel.

GENERAL

STRAVINSKY, by Eric Walter White (Philosophical Library). The life of the composer, told almost entirely within the framework of his musical career. Beginning with Stravinsky's early years in Russia, as a pupil of Rimski-Korsakov, Mr. White covers his long succession of stormy triumphs as a musical innovator and shows that in spite of the fuss that used to be raised at Stravinsky premières by academic critics, the composer has always been classically and conservatively minded. (He once said that there is no such thing as the revolutionary in art.) Pretty technical in spots, but sensitive and informative.

THE MARCH OF MUSCOVY, by Harold Lamb (Doubleday). Another of Mr. Lamb's colorful historical narratives. This one deals with Ivan the Terrible and his grandfather, who were the real founders of the Russian Empire and in whose tiny and backward kingdom of Muscovy the first urge to expand across the whole of the Eurasian continent was born. An excellent piece of work.

POSTWAR GERMANS, by David Rodnick (Yale). An American anthropologist's report on the Germans of today, based on a study he recently made for the United States government. Mr. Rodnick, employing the same sociological techniques he used in examining the more primitive culture of the American Indians, discusses German group and family life, the sexual conduct of German men, women, and children, and how the people are adjusting themselves to defeat and a low-level existence. He makes many interesting assertions, among them that almost every German has an uncrystallized fear of every other German, that the Germans both fear and heartily dislike authority, and that German women rule the home.

ADAM'S RIB, by Ruth Herschberger (Pellegrini & Cudahy). A clever, literate, and coldly logical analysis of the position of woman in modern society. It starts out with a scientific attack on the most basic postulate about woman—that she must be receptive and passive, as a complement to man's natural aggressiveness. The author argues that by educating girls from infancy to be gentle and to repress their physical desires, society has, in effect, educated women for frigidity and a frustrated life.

TWO YEARS WITH THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS, by Claire and William Band (Yale). The authors, who were caught in China at the outbreak of Japan's war with the United States (Mr. Band was teaching physics at Yenching University), lived with the Chinese Communist Army until

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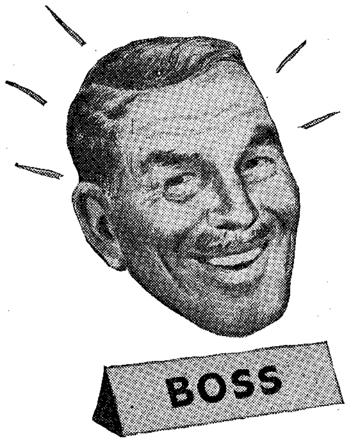

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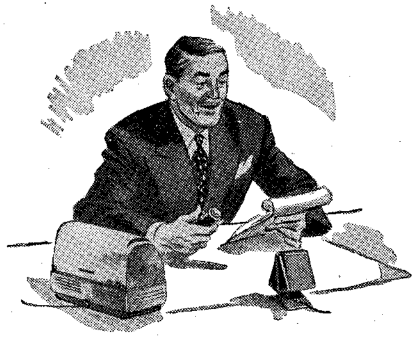

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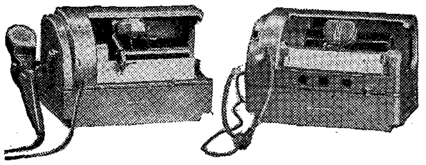

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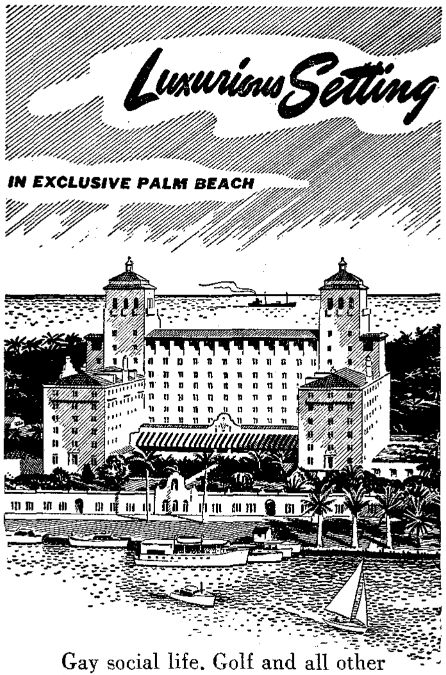

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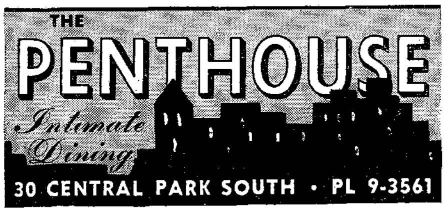

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they were able to get into Chiang Kai-shek's territory. Their account of life among the Communists is intimate, factual, and unemotional. In the latter part of the book, they compare the two hostile forces, giving credit to both for the constructive elements in their programs. The Bands deny that there is real Communism, or any considerable progress toward it, in the so-called Communist provinces; they claim that if the mutual suspicion between the Kuomintang and the Communists could be dissolved, the two factions would find that they are working toward the same objective—a liberal democracy founded on modified capitalism.

FOUR MONTHS ON A JAP WHALER, by David R. McCracken (McBride). An amateurishly written account, by an American Army lieutenant, of a postwar trip to the Antarctic with a Japanese whaling fleet. The author accompanied the first whalers permitted by General MacArthur to leave Japanese waters, with the mission of seeing that the crews respected the international whaling code. As one of only two Occidentals among three hundred Japanese, he made the most of his opportunity to study the behavior of his former enemies and to learn the intricacies of modern whaling. His section on whales and the methods of catching, butchering, and processing them is fascinating stuff if you can overlook the rather arch style. Good photographs.

EAST OF FIFTH, by Alan Dunn (Simon & Schuster). A sort of illustrated "Grand Hotel," concerning the lives of the inhabitants of a New York apartment house, told in a sequence of captioned drawings and related text. Mr. Dunn roams all over the place, from penthouse to sub-basement, to record the griefs, triumphs, and spats of the tenants and employees. An original and diverting piece of lighthearted sociology.

WILD FLOWER GUIDE, NORTHEASTERN AND MIDLAND UNITED STATES, by Edgar T. Wherry (Doubleday). A helpful pocket-size manual of about five hundred of the commonest wild flowers, indexed according to dominant tint and almost all illustrated in colored or line drawings.

VERSE

RETURNING TO VIENNA 1947: NINE SKETCHES, by Stephen Spender (Banyan Press). These elegies to the author's youthful humanitarianism, as well as to the ruined city that fostered it, are in his more difficult style. That style, however, is peculiarly fitted to the baroque and melancholy milieu it describes, and Spender's emotion often rises to tragic intensity. A limited edition, signed by the author.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

HE DIED OF MURDER, by Shelley Smith (Harper). The author of "Come and Be Killed," a success last year, when the field was not hard to beat, does even better this time. Miss Smith now deals with murder in an English colony of religious eccentrics, a tough subject at best, and handles it with skill and charm. Her detective, a man named Chaos, is one of those shrewd, unassuming types, and shapes up particularly well in contrast to the gaudy characters he investigates. Highly recommended.

LADY AFRAID, by Lester Dent (Doubleday). A female yacht designer, of all things, is scared silly by what seem to be the machinations of her in-laws, who have got control of her child after the death of her husband. When any number of people fall down dead in her vicinity, the young woman appeals for aid to Captain Most, who sails one of her yachts and who is willing to wear out shoe leather for her all over Miami. One of those very breathless absurdities.

DEADLY DITTO, by Christopher Hale (Doubleday). Homicidal doings on a Michigan estate where a bunch of people, all related and all rather unappetizing, have their abodes. The investigation, intended to be fairly comic, is done by an old party called Uncle Tuck. His activities are watched over with remarkable tolerance by Lieutenant French, of the police, who arrives at about the same conclusions as Uncle T. with a good deal less fuss. Standard stuff.

•

As romantic looking a bride as anyone could wish was Irene L—— who balked down the aisle of St. John's chapel, Del Monte, last Monday.—*Monterey (Calif.) Peninsula Herald.*

Evidently didn't *feel* romantic.

•

WHAT NEWSMAGAZINE D'YA READ?

Harry S. Truman told a story about a bird last week. It was a good story for a political festivity.... This story got a good laugh.—*Newsweek.*

Even his one gag [the story about the bird] fell painfully flat.—*Time.*

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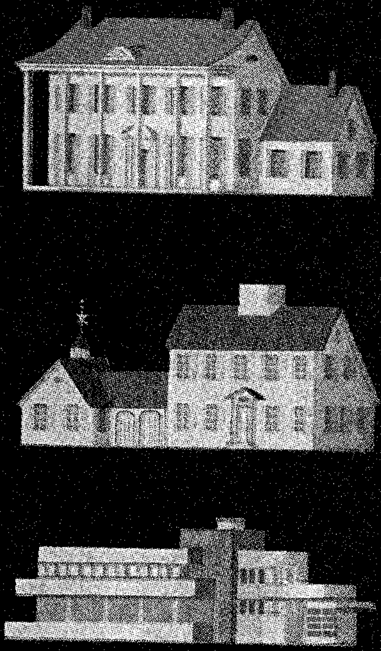

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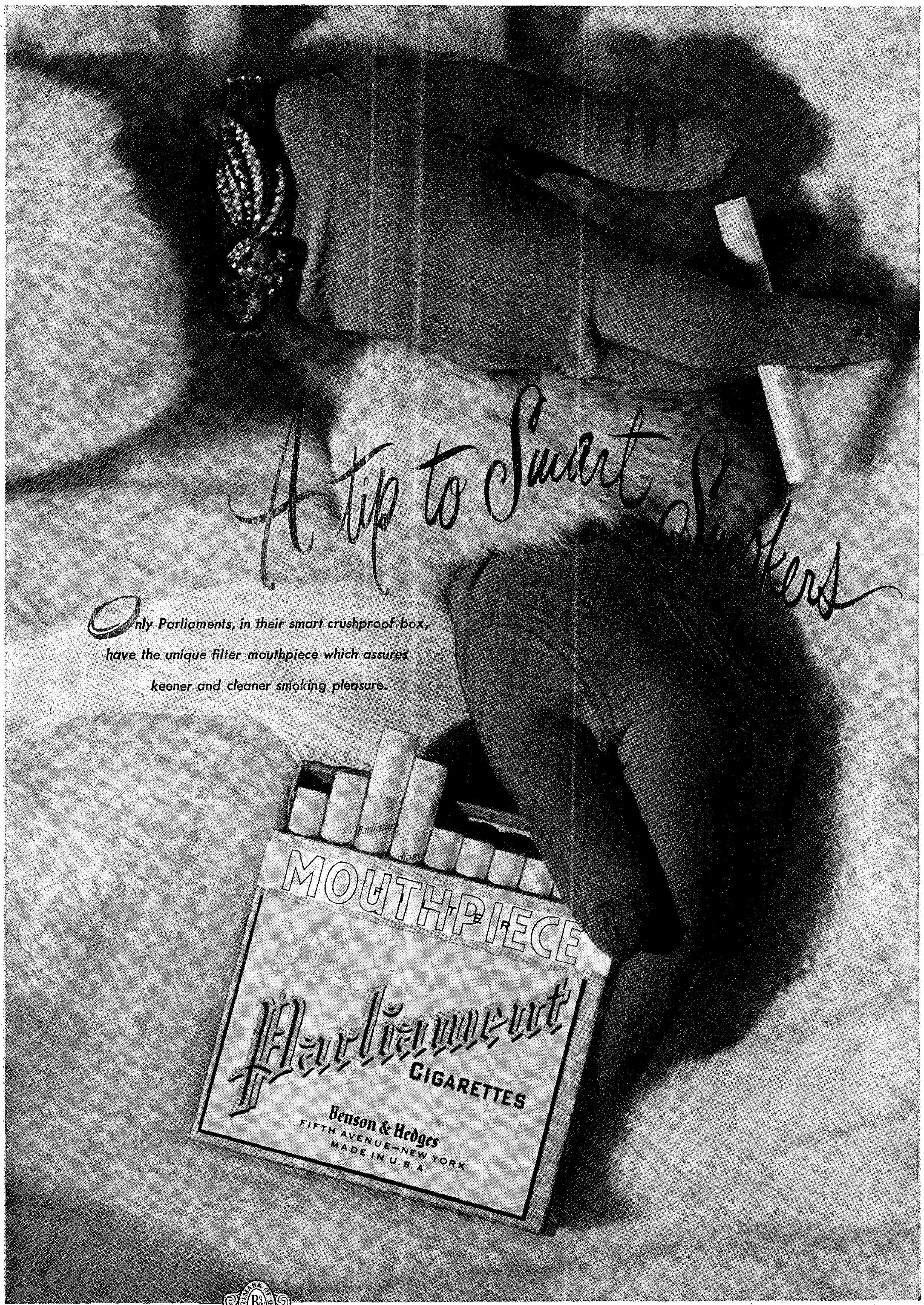
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